

The Making of Americans

A Novel

A HARVEST BOOK

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THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

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GERTRUDE STEIN

THE MAKING
OF
AMERICANS

THE HERSLAND FAMILY

PREFACE BY BERNARD FAÿ

A HARVEST BOOK

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC., NEW YORK



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P R E F A C E

I

N this dream, our life, we happen sometimes to be struck by the feeling of realism. It is as pleasant as a cold bath in the heat of the summer, or as the clear light of the sun breaking the fog.

Such a sensation came to me when I met Miss Stein; I had seen her before but I had seen her after other people had told me about her and explained her to me, and the man who had done the explaining was one of these people who think they are the friends of those whom they talk about because they are able to say about them a few clever sentences. I only remembered these clever sentences and I didn't think they were clever, so when I looked at Miss Stein I didn't see her but something else; and I only began knowing her when I heard her laughing.

There were many people in the room and they were noisy as generally are well-bred people who try to be witty and please each other in a small room; they didn't mean any harm and they were not clumsy, they simply followed the usual custom, but their noise altogether was very much like the quacking and trampling of ducks on a wet soil. There was nothing to be said and nothing to be enjoyed; there was nothing abnormal though it was depressing, and though it was depressing it was after all just good plain ordinary life.

Then I heard for the first time Miss Stein laughing. It came after a joke made by a young man to whom I wasn't listening, but this sudden burst of laughter suddenly seemed to give brilliancy to the words of the young man and make them exceedingly amusing. These few seconds suddenly became like a gem, brilliant, hard, real. They became one thing which wasn't connected necessarily with the room or with these people but which was part of my deeper self and which woke up in me my most alive life. Then I looked at Miss Stein and at the young man.

And I began to feel for her this deep friendship which I have for her, together with great admiration. Since that day I have sought her often and I have seen her many times in town surrounded with her "Picassos" and her friends, always pictur-esque, always amusing, or in the country surrounded by flowers, dogs and her peasant neighbors which seem as much hers as flowers or dogs, because when she speaks of them and when she speaks to them, her voice and her understanding give them a realness that human beings only reach when they just get out of a dream to face for a very short time the true sharp life of early morning. In our walks on the hills, in our visits to the churches or to the pastry shop, in our conversations along the roads or near an open fire-place, I have found Gertrude Stein always the same and always new. Every time I came near her it seemed to me that life and things became precise, that light was shining frankly on everything and with her I had the pleasure of talking as if words had a meaning and as if the meaning of everything, words and things, were pleasant. I had planned to describe these many long and beautiful hours I had with Gertrude Stein and how she described to me her Arab of Tangiers who went around the world and around the races by guiding foreigners through the narrow streets of the old city; the Jewish student of Newark, New Jersey, who came to Paris to look for wisdom and Mr. Gide and who went back home to study dentistry and get married; the kind Florence ghost who got restless when the guests stayed too long in the villa and began to bother the hostess; the American soldiers during the war who slept in the sun on the parapet of a bridge or on the edge of a wall and spent the hours dreaming of their hips, the painter who six times a year sent her a postcard to tell her, "I dreamed of you," but who never told her why or how he dreamed. There was so much life, truth, vision and wisdom in all these descriptions that the idea of putting them together and of making of them a garland for this Gertrude who likes life, roses and dogs appealed very much to me. But when I tried to start writing about it I wasn't able to write my anthology. It is difficult and it is clumsy

to describe what Miss Gertrude Stein has said because she always speaks and always lives in the present. What she says is not a theme which she exploits; what she explains is not a thing at which she looks from the outside; there is nothing in her sayings, nothing in her being, which belongs to history or to anecdote. She speaks always in the present; everything she says is herself and cannot be taken from her; the greatest and most beautiful of her gifts is her presence.

Most story-tellers tell stories which have struck their minds, have lodged themselves in their memory and, being preserved there, become prettier and prettier as they become drier and more artificial under the influence of time. Most witty people's conversation is like a museum filled with mummies, dry and picturesque. An old, crazy and ugly queen of the fourth Egyptian dynasty becomes after all something exciting as a mummy. The trick is to wait long enough to know the art of cutting things from life and making them artificial. It is the way to a reputation of wit. It is true also in literature; what sells best is death because after all death is what living beings expect most generally and most meekly and which surprises them least. As our food is made up only of dead animals (the best being somewhat rotted), in the same way death rules in literature and rotted things are the most agreeable to the reader's mind.

Rare are the stomachs and the minds that can stand absorbing living things. They are seldom recognized by their contemporaries who are always inclined to be suspicious of so much health. Miss Stein has been suspected, but she was enjoying her health so thoroughly that she didn't mind being suspected. She never stopped inventing, creating, changing and adding. She welcomed Picasso as a young man and Matisse when he was unknown. There are very few young French poets whom she did not know before they published their first book of poems and very few American novelists who didn't come to her before publishing their first novels. All of them she has received in her studio. They sat in the small low arm chairs with covering designed by Picasso and embroidered by Miss Toklas. To all of

them she gave her excellent light Chinese tea so perfumed, and her deep interest so strong, perfumed and light handed.

Living things are difficult to handle. If we watch them we influence them and we change them; if we love them we spoil them; flowers or human beings, candy or poems, everything is spoiled by human contact and everything from the cat to the poison ivy tries to protect itself from human contact. So many philosophers and writers have meant to study, experiment, understand and love, while they simply succeeded in disturbing and spoiling everything that surrounded them. The ugliness of life is less the result of clumsy creation than of this horrible disease which the human mind spreads around itself; every man unwillingly and unknowingly emits a mysterious vapor which surrounds him and influences everything around him. It dulls the colors of things, it stiffens the bodies of animals and even plants, it stops the easy and graceful rhythm of everything that normally moves. Travellers realize it as soon as they arrive in the jungle amongst wild beasts and flowers: all the beautiful wild life disappears or loses its spontaneity. They throw upon it a blanket of terror and immobility. So does generally a professor in a class, a famous writer in a drawing room, and most parents in their homes. I don't remember having met anyone, before Miss Stein, who was able to love life without spoiling it or killing it. Generally artists love life like ogres like little children; the best artists are the best man-eaters. Their style is so beautiful, their literary method is so perfect, that without any effort they are able to change everything into themselves and to bring over everything this death which they call their style, their point of view or their philosophy.

I was delighted to see that Miss Stein never mentioned her style, never said that she had a philosophy, and that her point of view was merely the natural way she had of walking and speaking English; even in her boldest creations she acted spontaneously and enjoyed the fun of amusing herself. I was surprised first because our French wits rather liked wondering at themselves and even being shocked at themselves but certainly ex-

plaining to everybody how marvelous and queer they were. On the contrary this woman whose mind was so rich and so new seemed never to have time to get out of time and stop, look and listen at herself. I enjoyed it immensely. All her actions and all her attentions she kept in herself. All her personality she carried inside herself, inside this space and this time which was herself. There she lived as the saints live in this perfect present which is eternal and where their perfect virtue is fully realized without any reference to time or space. Thus she gave to everything this value and this realness which things only acquire when they are absorbed inside the life of a truly alive person, which makes them human and her own in place of mere bits or accidents.

Her taste for life brought her always to the center of things, and her disinterestedness enabled her to stay there. It doesn't often happen with writers. I should like to explain this by giving examples, but I am afraid it wouldn't be very friendly for some people, so I shall only mention all the pleasure that a modern mind can draw from such a harmonious, spontaneous and fecund artist. We have suffered for so many years from these schools (which we also enjoy) which taught us to love everything that was not ourselves, to prefer all that we did not like, to be in love with all that we did not understand, to accept all that hurt us and to become everything that we shall not be. There is not in Miss Stein any nationalism, selfishness or egotism, but there is a perfect fate which makes of her the best and the only image of herself at a time when writers all over the world try, all of them, to be either the image of Shakespeare, or the image of Karl Marx, or the image of God the Father, or the image of the devil, or even the image of Simple Simon.

II

Once I had met Miss Stein I wanted to read her books. I had been told that she was modernistic and that she was the only Anglo-Saxon writer of today who had the sense of the modern as we have it in France. I found out right away that I hadn't

been misinformed, her books had a flavor which was unique, and even when I didn't understand all their words I always enjoyed their tempo. From the story of the young negro girl, Melanchta, whose life was sad though she was at bottom a good girl, to her portraits of Cocteau, Sherwood Anderson and Picasso, Gertrude Stein appears always as one of us, one of these perfectly healthy human beings whose mental poise is such that they do not need fairy tales, historical dreams or statistics to comfort them or put them asleep. For her, present time is so real that it is after all final, and she lives in it while others need to live in the past to avoid the tragic impression of danger and incertitude and the frightening appearance of the future.

Her sentences, her words, her thoughts, her rhythms are all based upon the present without fear or provocation, and her intimacy to present time is such that it doesn't appear as a choice but as a fact. In each period the clever minds which are bold and secretly afraid of making a mistake try always to define the present in a clear and simple manner. Then they stick to it; they are as faithful to their formula as if it were the only and perfect expression of the present. They gamble on it because they know very well that in the general emptiness of all human life the precise formula is always welcome, it is convenient and comfortable like a recipe, so the public at large accepts it and is grateful to the great man who started it. Such is the origin of philosophic and literary schools, and it cannot be criticised very much because after all it is efficient and business-like. It helps the average mind to reach an average tolerably high level. It helps the average man to create a few things which he may call artistic because they are artificial, and modern because they follow the present mode, but finally it leads old men to live in a present which is not the real living and flowing present and which is not even their own present more limited but still real, they live in a kind of abstract time which is not alive and which is not the present and which is merely a bridge between the past and the future.

This tendency is found in all literatures, but it is particularly

so in France where a mind is delighted with abstract ideas, and even the sensibility gets excited about principles. For a Frenchman ideas are often dreams which delight the heart, fascinate the eye, stir up the mind and the desires like exterior things having their independent reality. They are free and they flow in the superior atmosphere above the abodes of human beings. They give to life much brilliancy and much dryness. Often they draw a Frenchman to do a thousand foolish things, but always they appear as logical, true and independent of the human mind. I was surprised first at seeing Miss Stein so intelligent while she never expressed any idea, nothing that sounded different from words or facts.

I read her books; they delighted me and they filled me with ideas, but I couldn't know exactly what ideas they had given me, and I was angry against myself or against them. I was angry until I saw Miss Stein sharpening a pencil with great care and patience, brushing aside here and there on left and right little bits of wood and carefully working to find the lead. Her gesture, the seriousness of her face set me thinking, and I admired how well she seemed to sharpen pencils, while I remembered in my youth when I couldn't sharpen a pencil without breaking the lead ten or fifteen times. Suddenly as I was looking at Miss Gertrude Stein I realized she was sharpening her pencil as she was sharpening her ideas. Her books are filled with ideas, but in place of freeing her ideas and expressing them as ideas, which would have been the method of a French writer, Miss Stein keeps all her ideas alive and mixed with the facts which bear them, and also she keeps all her facts richly filled with ideas. She has lived, felt and understood so intensely and so clearly all the fact of her life that in truth her life is no more simply visited with a few ideas but is a living continuous essential idea.

It would not be unfair to claim that for many writers an abstract formula is the most attractive appearance that an idea can have. Many people like this dry nakedness of ideas. It excites them and sets them dreaming. But for other people such

ideas seem unreal and uninteresting. It may happen that people who do not like ideas in their abstract form have clumsy minds. But it is not the case of Miss Stein. She doesn't like the dry appearance of ideas, but she loves ideas, and thinking is her great joy. Her books are filled with thoughts; thoughts are the soul and the life of her books. All the facts she describes are really ideas. The shape of each of her sentences is an idea; the equilibrium of all her paragraphs is an idea. Her style might appear to some people as monotonous and subtle at the same time, her tempo like poetry and mysticism, but in truth everything in her prose is words carried by a swift movement of ideas. The idea, in place of drying up and stopping the sentence as it happens so often with others, makes it rich, sensuous and moving. First it is a surprise to the mind. One misses somewhat the neat and elegant appearance of a dry idea, but after a time the mind likes it better, enjoys the richness and the truth of an idea which is still in close contact with facts and life. Miss Stein's thoughts never avoid the moving rhythm of life; they never stop. And consequently the reader in place of enjoying the happiness of a steady and safe eternity is delighted with life eternal and present.

With her, ideas do not begin and end abruptly. They do not have the sharpness of those ideas which are born out of the minds of logicians. They are more like feelings and emotions. They come as a musical theme, they haunt the mind as a refrain. But while with many writers repetition is merely a kind of rhetoric and used in persuading people and leading them to a formula, in Miss Stein's prose her repetitions never lead to a formula. They give the shape of an idea without stopping its development, without separating it from the facts, the atmosphere and the bodies in which it lives. Repetition in Miss Stein's prose is not a literary habit or a trick, but a way to handle life something like the waves of the sea or like the beatings of a heart or like the regular return of the seasons; it is like the incessant birth of men who are perpetually born out of human beings. This universal repetition is not a monotonous process;

it is not the shapeless scream, but it is filled with variety, shades and ideas; it carries with it many changes; it brings life, beginning and end, though it never ends itself, and it is never broken. Miss Stein's repetitions are really ideas, but living ideas still alive in living facts.

They are never separated from the human heart and they beat like a human heart; they are part of the human mind and the human heart; they are the most intimate part of the human personality; they are words, and the word after all is merely an echo of the beating of the heart. If the whole world is repetition only the word expresses clearly the world's repetitions. There is no *thing* on earth which is capable like the word to be at the same time a real thing and a part of the man. All the other things escape from us and free themselves from our domination; only the word is ours and necessarily bound to us. Even though it seems as if all the words were always at the disposition of all, in fact nobody can use again our words and nobody can build his life on the words which have been the life of someone else. Everywhere incessantly words keep coming and repeating; the same words appear everywhere, but they are never the same, and they never mean the same thing; they may seem to be similar, and they may look very much alike if they are taken in a formula, but if they are seen in a paragraph with their rhythm it is easy to discover that they are always different, always alive, always repeating innumerable efforts to repeat and never quite succeeding in bringing again the same ideas; in fact every time a human being uses a word he accepts something that comes to him from outside and from the past, but he also achieves something new and personal.

This difficult work, this noble wedding of the word with the human mind—Gertrude Stein has understood it better than any other writer. She has not given up herself to the childish faith in the possibility of killing the word and creating something else. She knows that they have a humble soft fluid appearance like the air that carries them, but she knows also that they cannot be altered by the human mind even though they can be used

by it; because words with all their softness and humility signify this universal fate which rules over everything: beginnings, ends and repetitions. In a careless period which might be called lazy because it prefers to destroy what would be difficult to utilize, Miss Stein has declined to attack or destroy the words. She hasn't even spoiled them; her play with words, refined, profound, witty and charming, has enabled her to enjoy the words in a hundred original fashions, but they have never led her to make fun of them or to try to get rid of them; it was only a way to enjoy them more, a training to understand better their shape and their sound. Sometimes she seemed to be drunk with words, or angry at words, or tired with words, but if one looks at this book, *The Making of Americans*, one sees Miss Stein trying to express time and history as she found them in herself, original and continuous. It was the first time that she had tried this new style and this new use of words and paragraphs, and for twenty years she has been experimenting on words and on paragraphs; but in her most recent book, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, one may discover that she has never forgotten the original qualities and real possibilities of words during all this long and bold career, and that now she is able to use her friends the words in a very friendly and clever way without ever asking too much from them, but always asking the utmost. She has played with them boldly and recklessly, but as one plays with a chum, and she has kept her intimacy with them. She has even made it more intimate and more thorough; her English style of 1934 is neat and expressive to a degree which no other English prose writer can reach nowadays. Far from being spoiled by her experience her style has kept and acquired qualities that the others have lost or ignored; she has managed to keep clear from all catchwords, mottoes and trite expressions. Amongst all the English writers of today she is the freest, the one who has been able to dismiss most cheerfully the habits of yesterday and the empty dreams of tomorrow, and to ignore the silly tricks of today. She is free from every-

thing, and she keeps only in herself always present this present time which she celebrates with words and repetitions of words.

III

This gift of Gertrude Stein's is the gift of America. She is more interested in America, more anxious to understand, express, describe, and give to her readers the real America than any other American writer.

It is easy to make good sentences in the United States, and it is not very difficult to frame a few clever theories on them, but it is difficult to write a really good book on them, and it is very difficult to have this book express living America and the life of America.

Many people have made pictures of America and some have done pretty good descriptions, quite a few have succeeded in proving that they had painted truly something or some person or some time in America. The country is so big, so vague, so full of changes that it is possible to say anything about it and to prove it. And this anything sells well generally because anybody is interested in anything, and the world is filled with anybodies.

But it is not any America that Miss Stein has tried to describe. It is America. She has not been satisfied with drawing a sketch or part of a landscape or writing the beginning of a book. She likes too much the present; she is too fond of words; she has too strongly the love of life; she is too far from death, to be satisfied with anything but the whole of America. A small bit of life, a life for a small time, wouldn't have satisfied her. She needed something complete, thorough, and perfect, and at the same time pretty. Consequently it is the complete story of a complete family that she has written. And the family she describes is America itself with its migrations, its flights, its settlements, its conquests; it is an uninterrupted family with a continuous life. She has shown all the generations, all the adventures of America: business, love, sports, studies. She has shown all the American hopes and all the American fears. She has used

all the American words, all the American rhythms, and the big American climax. Taking up her family just when it started to become an American family, she has described the grandparents, she has studied the parents, she has explained the children and the grandchildren. She has watched them, followed and pursued them all over the continent from Maryland to California, from Bridgepoint (which is Baltimore, Maryland) to her Gossols (which is Oakland, California). She has shown their continuous life, their unbroken life and their true life without telling any lies, without condemning any, accusing or excusing. There has never been a more impartial book written on the United States because there has never been any book more faithful to the rhythm of America and more inclined to love the American people while laughing at them and with them.

There is no book on America in which one can find so many Americans. America is a country in which there are many Americans, and novelists would be wise if they made it so in their books on America. But generally they are so busy and so hurried that they forget that America is a big place filled with a lot of Americans. They write narrow stories of small non-descript people. Miss Stein loves space and loves to see a lot of people filling the space, so she wrote a big book and she filled it with a lot of people. She put in it a great number of married people, spinsters, girls, boys, students, professors, bankers, housekeepers, lawyers, preachers, doctors, and even gentlemen, and children. She has given a chance to all of them and so there are very many, each of them has a nice place in the book, to each of them she has given nice words, all the words he or she needed to live, and all the rhythms that were required to make them alive and interesting. But she has never stopped for any of them; she has never been fascinated by any single life, small or big. All her heroes live together, carried in the great rhythm of words, which is the American rhythm, and also the rhythm of the life of this time, which is present in the book from the first to the last line.

I have never seen any other book where the United States

could be seen as it is here in this unbroken continuity, in its monotonous variety which never settles down, in its perpetual invention which never stops and is never satisfied. It is all the work of Miss Stein and it is also the work of her friends the words, because it seems that when she was writing this book she was won over as the reader is by a queer feeling; it is not only the life of America that one watches, it is not only the life of a family in America that one follows, but it is also the life of an American book that impresses one. The family grows and changes, and the book grows and changes. The first generation comes. They are nice people, immigrants who have come from very far and who have a hard time of it. They do not know where to settle down, and they don't settle down very much. They scratch the earth, they camp here and there, they try to locate themselves; some succeed more or less, others fail altogether. But anyway they die and disappear and drift. They die immigrant Americans as they always were. But after them others come who have been born in the country and who have received from the soil and the sky new gifts and new lessons. They are at home on this earth, and they are at home with the other inhabitants of the land. They work with them, they talk with them, and they feel with them. They organize stable relationships, they have acquired a status and a prestige, they live and they die according to their fashion—but it is nearly an American fashion. And when they die they leave behind them something like a spiritual presence. And they leave another generation which was born out of them, in this land, and for this land. These children may be happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful, some are gifted and others are not, some are lucky and others cannot avoid falling into difficulties. But it doesn't matter: fortunate or unhappy, rich or poor, young or old, all these Americans fulfill something that their ancestors had never fulfilled. The mixture is done, and this mixture is life. They are filled with American life and they are the living America. They may live long or have a short life. It will not change anything; their life will be American. Thus the family

rises and grows, and the words of the book rise and grow also. As we go on in the generations amongst all these faces and profiles the style and the rhythm of the book become more and more American. They carry with them all these characters, and also the author and the readers, and what they create is a deep American symphony.

There is no breaking and no contrast. Everything in the book is life, and all the ideas that appear in the book are life, even the theories are life. Miss Stein doesn't follow the method of many writers, who always stop and announce before they are going to write a very intelligent or intellectual page that the readers should watch and be careful. Ideas come to her spontaneously, and this book has a very thin delicate soft skin. It never looks like heavy parchment. No great theory or thesis, no long explanation, no systematic views—all the forces which lead and push this American family are interior, and they are all expressed as such. There is no other comment on them than the shape of the paragraphs or the tempo of the sentences. The line of a chapter gives us the mystery of a character just as the line of a profile reveals to us the mystery of a character, or of a career.

It is not merely an individual face which these paragraphs and these words show to us, and it is not merely the face of modern America which we contemplate. The story of these immigrants and of these citizens, of these bold girls and of these wise boys, of the fate of those who failed and the adventure of those who succeeded—it is in fact the wedding of land and man, the drama of generations who worked on a soil and tried to be accepted by a soil, and who bowed before a soil, and who adapted themselves to a soil with a secret triumph and a growing fear of becoming prisoners of the soil, at the same time that the soil became more friendly and they felt more and more at home. It has been said that America has been one of the many adventures of Europe. It is a fantastic adventure which even now seems to be a dream to Europeans. But in fact it is an adventure of Europe, and America cannot avoid having a European fate. What lives and dies, what is born and starts,

what fights and succeeds in all these Americans and in their making is an adventurous Europe in search of a new incarnation. And finally what we find in all these Americans—it is our common and universal wish of emancipation, our instinct of freedom, and our eagerness to stick to this life. All these beginnings and all these ends are our beginnings and our ends. And this long present which rises in this book and surrounds us like a tide is our present of today.

It is easy to speak of gold and of silver and to discuss politics. It is never difficult to talk of what is standing, and men, by sheer laziness, would always rather speak of what is standing, if it were not so depressing.

It is very difficult to speak of what is moving and growing, of everything that has a quick pace and a powerful sweep, it is hard to grasp and difficult to explain, the lines are mysterious, the human mind feels lost and would always avoid mentioning such things if the pleasure of life and the excitement of movement were not for it the greatest comfort and the best stimulation.

Movements cannot be expressed by flat formulas. The most refined cleverness of the human mind cannot give the human person any understanding of movement except by stirring up in us a mysterious force that is harmonious and moving— But how to reach this deep part of the human being without losing touch with the human mind and reason?

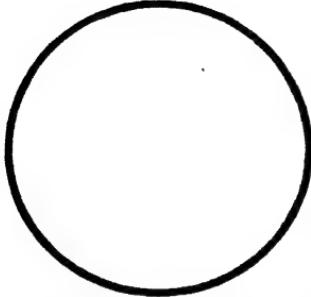
Miss Stein has done it. In these pages her family is alive. There is a family life and it spreads all around, all over the book. All the paragraphs in the book make us feel a big movement and see big ideas, and all these movements and ideas move in the same rhythm without ever getting separated from each other.

Miss Stein has put in this book, in these words, in these characters and ideas, and in this story, a unique life.

She gave it to the book, she offers it to the reader.

BERNARD FAY

THE DEHNINGS AND THE
HERSLANDS



NCE an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man at last, "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree."

It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well, for in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others and we fight them fiercely in ourselves; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

It has always seemed to me a rare privilege, this, of being an American, a real American, one whose tradition it has taken scarcely sixty years to create. We need only realise our parents, remember our grandparents and know ourselves and our history is complete.

The old people in a new world, the new people made out of the old, that is the story that I mean to tell, for that is what really is and what I really know.

Some of the fathers we must realise so that we can tell our story really, were little boys then, and they came across the water with their parents, the grandparents we need only just remember. Some of these our fathers and our mothers, were not even made then, and the women, the young mothers, our grandmothers we perhaps just have seen once, carried these our fathers and our mothers into the new world inside them, those women of the old world strong to bear them. Some looked very weak and little women, but even these so weak and little, were strong always, to bear many children.

These certain men and women, our grandfathers and grandmothers, with their children born and unborn with them, some whose children were gone ahead to prepare a home to give them; all countries were full of women who brought with them many children; but only certain men and women and the children they had in them, to make many generations for them, will fill up this history for us of a family and its progress.

Many kinds of all these women were strong to bear many children.

One was very strong to bear them and then always she was very strong to lead them.

One was strong to bear them and then always she was strong to suffer with them.

One, a little gentle weary woman was strong to bear many children, and then always after she would sadly suffer for them, weeping for the sadness of all sinning, wearying for the rest she knew her death would bring them.

And then there was one sweet good woman, strong just to bear many children, and then she died away and left them, for that was all she knew then to do for them.

And these four women and the husbands they had with them and the children born and unborn in them will make up the history for us of a family and its progress.

Other kinds of men and women and the children they had with them, came at different times to know them; some, poor things, who never found how they could make a living, some who dreamed while others fought a way to help them, some whose children went to pieces with them, some who thought and thought and then their children rose to greatness through them, and some of all these kinds of men and women and the children they had in them will help to make the history for us of this family and its progress.

These first four women, the grandmothers we need only just remember, mostly never saw each other. It was their children and grandchildren who, later, wandering over the new land, where they were seeking first, just to make a living, and then

later, either to grow rich or to gain wisdom, met with one another and were married, and so together they made a family whose progress we are now soon to be watching.

We, living now, are always to ourselves young men and women. When we, living always in such feeling, think back to them who make for us a beginning, it is always as grown and old men and women or as little children that we feel them, these whose lives we have just been thinking. We sometimes talk it long, but really, it is only very little time we feel ourselves ever to have been as old men and women or as children. Such parts of our living are little ever really there to us as present in our feeling. Yes; we, who are always all our lives, to ourselves grown young men and women, when we think back to them who make for us a beginning, it is always as grown old men and women or as little children that we feel them, such as them whose lives we have just been thinking.

Yes it is easy to think ourselves and our friends, all our lives as young grown men and women, indeed it is hard for us to feel even when we talk it long, that we are old like old men and women or little as a baby or as children. Such parts of our living are never really there to us as present, to our feeling.

Yes we are very little children when we first begin to be to ourselves grown men and women. We say then, yes we are children, but we know then, way inside us, we are not to ourselves real as children, we are grown to ourselves, as young grown men and women. Nay we never know ourselves as other than young and grown men and women. When we know we are no longer to ourselves as children. Very little things we are then and very full of such feeling. No, to be feeling ourselves to be as children is like the state between when we are asleep and when we are just waking, it is never really there to us as present to our feeling.

And so it is to be really old to ourselves in our feeling; we are weary and are old, and we know it in our working and our

thinking, and we talk it long, and we can see it just by looking, and yet we are a very little time really old to ourselves in our feeling, old as old men and old women once were and still are to our feeling. No, no one can be old like that to himself in his feeling. No it must be always as grown and young men and women that we know ourselves and our friends in our feeling. We know it is not so, by our saying, but it must be so always to our feeling. To be old to ourselves in our feeling is a losing of ourselves like just dropping off into sleeping. To be awake, we must have it that we are to ourselves young and grown men and women.

To be ourself like an old man or an old woman to our feeling must be a horrid losing-self sense to be having. It must be a horrid feeling, like the hard leaving of our sense when we are forced into sleeping or the coming to it when we are just waking. It must be a horrid feeling to have such a strong sense of losing, such a feeling as being to ourselves like children or like grown old men and women. Perhaps to some it is a gentle sense of losing some who like themselves to be without a self sense feeling, but certainly it must be always a sense of self losing in each one who finds himself really having a very young or very old self feeling.

Our mothers, fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, in the histories, and the stories, all the others, they all are always little babies grown old men and women or as children for us. No, old generations and past ages never have grown young men and women in them. So long ago they were, why they must be old grown men and women or as babies or as children. No, them we never can feel as young grown men and women. Such only are ourselves and our friends with whom we have been living.

And so since there is no other way to do with our kind of thinking we will make our elders to be for us the grown old men and women in our stories, or the babies or the children. We will be always, in ourselves, the young grown men and women.

And so now we begin, and with such men and women as we have old or as very little, in us, to our thinking.

One of these four women, the grandmothers old always to us the generation of grandchildren, was a sweet good woman, strong just to bear many children and then she died away and left them for that was all she knew then to do for them.

Like all good older women she had all her life born many children and she had made herself a faithful working woman to her husband who was a good enough ordinary older man.

Her husband lived some years after his wife had died away and left him.

He was just a decent well-meaning faithful good-enough ordinary man. He was honest, and he left that very strongly to his children and he worked hard, but he never came to very much with all his faithful working.

He was just a decent honest good-enough man to do ordinary working. He always was good to his wife and always liked her to be with him, and to have good children, and to help him with her working. He always liked all of his children and he always did all that he could to help them, but they were all soon strong enough to leave him, and now that his wife had died away and left him, he was not really needed much by the world or by his children.

They were good daughters and sons to him, but his sayings and his old ordinary ways of doing had not much importance for them. They were strong, all of them, in their work and in their new way of feeling and full always of their new ways of living. It was alright, he always said it to them, and he thought it so really in him, but it was all too new, it could never be any comfort to him. He had been left out of all life while he was still living. It was all too new for his feeling and his wife was no longer there to stay beside him. He felt it always in him and he sighed and at last he just slowly left off living. "Yes," he would say of his son Henry who was the one who took most care and trouble for him, "Yes, Henry, he is a good man and he knows how to make a living. Yes he is a good boy to me

always but he never does anything like I tell him. It aint wrong in him, never I don't say so like that ever for him, only I don't need it any more just to go on like I was living. My wife she did always like I told her, she never knew any way to do it different, and now she is gone peace be with her, and it is all now like it was all over, and I, I got no right now to say do so to my children. I don't ever say it now ever no more to them. What have I got to do with living? I've got no place to go on now like I was really living. I got nobody now always by me to do things like I tell them. I got nothing to say now anymore to my children. I got all done with what I got to say to them. Well young folks always knows things different, and they got it right not to listen, I got nothing now really to do with their new kinds of ways of living. Anyhow Henry, he knows good how to make a living. He makes money such a way I got no right to say it different to him. He makes money and I never can see how his way he can make it and he is honest and a good man always, with all his making such a good living. And he has got right always to do like he wants it, and he is good to me always, I can't ever say it any different. He always is good to me, and the others, they come to see me always only now it is all different. My wife she stayed right by me always and the children they always got some new place where they got to go and do it different." And then the old man sighed and then soon too he died away and left them.

Henry Dehning was a grown man and for his day a rich one when his father died away and left them. Truly he had made everything for himself very different; but it is not as a young man making himself rich that we are now to feel him, he is for us an old grown man telling it all over to his children.

And it is strange how all forget when they have once made things for themselves to be very different. A man like Dehning never can feel it real to himself, things as they were in his early manhood, now that he has made his life and habits and his feelings all so different. He says it often, as we all do childhood

and old age and pain and sleeping, but it can never anymore be really present to his feeling.

Now the common needs in his life are very different. No, not he, nor they all who have made it for themselves to be so different, can remember meekness, nor poor ways, nor self attendance, nor no comforts, all such things are to all of them as indifferent as if they in their own life time themselves had not made it different. It is not their not wanting to remember these things that were so different. Nay they love to remember, and to tell it over, and most often to their children, what they have been and what they have done and how they themselves have made it all to be so different and how well it is for these children that they have had a strong father who knew how to do it so that youngsters could so have it.

Yes, they say it long and often and yet it is never real to them while they are thus talking. No it is not as really present to their thinking as it is to the young ones who never really had the feeling. These have it through their fear, which makes it for them a really present feeling. The old ones have not such a fear and they have it all only like a dim beginning, like the being as babies or as children or as grown old men and women.

And this father Dehning was always very full of such talking. He had made everything for himself and for his children. He was a good and honest man was Henry Dehning. He was strong and rich and good tempered and respected and he showed it in his look, that look that makes young people think older ones are very aged, and he loved to tell it over to his children, how he had made it all for them so they could have it and not have to work to make it different.

This father was proud of his children and yet, too, very reproachful in his feeling toward them. His wife from perhaps more than equal living with him never much regarded such a feeling in him, but to the young ones it was new for them however often it came to them, for it always meant a new fighting for the right to their kind of power that they felt strongly inside them.

But always there was a little of the dread in them that comes to even grown young men and women from an old man's sharp looking, for deep down is the fear, perhaps he really knows, his look is so outward from him, he certainly has used it all up the things inside him at which young ones are still always looking. And then comes the strong feeling, no he never has had it inside him the way that gives it a real meaning, and so the young ones are firm to go on with their fighting. And always they stay with their father and listen to him.

His wife from her more than equal living, as it sometimes is in women, has not such a dread of his really knowing when it comes to their ways of living, and then it is really only talking with him for now it is completely his own only way of living, and so she never listens to him, is deaf to him or goes away when he begins this kind of talking. But his children always stay and listen to him. They are ready very strongly to explain their new ways to him. But he does not listen to them, he goes on telling what he has done and what he thinks of them.

The young Dehnings had all been born and brought up in the town of Bridgepoint. Their mother too had been born in Bridgepoint. It was there that they had first landed, her father, a harsh man, hard to his wife and to his children but not very good with all his fierceness at knowing how to make a living, and her mother a good gentle wife who never left him, though surely he was not worthy to have her so faithful to him, and she was a good woman who with all her woe was strong to bear many children and always after she was strong to do her best for them and always strong to suffer with them.

And this harsh hard man and his good gentle little wife had many children, and one daughter had long ago married Henry Dehning. It was a happy marriage enough for both of them, their faults and the good things they each had in them made of them a man and wife to very well content all who had to do with them.

All the Dehnings were very fond of Bridgepoint. They had

their city and their country house like all the people who were well to do in Bridgepoint.

Yes the Dehnings in the country were simple pleasant people. There they were a contented joyous household. All day the young ones played and bathed and rode and then the family altogether would sail and fish. Yes the Dehnings in the country were simple pleasant people. The Dehning country house was very pleasant too for all young men and boys, the uncles and the cousins of the Dehning family, who all delighted in the friendly freedom of this country home, rare in those days among this kind of people, and so the Dehning house was always full of youth and kindly ways and sport and all altogether there they all always lead a pleasant family life.

The Dehning family itself was made up of the parents and three children. They made a group very satisfying to the eye, prosperous and handsome.

Mrs. Dehning was the quintessence of loud-voiced good-looking prosperity. She was a fair heavy woman, well-looking and firmly compacted and hitting the ground as she walked with the same hard jerk with which she rebuked her husband for his sins. Yes Mrs. Dehning was a woman whose rasping insensibility to gentle courtesy deserved the prejudice one cherished against her, but she was a woman, to do her justice, generous and honest, one whom one might like better the more one saw her less.

Yes it was now all very different for them. It was very pleasant always for Henry Dehning then, to stand and to look about him, yes truly it was now all very different with him. He had his family there about him, a family certain to be a satisfaction to him. They were a group to gratify the feeling of pride in him, they were so prosperous vigorous good-looking, honest, and always respectful to him, and surely they would have later, good hope of winning for themselves all that he could ever wish to them.

Yes it certainly was very different now with him. Could one ever have it real to him that in one lifetime a man could have

it all so different for him, that a man all alone in his single lifetime could make it so that he could have it to be truly all so different in him.

Nay for a man to have it in a single lifetime all so different for him is more strange than being born and being then a baby and then a child and then a young grown man and then old like a man grown old and then dead and so no more of living, it is more strange because it makes so many lives in this one living. Each one of these lives that he forgets or remembers only as a dim beginning is a whole life to us in our thinking, and so Henry Dehning has had many lives in him to our feeling.

Could one believe it that he was a grown man and he was then living like the man who comes into his place now to do a little selling to the servants in the kitchen. And yet that was one whole full life for him; and then there was the old world where there had been for him such a very different kind of living. Yes as he stands there talking to his children of the things that are never real now any more to his feeling, a man comes up the walk and slinks back when he sees them and goes sneaking to the kitchen and there he sells little things to the women who buy them out of Irish fun or just to be kind to him, for his things are really not good enough for them, they are things for people poorer than any that work in a kitchen; and so Mr. Dehning goes on talking to his children and it is all more real to their feeling than it is now to his thinking, for they have it in their fear which young ones always have inside them, and he, he has it only as a dim beginning as being like a baby or an old grown man or woman. Nay how can he ever have it in him to feel it now as really present to him, such things as meekness or poor ways or self attendance or no comforts, it is only a fear that could make such things be now as present to him; and he has no such a fear ever inside him, not for himself ever or even for his children, for he is strong in a sense of always winning. It is they, the children, who, though they too feel a strength inside them and talk about it very often, yet way down deep in them they know they have no way to be really

certain; and always they are brave, good-looking, honest, prosperous children and the father feels strong pride as he looks around him.

The Dehning family was made of this father and mother and three children. Mr. Dehning was very proud of his children and proud of all the things he knew that they could teach him. There were two daughters and a son of them.

Julia Dehning was named after her grandmother, but, as her father often told her, she never looked the least bit like her and yet there was a little in her that made the old world not all lost to her, a little that made one always remember that her grandmother and her father had had always a worn old world to remember.

Yes Julia looked much like her mother. That fair good-looking prosperous woman had stamped her image on each one of her children, and with her eldest, Julia, the stamp went deep, far deeper than just for the fair good-looking exterior.

Julia Dehning was now just eighteen and she showed in all its vigor, the self-satisfied crude domineering American girlhood that was strong inside her. Perhaps she was born too near to the old world to ever attain quite altogether that crude virginity that makes the American girl safe in all her liberty. Yes the American girl is a crude virgin and she is safe in her freedom.

And now, so thought her mother, and Julia was quite of the same opinion, the time had come for Julia to have a husband and to begin her real important living.

Under Julia's very American face, body, clothes and manner and her vigor of the domineering and crude virgin, there were now and then flashes of passion that lit up an older well hidden tradition. Yes in Julia Dehning the prosperous, good-looking, domineering woman was a very attractive being. Julia irradiated energy and brilliant enjoying, she was vigorous, and like her mother, fair and firmly compacted, and she was full of bright hopes, and strong in the spirit of success that she felt always in her. Julia was much given to hearty joyous laughing and to

an ardent honest feeling, and she hit the ground as she walked with the same hard jerking with which her mother Mrs. Dehning always rebuked her husband's sinning. Yes Julia Dehning was bright and full of vigor, and with something always a little harsh in her, making underneath her young bright vigorous ardent honest feeling a little of the sense of rasping that was just now in her mother's talking.

And so those who read much in story books surely now can tell what to expect of her, and yet, please reader, remember that this is perhaps not the whole of our story either, neither her father for her, nor the living down her mother who is in her, for I am not ready yet to take away the character from our Julia, for truly she may work out as the story books would have her or we may find all different kinds of things for her, and so reader, please remember, the future is not yet certain for her, and be you well warned reader, from the vain-glory of being sudden in your judgment of her.

After Julia came the boy George and he was not named after his grandfather. And so it was right that in his name he should not sound as if he were the son of his father, so at least his mother decided for him, and the father, he laughed and let her do the way she liked it. And so the boy was named George and the other was there but hidden as an initial to be only used for signing.

The boy George bade fair to do credit to his christening. George Dehning now about fourteen was strong in sport and washing. He was not foreign in his washing. Oh, no, he was really an american.

It's a great question this question of washing. One never can find any one who can be satisfied with anybody else's washing. I knew a man once who never as far as any one could see ever did any washing, and yet he described another with contempt, why he is a dirty hog sir, he never does any washing. The French tell me it's the Italians who never do any washing, the French and the Italians both find the Spanish a little short in their washing, the English find all the world lax in this busi-

ness of washing, and the East finds all the West a pig, which never is clean with just the little cold water washing. And so it goes.

Yes it has been said that even a flea has other little fleas to bite him, and so it is with this washing, everybody can find some one to condemn for his lack of washing. Even the man who, when he wants to take a little hut in the country to live in, and they said to him, but there is no water to have there, and he said, what does that matter, in this country one can always have wine for his drinking, he too has others who for him don't think enough about their washing; and then there is the man who takes the bath-tub out of his house because he don't believe in promiscuous bathing; and there is the plumber who says, yes I have always got to be fixing bath-tubs for other people to get clean in, and I, I haven't got time enough to wash my hands even; and then there are the French bohemians, now one never would think of them as extravagantly cleanly beings, and yet in a village in Spain they were an astonishment to all the natives, why do you do so much washing, they all demanded of them, when your skin is so white and clean even when you first begin to clean them; and then there is the dubious smelly negro woman who tells you about another woman who is as dirty as a dog and as ragged as a spring chicken, and yet some dogs certainly do sometimes do some washing and this woman had certainly not much sign of ever having had such a thing happening; and then there is the virtuous poor woman who brings her child to the dispensary for a treatment and the doctor says to her, no I won't touch her now anymore until you clean her, and the woman cries out in her indignation, what you think I am poor like a beggar, I got money enough to pay for a doctor, I show you I can hire a real doctor, and she slams the door and rushes out with her daughter. Yes it certainly is very queer in her. All this washing business is certainly most peculiar. Surely it is true that even little fleas have always littler ones to bite them.

And then when we are all through with the pleasant summer

and its gorgeous washing, then comes the dreadful question of the winter washing. It's easy enough to wash often when the sun is hot and they are sticky and perspiring and the water in a natural kind of a way is always flowing, but when it comes to be nasty cold as it always is in winter, then it is not any more a pleasure, it is a harsh duty then and hard to follow.

Yes, George Dehning was not at all foreign in his washing but for him, too, the old world was not altogether lost behind him. Sometimes the boy had a way with him, and it would show clear in spite of the fair cheery sporty nature he had in him, a way of looking sleepy and reflecting, and his lids would never be really ever very open, and he would be always only half showing his clear grey eyes that, very often, were bright alive and laughing.

Later such a way of looking could be of great service to him. It would not matter if he never really could have wisdom in him, this look could help him always in his dealings with all men and be of much service too to him with women. He will listen then, and with his veiled eyes it will be as if he were full with thinking, and with himself always well hidden, and so he will be wise; or for a woman, it will be as if he were always in a dream of them. Wisdom and dreaming, both good things when shown at the right time by a young grown man, who wants to be succeeding, always, in every kind of living.

And then there was the littlest one whose name had been all given without regard to the old world behind them. They called her Hortense for that was both elegant and new then. The father let the mother do as she liked with the naming, he laughed and a little he did not like it in him and then a little he was proud of his Miss Jenny and her way of doing.

The little Hortense Dehning was not of much importance yet in the family living. Hortense was ten now and full of adoration for her big sister and yet most of all for her brother. She was not very strong and she could not run after him in his playing, but sometimes he would sit and talk to her about himself and his resolutions and the elaborated purposes that he was always

losing. George was always very moral and too he was very hopeful. He always began his to-morrow with himself full of a firm resolution to do all things every minute and to do them all very complicatedly. George felt always he must bring up this little sister for he George was the only one who knew the right ways for her.

And so he preached a great deal to her, and little Hortense was very devout and adored her instructor. There was always a dependent loyal up-gazing sweetness in her.

Being the baby of the family she was much petted by her father and always she was overawed by her brother, who was very careful to be noble to her. She was not just then very much with her mother for she was not at this time very important to her. The mother was so busy with her Julia, to find an important and good husband for her. And so little Hortense was left much to her brother and to the governess they had for her.

For us now as well as for the mother the important matter in the history of the Dehning family is the marrying of Julia. I have said that a strong family likeness bound all the three children firmly to their mother. That fair good-looking prosperous woman had stamped her image on each one of her children, but with only the eldest Julia was the stamp deep, deeper than for the fair good-looking exterior.

All the family had always looked up to Julia. They delighted in her daring and in a kind of heroical sweetness there was in her. They respected in her, her educated ways and her knowing always what was the right way she and all of them should be doing. It was not for nothing she was a crude domineering virgin. And she was strong in the success she knew always that she had inside her, and the family always admired and followed after.

But Herman Dehning's pride and pleasure in his Julia was all exceeded by the loud voiced satisfaction of the mother to whom this brilliant daughter always seemed as the product of the mother's own exertions. In her it was the vanity and exultation of creation as well as of possession and she never fairly

learned how completely it was the girl who governed all the family life and how very much of this young life was hidden from her knowledge.

Julia Dehning at eighteen had lived through much of the experience that can prepare a girl for womanhood and marriage.

I have said, there were a number of young men and boys connected with the Dehning family, uncles and cousins, generous decent considerate fellows, frank and honest in their friendships, and simple in the fashion of the elder Dehning. With this kindred Julia had always lived as with the members of one family. These men did not supply for her the training and experience that helps to clear the way for an impetuous woman through a world of passions, they only made a sane and moral back-ground on which she in her later life could learn to lean.

With any member of this kindred there would be, in a young and ardent mind, no thought of love or marriage; nor were the sober business men, young, old, or middle-aged, who came a great deal to the house, attractive to her temper, for Julia was ambitious for passion and position and she needed, too, a strain of romance. No such kind of a man had really come to her and Julia was all ripe for real experience, for even with her well guarded life she had found the sickened sense that comes with learning that some men do wrong. Passionate tempers have greatly this advantage of the unpassionate variety; you can never guard them with such care but that they find themselves full up with real experience and with the after-taste of disillusion, but vitally as they are always hit they always rise and plunge once more, while their poorly passionate fellows who receive a vital blow never rise to faith again.

Julia as a little girl had had the usual experiences of governess guarded children. She was first the confidant, then the advisor, and last the arranger of the love affairs of her established guardians. Then at her finishing school she became acquainted with that dubious character, the adventuress, the type to be found always in all kinds of places, a character eternally

attractive in its mystery and daring, and always able to attach unto itself the most intelligent and honest of its comrades and introduce them to queer vices.

And so Julia Dehning, like all other young girls, learnt many kinds of lessons, and she saw many of the kinds of ways that lead to wisdom, and always her life was healthy vigorous and active. She learnt very well all the things young girls of her class were taught then and she learnt too, in all kinds of ways, all the things girls always can learn, somehow, to be wise in. And so Julia was well prepared now to be a woman. She had singing and piano-playing and sport and all regular school learning, she had good looks, honesty, and brilliant courage, and in her young way a certain kind of wisdom.

Always Julia was a passionate young woman and she had too a heroical kind of sweetness in her way of winning. She was a passionate young woman in the sense that always she was all alive and always all the emotions she had in her being were as intense and present to her feeling as a sensation like a pain is to others who are less alive in their living. And all this time too, Julia Dehning was busily arranging and directing the life and aspirations of her family, for she was strong always in her good right to lead them.

In Julia Dehning all experience had gone to make her wise now in a desire for a master in the art of life, and it came to pass that in Alfred Hersland brought by a cousin to visit at the house she found a man who embodied her ideal in a way to make her heart beat with surprise.

To a bourgeois mind that has within it a little of the fervor for diversity, there can be nothing more attractive than a strain of singularity that yet keeps well within the limits of conventional respectability, a singularity that is, so to speak, well dressed and well set up. This is the nearest approach the middle class young woman can ever hope to make to the indifference and distinction of the really noble. When singularity goes further and so gets to be always stronger, there comes to be in it too much real danger for any middle class young woman to follow

it farther. Then comes the danger of being mixed by it so that no one just seeing you can know it, and they will take you for the lowest, those who are simply poor or because they have no other way to do it. Surely no young person with any kind of middle class tradition will ever do so, will ever put themselves in the way of such danger, of getting so that no one can tell by just looking that they are not like them who by their nature are always in an ordinary undistinguished degradation. No! such kind of a danger can never have to a young one of any middle class tradition any kind of an attraction.

Now singularity that is neither crazy, sporty, faddish, or a fashion, or low class with distinction, such a singularity, I say, we have not made enough of yet so that any other one can really know it, it is as yet an unknown product with us. It takes time to make queer people, and to have others who can know it, time and a certainty of place and means. Custom, passion, and a feel for mother earth are needed to breed vital singularity in any man, and alas, how poor we are in all these three.

Brother Singulards, we are misplaced in a generation that knows not Joseph. We flee before the disapproval of our cousins, the courageous condescension of our friends who gallantly sometimes agree to walk the streets with us, from all them who never any way can understand why such ways and not the others are so dear to us, we fly to the kindly comfort of an older world accustomed to take all manner of strange forms into its bosom and we leave our noble order to be known under such forms as Alfred Hersland, a poor thing, and even hardly then our own.

The Herslands were a Western family. David Hersland, the father, had gone out to a Western state to make his money. His wife had been born and brought up in the town of Bridgepoint. Later Mr. Hersland had sent his son Alfred back there to go to college and then to stay on and to study to become a lawyer. Now it was some years later and Alfred Hersland had come again to Bridgepoint, to settle down there to practice law there, and to make for himself his own money.

The Hersland family had not had their money any longer than the others of this community, but they had taken to culture and to ideas quicker.

Alfred Hersland was well put together to impress a courageous crude young woman, who had an ambition for both passion and position and who needed too to have a strain of romance with them.

Not many months from this first meeting, Julia gave her answer. "Yes, I do care for you," she said, "and you and I will live our lives together, always learning things and doing things, good things they will be for us whatever other people may think or say."

Julia Dehning, like all of her kind of people, needed everything, for anything could feed her. It was not strong meat that Hersland offered to her, but her palate was eager, this had the flavour of the dishes she longed to have eaten and to have inside her. To her young crude virgin desire the food he offered to her was plenty real enough to deeply content her.

Of the family about her, it was only Julia who found him worthy to be so important to her. The cousins and the uncles, the men who could make for her the sane and moral background that would give a wholesome middle class condition always to her, they did not like it much that Hersland was now so important for her. They said nothing to her, but they did not like to have him always about with her. He was not their kind and every minute they could know it, and they did not need him, either out in the world in business or at home where they were happy in the rich and solid family comfort they always had had with the Dehnings; and these men could not find Hersland's knowledge worth much for them, and they did not have it in them that it had a meaning for them that he Hersland had in him, knowledge and a certain kind of feeling that they never could have inside them. What could a pleasant mystery in a man mean to them except only that any man with any sense in him would not ever trust anything real to him.

But they said nothing, any of them, they knew nothing real

against him, and, anyhow, it was not business for them to interfere with other people's matters, for after all it was to the Dehnings for them, and it did not in any way really concern any of the others of them. As men they could not feel it in them the right to interfere with a woman who did not as a child or a wife really belong to them.

Mr. Dehning as yet had said nothing. One day he was out walking and his daughter was with him. "Julia hadn't you better be a little careful how much you encourage that young Hersland."

Mr. Dehning, always, in his working, began very far away from a thing he meant later to be firmly attacking. And always in such a far away beginning, he would be looking sharply, out from him, in a sidelong, piercing, deprecating, challenging, fashion, the kind of a way he had always of looking when his wife, who, by her more than equal living, as it often is with a woman, had not in any kind of a way any fear in her of him, could be going to rebuke him. And this way he had of looking, always made him an old man to his children, and mostly there was a fear then in them, only now Julia was strong, other things were bright and glowing, and she could not now feel it in him, the old grown man's sharp outward looking that, closing him, went always so straight into them.

And so, now, filled full with her new warm imagining, Julia Dehning had not any kind of a fear from him, the kind of a fear a young grown woman has almost always from an old man's looking.

"Why papa!" she had eagerly quickly demanded of him.

"I say Julia I don't know anything against him. Yes, I say to you Julia I don't know of anything there is against him. I have looked up all the record there is yet of him and I haven't heard anything against him but Julia, I say, somehow I don't quite like him. His family are alright, I know a man who knows all Gossols, and I asked him, he says yes the family are all successful and well appearing, I say Julia I don't say anything against him only I don't altogether trust him. I know all about

his father, everybody has heard of David Hersland, he is the richest man they ever had in Gossols, I know too how he made his own money out there, and everybody says he is alright and he made his own money by his own work; I don't say anything against him, only Julia I think you better be a little careful with him, somehow I don't altogether like him." "Isn't that papa because he plays the piano and parts his hair that way in the middle." Julia was eager in her questioning. The father laughed, "I guess there is some reason in your question Julia, I don't like that kind of thing much in a man, that's right. It's foolish in a man who wants to make a success making a living, it's foolish to do things that make other men feel they don't want to trust him. It's alright if he was just doing nothing, only I never would want you to tie up with a man who didn't know how to take care of himself to make a living, but Hersland has got ambition, he wants to be a lawyer who makes a big success with his living, I know him, and that don't seem to me the kind of a way to make a good beginning, but may be I am wrong, you young ones always think you know everything. Anyhow Julia I think you better be a little careful with him." Mr. Dehning paused, and they walked on a little while and she said nothing.

"You know Julia" Mr. Dehning went on after a silent interval of walking when they had each been pretty busy with their own thinking, "you know Julia, your mother doesn't like him." "Oh! mamma!" Julia broke out, "you know how mamma is, he talks about love and beauty and mamma thinks it ought to be all wedding dresses and a fine house when it isn't money and business. She would be the same about anybody that I would want."

"Yes Julia, those are your literary notions but a lawyer has got to be a business man now and you like success and money as well as any one. You have always had everything you wanted and you don't want to get along without it. Literary effects and modern improvements are alright for women but with Hersland it ought to be different, it ought to be that he has the kind of

sense he needs in his business. I don't say he hasn't got good sense in him to make a success in him and you want to be careful I say Julia, how far you go with him." "I know papa just what you mean, and that's alright papa, I know it, but you know yourself papa it isn't everything, now, is it. I know papa how you feel about it, you think we young ones are all wrong the way we look at it, but you say yourself papa how different things are nowadays from the way they used to be when you began with it, and surely papa it can't hurt a man to be interesting even if he wants to make a success in his business."

Mr. Dehning shook his head but he did not so carry much conviction to his daughter and on this day they said no more about the matter.

And so Julia began and surely she would win in the struggle. She worked every day and very hard, and slowly she began to bring her father to it. Mrs. Dehning would have to agree if he said she could have it and no one else's opinion in the matter was important.

Time and again Julia would be sure she had succeeded, for her father always listened to her "yes papa I know it, I know what you mean and it's alright, only you know yourself everyday nowadays is very different, you know that yourself papa, you know you always say it," and he liked to hear her say it, and he listened with amusement, and he approved when she knew how to do it, when she brought out with great fervor and with much repeating, great arguments against all his objections. He always openly admired the bright way she had then to make clear to him all her theories and convictions, the new faith in her, the new ideas she had of life and business.

And then Julia would be sure she had convinced him, for how could a reasonable man ever resist it, she knew she had good reasons in her.

And each day when their talk was ending and she was saying to him, "you know papa you say yourself now that it's all different, I know what you mean papa, always, I know how you want me to do it, but papa, really, I am not talking without

thinking hard about it, you know I listen to you and want to understand it but you know papa, now don't you, that it will be alright and that I am alright just the way you like to have me do it," and then he would have stopped listening to her and his mind would have sort of shut up away from her, and she still held his arm for they had been walking all this time up and down as was their custom every afternoon together, and yet he then himself had quite slipped away from her, and now he would be looking at her with that sharp completed look that, always so full of his own understanding, could not leave it open any way to her to reach inside to him to let in any other kind of a meaning.

And then he would for that time altogether leave her and the last thing he always would say to her, with the quick movement he had when he felt no more time in him then for her. "Alright, yes, well to-morrow is another day Julia I say to-morrow is another day Julia and you think it all over and we will talk about it further, perhaps to-morrow, I say to-morrow is another day Julia. There is your mother there now Julia, you better go in now to her."

It was hard for Julia to have such a kind of resistance fighting against her. It was hard for an impatient and eager temper to endure the kind of a way her father always finished off his long talks with her. It was hard for Julia to have to always begin over every time she started to talk about it with her father. But he was very proud of her, she knew very well his feeling for her, she knew very well too how to win him to agree in the end with her. She loved it in a way the struggle he made each day a new one for her. They loved and admired and respected each other very much this daughter and her father. They understood very well both of them how to please while they were combating with each other. And so each to-morrow they met, and Julia was sturdy and had strong faith in her, and always, her father, a long time each day listened to her.

So Julia struggled every day, to have him, arguing discoursing explaining and appealing. She was always winning but it

was slow progress like that in very steep and slippery climbing. For every forward movement of three feet she always slipped back two, sometimes all three and often four and five and six and seven. It was long eager steady fighting but the father was slowly understanding that his daughter wanted this thing enough to stand hard by it and with such a feeling and no real fact against the man, such a father was bound to let her some time get married to him.

"I tell you what Julia what I been thinking. When we all get back to town you can tell better whether you do really want him. I say we better leave off all this talking and just wait till we get home now again. I don't say no Julia and I don't say yes to you. When everybody gets back to town and you are busy and running around with your girls and talking and meeting all the other people and the other kinds of young men, you can tell much better then whether all this business is not all just talking with you. I say now Julia we will wait and just see how you feel about it later. I say we will talk it all over when we get home and you are altogether with all your friends there. I say Julia I don't say no to you and I don't say yes yet to you. I say when we get home we will talk it over again all together and then if nothing turns up new against him, and you still want him, I say if then you still want him enough to trust to him and to trust to your own judgment about him, we will see what we can do about him." "Alright papa," Julia said to him, "alright I won't even see Alfy any more till we get back to town then, and papa I won't say another word to you about it. I'll just go and ride around the country and think hard the way you like to have me do it about what we both have said about it."

And always every day it came and always every day when it was ending it would be the same. "Yes I certainly do care for him and I do know him, And he and I will live our lives together always learning things and doing things, good things they will be for us whatever other people may think or say."

And so at last, filled full with faith and hope and fine new

joy she went back to her busy city life, strong in the passion of her eager young imagining.

It was good solid riches in the Dehning house, a parlor full of ornate marbles placed on yellow onyx stands, chairs gold and white of various size and shape, a delicate blue silk brocaded covering on the walls and a ceiling painted pink with angels and cupids all about, a dining room all dark and gold, a living room all rich and gold and red with built-in-couches, glass-covered book-cases and paintings of well washed peasants of the german school, and large and dressed up bedrooms all light and blue and white. (All this was twenty years ago in the dark age, you know, before the passion for the simple line and the toned burlap on the wall and wooden panelling all classic and severe.) Marbles and bronzes and crystal chandeliers and gas logs finished out each room. And always everywhere there were complicated ways to wash, and dressing tables filled full of brushes, sponges, instruments, and ways to make one clean, and to help out all the special doctors in their work.

It was good riches in this house and here it was that Julia Dehning dreamed of other worlds and here each day she grew more firm in her resolve for that free wide and cultured life to which for her young Hersland had the key.

At last it was agreed that these two young people should become engaged, but not be married for a year to come, and if nothing new had then turned up, the father said he would then no longer interfere. And so the marriage now was made for with these kind of people an engagement always meant a marriage excepting only for the gravest cause. And Alfred Hersland and Julia had this time to learn each other's natures and prepare themselves for the event.

When the twelve months had passed away no grave cause had come to make a reason why this marriage should not be. Julia was twelve months older now, and wiser, and through this wisdom had in general a little more distrusting in her, but never in any kind of a way was she changing about the new world she needed now to content her and she was firm always in

her intention to marry Alfred Hersland. She loved him then with all the strength of her eager young imagining, though dimly, somewhere, in her head and heart now there was sometimes a vague dread that comes of ignorance and a beginning wisdom, a distrust she could not then yet seize and look on so that she could really know it, but a distrust that often was there, somewhere in the background, somehow sometimes mixed there to her sense, in with her energy, her new faith, and her feeling.

For a girl like Julia Dehning, all men, excepting those of an outside unknown world, these one read about in books and never really could believe in, for it is a strange feeling one has in one's later living, when one finds the story-books really have truth in them, for one loved the story-books earlier, one loved to read them but one never really believed there was truth in them, and later when one by living has gained a new illusion and a kind of wisdom, and one reads again in them, there it is, the things we have learned since to believe in, there it is and we know then that the man or the woman who wrote them had just the same kind of wisdom in them we have been spending our lives winning, and this shows to any one wise in learning that no young people can learn wisdom from the talking of the older ones around them. If they cannot believe the things they read in the story-books where it is all made life-like, real and interesting for them, how should they ever learn things from older people's talking. It's foolish to expect such things of them. No let them read the story-books we write for them, they don't learn much, to be sure, but more than they can from their fathers', mothers', aunts' and uncles' talking. Yes from their fathers' and their mothers' living they can get some wisdom, yes supply them with a tradition by your lives, you grown men and women, and for the rest let them come to us for their teaching.

But now to come back to Julia Dehning. As I was saying, to a girl like Julia Dehning, all men, excepting those of an outside unknown world, those one reads about in books and never really can believe in, or men like Jameson to whom one never could

belong and whom one always knows, now after having once begun with one's living, for what they are whenever one met with them, I say for a girl like Julia Dehning, with the family with which she had all her life been living, to her all men that could be counted as men by her and could be thought of as belonging ever to her, they must be, all, good strong gentle creatures, honest and honorable and honoring. For her to doubt this of all men, of decent men, of men whom she could ever know well or belong to, to doubt this would be for her to recreate the world and make one all from her own head. Surely, of course, she knew it, there were the men one could read of in the books and hear of in the scandal of the daily news, but never could such things be true of men of her own world. For her to think it in herself as real any such a thing would be for her to imagine a vain thing, to recreate the world and make a new one all out of her own head.

No, this was a thought that could not come to her to really think, and so for her the warnings of her father carried no real truth. Of course Alfred Hersland was a good and honest man. All decent men, all men who belonged to her own kind and to whom she could by any chance belong, were good and straight. They had this as they had all simple rights in a sane and simple world. Hersland had besides that he was brilliant, that he knew that there were things of beauty in the world, and that he was in his bearing and appearance a distinguished man. And then over and above all this, he was so freely passionate in his fervent love.

And so the marriage was really to be made. Mrs. Dehning now all reconciled and eager, began the trousseau and the preparation of the house that the young couple were to have as a wedding portion from the elder Dehnings.

In dresses, hats and shoes and gloves and underwear, and jewel ornaments, Julia was very ready to follow her mother in her choice and to agree with her in all variety and richness of trimming in material, but in the furnishing of her own house it must be as she wished, taught as she now had been that there

were things of beauty in the world and that decoration should be strange and like old fashions, not be in the new. To have the older things themselves had not yet come to her to know, nor just how old was the best time that they should be. It was queer in its results this mingling of old taste and new desire.

The mother was all disgusted, half-impressed; she sneered at these new notions to her daughter and bragged of it to all of her acquaintance. She followed Julia about now from store to store, struggling to put in a little her own way, but always she was beaten back and overborne by the eagerness of knowing and the hardness of unconsidering disregard with which her daughter met her words.

Julia Dehning's new house was in arrangement a small edition of her mother's. In ways to wash, to help out all the special doctors in their work, in sponges, brushes, running water everywhere, in hygienic ways to air things and keep one's self and everything all clean, this house that Julia was to make fit for her new life which was to come, in this it was very like the old one she had lived in, but always here there were more plunges, douches, showers, ways to get cold water, luxury in freezing, in hardening, than her mother's house had ever afforded to them. In her mother's house there were many ways to get clean but they mostly suggested warm water and a certain comfort, here in the new house was a sterner feeling, it must be a cold world, that one could keep one's soul high and clean in.

All through this new house there were no solid warm substantial riches. There were no silks in curtains, no blue brocade here, no glass chandeliers to make prisms and give tinklings. Here the parlor was covered with modern sombre tapestry, the ceiling all in tone the chairs as near to good colonial as modern imitation can effect, and all about dark aesthetic ornaments from China and Japan. Paintings there were none, only carbon photographs framed close, in dull and wooden frames.

The dining room was without brilliancy, for there can be no brilliance in a real aesthetic aspiration. The chairs were made after some old french fashion, not very certain what, and

covered with dull tapestry, copied without life from old designs, the room was all a discreet green with simple oaken wood-work underneath. The living rooms were a prevailing red, that certain shade of red like that certain shade of green, dull, without hope, the shade that so completely bodies forth the ethically aesthetic aspiration of the spare American emotion. Everywhere were carbon photographs upon the walls sadly framed in painted wooden frames. Free couches, open book-cases, and fire places with really burning logs, finished out each room.

These were triumphant days for Julia. Every day she led her family a new flight and they followed after agape with wonder disapproval and with pride. The mother almost lost all sense of her creation of this original and brilliant daughter, she was almost ready to admit the obedience and defeat she now had in her. Sometimes she still had a little resistance to her but mostly she was swelling inside and to all around her with her admiration and her pride in this new wonderful kind of a daughter.

The father had always been convinced and proud even when he had disapproved the opinions of his daughter. He now took a solid satisfaction in the completeness of accomplishment she now had in her. To her father, to know well what one wanted, and to win it, by patient steady fighting for it, was the best act a man or woman could accomplish, and well had his daughter done it. She had won it, she knew very well what she wanted and she had it. He still shook his head at her new fangled notions, her literary effects, the artistic kind of new improvement, as he called it, that she put into her new house to make it perfect. He did not understand it and he always said it, but he was very proud to see her do it, and he bragged to everybody and made them listen to it, of his daughter and the wonderful new kind of a house she had, and the bright way she knew how to do it.

The little Hortense had always worshipped this wonderful big sister, and the boy George admired too, and followed after.

Altogether these last weeks were brilliant days for Julia.

But always, a little, through all this pride in domination and in the admiration of her family, there was there, somewhere, in the background, to her sense, a vague uncertain kind of feeling as to her understanding and her right. Mostly she had a firm strong feeling in her, but always, a little, there was there, a kind of a doubting somewhere in her. She never in these days did any very real thinking about Hersland as a man to be to her as a husband to control her. But, somehow, a little, he was there in her as an unknown power that might attack her, though she knew very well she had in her a wisdom and experience of life that she could feel strong now always inside her.

A few weeks before the day they were to be married and to begin their new free life together, this vague distrust in Julia became a little sharper. Alfy was talking to her one night about the good life they were to have soon together, about their prospects and his hopes for the future. "I've some good schemes Julia in my head," he said to her, "and I mean to do big things, and with a safe man like your father to back me through now I think I can." Julia somehow was startled though this kind of saying in him was not new to her. "Why what do you mean Alfy?" "Why," he went on, "I want to do some things that have big money and big risks in them and a man as well known as your father for wealth and reliability for a father-in-law will do all that I need. Of course you know Julia," he added very simply enough for her, "you must not talk to him about such things now. You are my wife, my own darling, and you and I will live our lives together always loving and believing in the same good thing."

He said it simply enough to her and he was safe. Julia would not speak of such things now to her father. No torment of doubt, no certainty of misery could bring her to ask questions of her father, now, about the new life she had before her. Hersland was safe, though very simply now, he often made for her that sharp uncertain feeling more dreadful and more clear before her. He was not different in his ways or in his talk to her from the

way he always had been with her, but somehow now it had come to her, to see, as dying men are said to see, clearly and freely things as they are and not as she had wished them to be for her.

And then she would remember suddenly what she had really thought he was, and she felt, she knew that all that former thought was truer better judgment than this sudden sight, and so she dulled her momentary clearing mind and hugged her old illusions to her breast.

"Alfy didn't mean it like that," she said over to herself, "he couldn't mean it like that. He only meant that papa would help him along in his career and of course papa will. Oh I know he didn't really mean it like that, he couldn't mean it like that. Anyhow I will ask him what he really meant."

And she asked him and he freely made her understand just what it was he meant. It sounded better then, a little better as he told it to her more at length, but it left her a foreboding sense that perhaps the world had meanings in it that could be hard for her to understand and judge.

But now she had to think that it was all, as it had a little sounded, good and best. She had to think it so else how could she marry him, and how could she not marry him. She had to marry him, and so she had to thing it so, and she would think it so, and did.

In a few days more the actual marrying was done and their lives together always doing things and learning things was at last begun.

THE HERSLAND PARENTS

B

EAR it in your mind my reader, but truly I never feel it that there ever can be for me any such a creature, no it is this scribbled and dirty and lined paper that is really to be to me always my receiver,—but anyhow reader, bear it in your mind—will there be for me ever any such a creature,—what I have said always before to you, that this that I write down a little each day here on my scraps of paper for you is not just an ordinary kind of novel with a plot and conversations to amuse you, but a record of a decent family progress respectably lived by us and our fathers and our mothers, and our grand-fathers, and grand-mothers, and this is by me carefully a little each day to be written down here; and so my reader arm yourself in every kind of a way to be patient, and to be eager, for you must always have it now before you to hear much more of these many kinds of decent ordinary people, of old, grown, grand-fathers and grand-mothers, of growing old fathers and growing old mothers, of ourselves who are always to be young grown men and women for us, and then there are still to be others and we must wait and see the younger fathers and young mothers bear them for us, these younger fathers and young mothers who always are ourselves inside us, who are to be always young grown men and women to us. And so listen while I tell you all about us, and wait while I hasten slowly forwards, and love, please, this history of this decent family's progress.

Yes it is a misfortune we have inside us, some few of us, I cannot deny it to you, all you others, it is true the simple interest I take in my family's progress. I have it, this interest in ordinary middle class existence, in simple firm ordinary middle class traditions, in sordid material unaspiring visions, in a repeating, common, decent enough kind of living, with no

fine kind of fancy ways inside us, no excitements to surprise us, no new ways of being bad or good to win us.

You see, it is just an ordinary middle class tradition we must use to understand this family's progress. There must be no aspiring thoughts inside us, there must be a feeling always in us of being in a kind of way in business always honest, there must be in a kind of ordinary way always there inside us the sense of decent enough ways of living for us. Yes I am strong to declare that I have it, here in the heart of this high, aspiring, excitement loving people who despise it,—I throw myself open to the public,—I take a simple interest in the ordinary kind of families, histories, I believe in simple middle class monotonous tradition, in a way in honest enough business methods.

Middle-class, middle-class, I know no one of my friends who will admit it, one can find no one among you all to belong to it, I know that here we are to be democratic and aristocratic and not have it, for middle class is sordid material unillusioned unaspiring and always monotonous for it is always there and to be always repeated, and yet I am strong, and I am right, and I know it, and I say it to you and you are to listen to it, yes here in the heart of a people who despise it, that a material middle class who know they are it, with their straightened bond of family to control it, is the one thing always human, vital, and worthy it—worthy that all monotonously shall repeat it,—and from which has always sprung, and all who really look can see it, the very best the world can ever know, and everywhere we always need it.

The Herslands were a Western family. David Hersland as a young man had gone far into the new country to make his money. He had succeeded very well there in making money. He had settled down in Gossols and had lived there for twenty years and more now.

He had made a big fortune. David Hersland was in some ways a splendid kind of person.

Mr. Hersland had brought his wife to Gossols with him. He had married her in Bridgepoint when his fortune was just

beginning. His children had all been born in Gossols to him. They were really western, all of them, all through them. There were three of them, Martha, Alfred, David, there had been two others but they had died as little children. Now Martha, after many changes, was home again with him. Alfred who had never yet been any trouble to him was gone to Bridgepoint to marry Julia Dehning and then there as a lawyer to win for himself his own way of living. And the youngest David was soon to follow Alfred to Bridgepoint, to go to college there and to decide in him, as his way always had been and no one could ever understand him, from day to day what life meant to him to make it worth his living.

And so when Alfred Hersland first met Julia Dehning, his family father mother Martha and David were still living there in Gossols. The mother was already now a little ailing, the father had no longer his old strength for living, Martha had come back out of her trouble to them, Alfred had gone away and left them, David was very soon to follow him. They had their old place in Gossols to live in but it had not the beauty and the wonder now it had had all these years for them. Joy was a little dim inside now for all of them.

This house they had always lived in was not in the part of Gossols where the other rich people mostly were living. It was an old place left over from the days when Gossols was just beginning. It was grounds about ten acres large, fenced in with just ordinary kind of rail fencing, it had a not very large wooden house standing on the rising ground in the center with a winding avenue of eucalyptus, blue gum, leading from it to the gateway. There was, just around the house, a pleasant garden, in front were green lawns not very carefully attended and with large trees in the center whose roots always sucked up for themselves almost all the moisture, water in this dry western country could not be used just to keep things green and pretty and so, often, the grass was very dry in summer, but it was very pleasant then lying there watching the birds, black in the bright sunlight and sailing, and the firm white summer clouds break-

ing away from the horizon and slowly moving. It was very wonderful there in the summer with the dry heat, and the sun burning, and the hot earth for sleeping; and then in the winter with the rain, and the north wind blowing that would bend the trees and often break them, and the owls in the walls scaring you with their tumbling.

All the rest of the ten acres was for hay and a little vegetable gardening and an orchard with all the kinds of fruit trees that could be got there to do any growing.

In the summer it was good for generous sweating to help the men make the hay into bails for its preserving and it was well for ones growing to eat radishes pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew the mustard and find roots with all kinds of funny flavors in them, and to fill ones hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling; and then when the quail came it was fun to go shooting, and then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them, and the wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them and you could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking. It was fun all the things that happened all the year there then.

And all around the whole fence that shut these joys in was a hedge of roses, not wild, they had been planted, but now they were very sweet and small and abundant and all the people from that part of Gossols came to pick the leaves to make sweet scented jars and pillows, and always all the Herslands were indignant and they would let loose the dogs to bark and scare them but still the roses grew and always all the people came and took them. And altogether the Herslands always loved it there in their old home in Gossols.

David Hersland's mother was that good foreign woman who was strong to bear many children and always after was very

strong to lead them. The old woman was a great mountain. Her back even in her older age was straight, flat, and firmly supporting. She had it in her to uphold around her, her man, her family, and everybody else whom she saw needing directing. She was a powerful woman and strong to bear many children and always after she would be strong to lead them. She had a few weak ways in her toward some of them, mostly toward one of them who had a bad way of eating too much and being weak and loving, and his mother never could be strong to correct him, no she could not be strong to let his brothers try and save him, and so he died a glutton, but the old mother was dead too by then and she did not have the sorrow of seeing what came to him.

Yes it was she who lead them all out of the old world into the new one. The father was not a man ever to do any such leading. He was a butcher by trade. He was a very gentle creature in his nature. He loved to sit and think and he loved to be important in religion. He was a small man, well enough made, with a nice face, blue eyes, and a little lightish colored beard. He loved his eating and a quiet life, he loved his Martha and his children, and mostly he liked all the world.

It would never come to him to think of a new world. He never wanted to lose anything he ever had had around him. He did not want to go to a new world. He would go,—yes to be sure it would be very nice there, only it was very nice here and here he was important in religion,—and he liked his village and his shop and everything he had known all his life there, and the house they had had ever since he married his good Martha and settled himself to be comfortable together with her,—and now they had their children. Yes, alright, perhaps, maybe she was right, there was no reason, the neighbors had all gotten so rich going to America, there was no reason they shouldn't go and get rich there, alright he would go if his Martha talked about it so much to him, alright, his Martha could fix it anyway she liked it, yes it would be nice to have all of them get rich there. He would go, yes to be sure it would be

nice there, but it was very nice here and he had his religion, and he liked his village and his shop and everything he had known all his life here, and the house they had always lived in since he had married his good Martha, and they had settled to be so comfortable there and to stay there, and now they had all those good children. But, yes, alright, perhaps, maybe she was right, there was no reason, the neighbors had all gotten so rich going to America, there was no reason they shouldn't all get rich too there, yes it would be very nice then, to have them all go and get rich there. Alright he would go, they would all go and get rich there, Martha could fix it if she wanted so badly to have it, she would be always talking to him about it. Martha could fix it anyway she liked it, yes it would be nice to have all of them get rich there like the neighbors who were writing all the time how rich they had it, and it would be good for the children to have it, and to send money to some of the old folks who would need it, the way the neighbors always did. Yes the neighbors always were sending money to their father when he needed to have it. Alright they would all go, his Martha could fix it anyway she liked it. If she wanted he would do it.

Martha began then and she soon sold their business and the things on the little farm and in the shop and in their house, and kept only the few things she knew they needed. Her man liked it very well then this being so important and he could use it as he liked to do religion. He liked it very well to see his wife do all this selling. He liked the feeling he had in him when they were all so busy buying and selling all around him, but when the people came to take the things he had been so important about when his wife was selling, then it was a very different feeling he had in him. It was hard for him then the ending. He had liked it very well while they were selling. He had liked the feeling of all the doing and the moving and the being important to all of them and everybody always talking.

It had been very pleasant to him. He never really had to do any deciding, and he had all the emotion and the important feeling, it was just like in religion.

But it was not so pleasant for him when the people came and took the things it had been so pleasant selling. It hurt him to have the things he loved go away from him, and he wanted to give back the money to all of them so that he could keep them. But he knew that that could not be done and he still keep his important feeling that was so pleasant to him; and then too Martha would not let him. He said nothing to the people when they came to take the things it had been so pleasant selling to them, he was only very slow in giving the things to them. He would lose them so that it was hard to find them but the children and Martha always found them.

Almost everything was sold and the people came and took them. He could not stop them. Now the things did not belong to him any more. Nothing now belonged to him. There was another man in his shop and he acted, in standing there and in selling, just as if it had all always belonged to him. It made poor David Hersland very sad to see him standing there, chopping, talking, selling, wiping his hands on his apron, acting as if it had all always belonged to him, now when there was no place anymore anywhere for Hersland, a place that really belonged to him.

It was too late now, he had done as his Martha had made him. He would have liked to buy back all that they had been selling. It was very hard to keep him moving. It was hard to start him and it was almost harder to keep him going. Now he wanted to settle down again and keep on staying. Perhaps the man who had bought his shop would sell it back to him if they would pay him. "No David," his wife said to him. "We've got to go now, don't talk so foolishly about buying when we just hardly have got through selling. No David, don't you see how the children are all so excited about going. How can you talk so when we have to be working every minute and in two days now we've got to be moving."

Yes it was hard to start him but it was almost harder to keep him going. His Martha worked hard with him to keep him moving. She had to tell it to him very often that now there was no

other way for him to be doing. Now they were started they just had to keep going.

Yes it was very hard to keep him moving. It was hard to start him but it was even harder to keep him going. But now it was all done and they were all of them ready to do the last beginning. They were all already to leave the next morning. All the things they had kept had been put in a wagon, the littlest children were to ride on top of them, the rest were to walk beside them until they came to the city by the water where they would find the ship that was to take them to that new world where they were all to make a fortune.

They started very well the next morning, with all the people to say good-by to them and with all the things they needed piled in the wagon, the littlest children set on top of them, the rest of them to walk beside them. The mother was like a great mountain, good and firm and directing, and as always able to uphold around her, her man, her children, and everybody who needed directing, and he was feeling it once more good inside him to be important as if it were in religion, and all the talking and moving and everybody so excited about him. It was very pleasant just then for him, and then the wagon began moving, and some went a little way with them and then they all left them and then it was only the family and the driver of the wagon who were with him and all the pleasant feeling left him.

They went on and on and then suddenly they missed him, the father was not there any longer with them. The mother went back patiently to find him. He was sitting at the first turning, looking at the village below him, at all the things he was leaving, and he simply could not endure it in him.

His wife called to him. He sighed and she came to him. "Don't you want to be going David," she said to him. "If you don't really want to be going you've just got to say David what you want to be doing. I'll never be a woman to make you do anything you are not really wanting. You just say David what it is you are really wanting. I'll do it if you want me really badly to do it. You know I never want you not to do everything just

like you really need it. The children, they are all waiting there just for you to say it. David I say you just say it what you want and I do it." He sighed and he looked a little sullen.

"Of course Martha you know I do what I got to do for you and the children. You know I always do what is right for me to do for you and the children. I don't ever think what I am needing, I only just want to do the best I can for you and the children. Can't you see Martha I just came back here to see it. That ain't got nothing to do with what I made up my mind was the right way to do it. I just came here to see I don't forget it. Yes I come now Martha. Sure I always will do it what is right for me to do so you and the children can have it. I never do any other way in it. I go on with you now I got another look to see I don't forget it. I just stopped here to see it. It's just I wanted to see what way it looked so I would get it right not to forget it. Alright Martha I come, you go on, I be with you in a minute. I just look to see I got it fixed right so I don't forget it. Alright Martha I come now. I got it fixed now I can't forget it. Alright we go on now I done what I needed. I came back just to do it. Now we go on to the children and we go on to do it like we said we would do it." And he sighed and he got up and he looked back as he went away from it and she talked about how much the children were going to like it and he began to forget it.

All, the wagon and the driver and the horses and the children, had waited for them to come up to it. Now they went on again, slowly and creaking, as is the way always when a whole family do it. Moving through a country is never done very quickly when a whole family do it.

They had not gone very far yet. They had not been going many hours. They were all having now just coming in them their first tired, the first hot sense of being very tired. This is the hardest time in a day's walking to press through and get over being tired until it comes to the last tired, that last dead tired sense that is so tired. Then you cannot press through to a new strength and to get another tired, you just keep on, that is you keep on when you have learned how you can do it, then you

just get hardened to it and know there is no pressing through it, there is no way to win out beyond it, it is just a dreary dull dead tired, and you must learn to know it, and it is always and you must learn to bear it, the dull drag of being almost dead with being tired.

In between these first and last are many little times of tired, many ways of being very tired, but never any like the first hot tired when you begin to learn how to press through it and never any like the last dead tired with no beyond ever to it.

It was this first hot tired they all had in them now just in its beginning, and they were all in their various ways trying to press themselves to go through it, and they were mostly very good about it and not impatient or complaining. They were all now beginning with the dull tired sense of hot trudging when every step has its conscious meaning and all the movement is as if one were lifting each muscle and every part of the skin as a separate action. All the springiness had left them, it was a weary conscious moving the way it always is before one presses through it to the time of steady walking that comes when one does not any longer do it with a conscious sense with each movement. It is not until one has settled to it, the steady walk where one is not conscious of the movement, that you have become really strong to do it, and the whole family were now just coming to it, they were just pressing through their first hot tired.

And now once more the father had done it. The father was no longer with them, once more he had slipped back and they had lost him.

The mother said to the children, "Well you go on, I go back to get him." She felt no anger in her toward him. She just went patiently back to find him.

She told the children to keep on slowly as they were going and she would go back and find him. She walked back looking patiently everywhere for him. She found him before she had gotten back to where she had the last time found him. He had not gotten back yet to where he could see all he was going to

leave behind him. She had walked faster than he and had caught him.

She had no impatient feeling in her against him. It was a way he had, she knew it, it was right for him to have it, the kind of a feeling he had about leaving. It was a way he had, she was not impatient with him, he was right to have that kind of a feeling in him. It was right for him to act that way to see about not forgetting. It was only that she knew he would like it and it would be so good for the children that made her want to urge him not to give up now they had made their beginning.

But she was not in any way impatient to him, she had no impatient feeling in her against him. It was just his way and now she would coax him and he would come back with her to the wagon. It was only a way he always had had whenever he had to do a new thing. And so she walked a little with him and began to talk about the children and how nice it would be when they would all get rich and how the children would like it to work and help him, and they sat down and after they had been resting, when they got up again she did not do any discussing, she just started him back toward the wagon, and always she was telling about how good he was to do what was best for her and the children. Soon they came up with the wagon which was still very slowly moving.

It was so hot doing so much walking, she said then to him, he looked a little sick, she thought he ought not to do any more walking, perhaps it would be better if he would get into the wagon and ride a little with the little children. It would be awful if he got sick and nobody to take care of them for he was the only one that could do their talking. And so she coaxed him into the wagon with the children.

They went on and soon it was too far, there was not now any more going back for him. And then he was content, and he had the new city and the ship, and then he was content with the new world around him.

They had, for a little while, a hard time beginning, but on the whole things went very well with them. The sons made money

for them, the daughters worked and then got married to men whom they found making money around them. Some did very well then and some not so well, and they all had their troubles as all people have them, and some died, and some lived and were prosperous and had children. One as I was saying died a glutton and spoiling him was the one weak thing the strong mother did to harm any of them.

The old man never made much of a fortune but with the help his children gave him he lived very well and when he died he left his wife a nice little fortune. She lived long and was strong to the last and firmly supporting and her back was straight and firm and always she was like a great mountain, and always she was directing and leading all whom she found needing directing.

She was then very old, and always well, and always working, and then she had a stroke, and then another, and then she died and that was the end of that generation.

There had been born to Martha and David Hersland many sons and daughters. All who lived to be grown up had gotten married and almost all of these were prosperous. One, the glutton, died and left his wife and children to his brothers, he had not made enough money to leave them provided, and his brothers each one in their turn gave the money to support them.

Of the daughters two of them were well married. The third one always lived with her husband but it was her brothers who kept her dressed and gave her children education and then later in their life started them out in their working.

On the whole it was a substantial progress the family had made in wealth, in opportunity, in education, in following out the mother's leading to come to the new world to find for themselves each one a sufficient fortune.

In every one of them the father and mother were very variously mixed up in them. The fourth son, David Hersland, one of the fathers we must soon be realising so that we can understand our own being, was the only one of all of them who had gone to the far west to make his fortune. It is a little hard to see

just how the mixture of this father and this mother came to make him. He was in some ways, as I was saying, a very splendid kind of person. He was big and abundant and full of new ways of thinking, and this was all his mother in him, but he had not her patient steadfast working. He was irritable and impatient and uncertain and not always very strong at keeping going, though always he was abundant and forceful and joyous and determined and always powerful in starting. And then too he was in his way important inside to him as his father had been when he felt his religion in him. But all this will show more and more in him as I tell you slowly the history of him.

He had gone as a young man to Gossols to make his fortune. This was the new world in a new world and it took this newest part of this new world to content him. He alone of all the brothers had this restless feeling in him. All the others did very well where the mother had brought them. He alone had needed to go farther to find for himself his life and a sufficient fortune.

As I was saying he had brought his wife to Gossols with him. Her mother was one of those four good foreign women the grandmothers, always old women or as little children to us the generation of grandchildren. These four good foreign women, the grandmothers we need only to be just remembering, had each one a different kind of a foreign man to be a master to them. These four foreign women, the one strong to bear many children and then always after strong to lead them, the steady good one who was patient to bear her many children and then always was patient to suffer with them, the sweet pure one who died as soon as she had born all of them for that was all she knew then to do for them, and the little gentle weeping hopeless one who sorrowed in her having them and always after sorrowed in them, all these four foreign women had very many and very different kinds of children.

The gentle little hopeless one who wept out all the sorrow for her children had many and very little children. She was the

mother of the pretty gentle little woman that David Hersland married in Bridgepoint and took out to Gossols with him.

The little weary weeping mother of all these gentle cheery little children had a foreign husband who was not very pleasant to his children. He too was little like his wife and like all his children but there was a great deal in him to cause terror to his wife and children. He was like old David Hersland important in religion. It was very deep inside him and with him it was much harder on his children. His wife too had sorrow in religion, she had sorrow from his being so important in religion and she had sorrow too from her own self in her own religion. But then it was all sorrow and sadness, and always a trickling kind of weeping that she had every moment in her living, and it really was not much worse in religion. It was just a way she had, this trickling weeping, even as when it sometimes did happen she was laughing.

It was a hard father and a dreary mother that gave the world so many and such pleasant little children. Mostly they were cheerful little children. Perhaps it was that the mother had wept out all the sorrow for them. There was no weeping that she had left over to them. They were mostly all in their later living cheerful hopeful gentle little men and women. They lived without ambition or excitement but they were each in their little circle joyful in the present. They lived and died in mildness and contentment.

It was one of these cheerful gentle little Hissen people that David Hersland married there in Bridgepoint and then took to Gossols with him. And now he with all the mixed up father and strong mother in him and this little gentle cheerful pretty little woman who yet had a fierce little temper that could be very stubborn were to come together and make a life together and to mix up well and then to have many different kinds of children through her.

They had mixed up very well. They had made a good enough success with their living.

They had had five children through her. Two of these had died

as little children. Three of them had grown up and were now grown young men and women, and these three are of them who are to be always in this history of us young grown men and women to us, for it is only thus that we can ever feel them to be real inside in us, them who are of the same generation with us.

The mother, little gentle Mrs. Hersland, was very loving in her feeling to all of her children, but they had been always all three, after they had stopped being very little children, too big for her ever to control them. She could not lead them nor could she know what they needed inside them. She could not help them, she could only be hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them.

Now we begin to learn more about the Hersland family and their way of living.

The little mother was not very important to them. They were good enough children in their daily living but they were never very loving to her inside them. They had it too strongly in them to win their own freedom.

They turned to their father, altogether, in their thinking. It was against him inside, and strongly always around them, that they had to do the fighting for their freedom. Now the mother was a little ailing. She was all lost between the father and the three big struggling children.

In their young days the father was proud of his children, proud that they were important each one to himself inside him, proud that they needed to win for themselves their own freedom. Always then he encouraged their disputing, he wanted then that they should fight and win out against him. As I was saying David Hersland the father of these big resentful children was in some ways a splendid kind of person. But now things were going less easily around him. Joy was a little dim inside now for all of them. Now he would often be angry and be given to pounding on the table and loudly declaring, he was the father, they were the children, they must obey else he would know how to make them. And the gentle little mother who every

day was giving signs of weakening would sit scared, and afterwards she would be weeping, lost between the father and the three big resentful children.

But this was all when they had become grown young men and women and joy was a little dim inside for all of them.

It was a very good kind of living the Hersland children had in their beginning, and their freedom in the ten acres where all kinds of things were growing, where they could have all anybody could want of joyous sweating, of rain and wind, of hunting, of cows and dogs and horses, of chopping wood, of making hay, of dreaming, of lying in a hollow all warm with the sun shining while the wind was howling, of knowing all queer poor kinds of people that lived in this part of Gossols where the Herslands were living and where no other rich people were living. And so they grew up with this kind of living, such kind of queer poor, for them, people around them, such uncertain ways of getting education that they had from the father's passion for all kinds of educating, from his strong love of starting and the uncertain things he had inside him.

Altogether it was a good way of living for them who had a passion to be free inside them and this was true of all three of the Hersland children but mostly with Martha the eldest and the only daughter living, and the youngest David who was always searching to decide in him and no one could ever understand him, from day to day what life meant to him to make it worth his living. It was less in Alfred, this love of freedom, in Alfred who was soon now to be marrying Julia Dehning. He had some of it in him but not so strongly inside him as Martha and David and his father had it in them.

And now to come back to the queer ways of him. As I was saying the father was a big man. He liked eating, he liked strange ways of educating his children and he was always changing, and sometimes he was very generous to them and then he would change toward them and it would be hard for them to get even little things that they needed in the position

that was given to them by their father's fortune and large way of living.

And then as I was saying he was a big man and he was very fond of eating, he had had a brother who had died a glutton, and he liked to buy things that looked good to him, and it would always be a very big one, he never liked to undertake anything that was not large in its beginning. The only time in his life that he ever took a little thing was when he chose his wife the little gentle Fanny Hissen who as I have often been saying could only be sad not angry when any bad thing happened to them, but yet she had a fierce little temper in her that could be very stubborn when it was well roused inside her and she sometimes had such a sharp angry feeling at some of the ways her husband had of doing, mostly when it concerned his not giving things she thought they needed to the children. But mostly they lived very well together the father and mother and three children, that is when they were young children, later it was harder for them when the father would get his very angry feeling and the mother was a little ailing and the fierce little temper broke into weakness and helplessness inside her and the three big struggling young grown men and women were seeking each one his own freedom and his own beginning. But now as children it was just the little uncomfortable feeling of being ashamed of the queer ways he had of doing that his children had to endure with him, then he was joyous and it was mostly pleasant enough living with him, and the mother was gentle and pleasant then with them and strong enough to support her little temper that could be very stubborn whenever it arose against him.

But even when he was not doing really queer things there was always a marked character about him. It came from inside him, from the strong ways he had of beginning, from the important feeling he had always inside him from his continual thinking and in a different way from that in which all the other people around about him were thinking, and this thinking somehow marked him even when he was just simply walking

and then stopping to talk with somebody or just stopping to ask a question of some stranger or to talk about the weather or other just ordinary enough talking, the kind of thing anybody could be saying, and yet the power of being free inside him made him a marked man even then, and nobody could take him to be an ordinary person or ever forget him.

Often when he was walking with his children and passed a shop and saw some fruit or cakes or something that pleased him he took it and gave it to his children and they would be most uncomfortable then and say something about not wanting it to him. "What!" and he never listened to them. The children suffered so because they were not sure that the man inside knew that their father would pay him. The father of course always payed for them but there was something in the manner of him that gave one a kind of feeling that he was as big as all the world about him, one included the other in them, the world and him, the earth the sky the people around him the fruit the shops, it was all one and the same, all of it and him, and this kind of a feeling he always gave to them who saw him walking standing thinking talking, that the world was all him, there was no difference in it in him, and the fruit inside or outside him there were no separations of him or from him, and the whole world he lived in always lived inside him.

It was all so simply to him as the world as all him, and it was this that gave him a big freedom and this big important feeling and the big way of beginning and so made a queer man of him, an eccentric from the others around him, and all that stopped it from making a god of him was his way of being impatient inside him and not being very good at keeping going but always making for himself a new beginning.

This large way of him when it made him take up fruit from shops to eat and to give to his children made a very uncomfortable shamed child beside him, and it would be protesting to him, and its father would say, "What," but he never listened to him. The child never did learn that the fruit man would not be worried with him, that they all knew his father and the queer

ways of him, and that the father always payed them. The fruit men all knew him and liked the abundant world embracing feeling of him and they liked to see him, but his children never could lose, until they grew up to be queer themselves each one inside him, the uncomfortable feeling that his queer ways gave them.

To him, David Hersland, education was almost the whole of living. In it was always the making of a new beginning, the having ideas, and often changing. And then there were so many ways of considering the question.

There were so many different ways of seeing the meaning of the various parts that made education. There was the health, the mind, the notion of right living, the learning cooking and all useful things that he knew they should know now to be doing, and then there was his system of hardening so that they would be ready to make each one their own beginning; and all these needs for them and the many ways to look at them led to many queer things that his children had to endure from him.

Their education was a mixing of hardening, of forcing themselves into a kind of living as if they were poor people and had no one to do things for them, with a way of being very rich, that is having everything the father ever could imagine would do any good to any one of them.

This made a queer mixture in them. They found it a great trouble to them, this past education, when they first began to be young grown men and women. Later in their living they liked it that they had had such a mixing of being rich and poor, together, in them.

As children they all three had loved very well this kind of living. As I was saying they had their ten acres, with a rose hedge to fence their joys in, in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. They had all around them, for them, poor people to know in their daily living, and from them they learned their ways which were queer ways for them who had from their father's fortune a very different kind of position to be natural to them.

The mother had always been accustomed to a well to do middle class living, to keeping a good table for her husband and the children, to dressing herself and her children in simple expensive clothing, to have the children get as presents whatever any one of them wanted to have at that time to amuse them. She was a sweet contented little woman who lived in her husband and her children, who could only know well to do middle class living, who never knew what it was her husband and her children were working out inside them and around them. She had strongly inside her the sense of being mistress of the household, the wife of a wealthy and good man and the mother of nice children. When they were little children they liked to cuddle to her when she took them out to visit the rich people who lived in the other part of Gossols. They were all bashful children, living as they did in the part of the town where no rich people were living and so being used to poor queer kind of people and only feeling really at home with them who were not people in the position that their father's fortune and large way of living would naturally make companions for them. And so as little children when they went to visit with their mother in the part of Gossols where other rich people were living, they clung to her or on the sofa where she would be sitting and talking, they climbed behind her, and then too she wore seal-skins and pleasant stuffs for children to rub against and feel as rich things to touch and have near them and so they liked to go with her, and this and the habit of being children with a mother was mostly all of the feeling that they had for her until later when she was ailing and the little stubborn temper in her broke into weakness and helplessness inside her and they had in a way to be good to her.

Being cut off from the simple rich ordinary way of living never gave her any feeling. It was not being cut off with any sense of losing, it was always there existing, in her and for her, this kind of living and it was not important to her feeling. It was as if one could ever be thinking about the different kinds of air in different parts of the world where one happened to be

living, the atmosphere of well to do living was to her as the air she was breathing, it was always there she could not feel it important in her feeling or her thinking, breathing was there, one did not know it as important to one's feeling until one was in some way sick and it stopped or made hard one's breathing, but so long as one was strong and living one went on like everybody else with one's breathing. And so it was with Mrs. Hersland and well to do living, she could not feel it to be important in her feeling whether it was in the rich part of Gossols that they were living, or in Bridgepoint, or in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Always she was of well to do being, with a good rich husband and nice children and when she wanted to have it simple and expensive clothing. The sense of belonging to this kind of living could never give her any kind of important feeling. Her husband David Hersland with the queer nature of him might have an important feeling coming to him from just breathing, that feeling could come to him from the singular nature of him, from his being as big as all the world in his beginning, but to an ordinary gentle little mother woman there could never come such a feeling, this well to do living could only come to be important to her in her feeling if she could ever come to it through a losing, by their money going or by their losing position by some wrong doing, and such a kind of losing it could never come to Mrs. Hersland to ever think of as coming to them.

And so visiting and being, well to do living and her children, these never gave her a strong feeling of being important inside her through them, it was only through her husband and the governess and seamstresses and servants and dependents that she could ever have an individual kind of feeling.

It was queer that her children were to her like well to do living, not important to her feeling.

As I was saying David Hersland had made a decent fortune even before he had left Bridgepoint. He had made enough money to give his wife and children a good position. And so when they first came to Gossols where he was to make for him-

self a great fortune they could afford to live in as good a hotel as was then there existing.

Things began very well in their far western living. Martha and Alfred were then very young children. David the youngest had not yet been born to them. Here Mrs. Hersland had been at first a little lonesome.

Mrs. Hersland had left friends and family feeling behind her. Here in Gossols it would have been natural for her to find other people to continue with her the well to do living which was the only right way of being to her.

They lived for a year in that part of Gossols where all the rich people were living.

Here she had her first important feeling. Here she met a Miss Sophie Shilling and her sister Pauline Shilling and their mother old Mrs. Shilling.

Old Mrs. Shilling and her daughter Sophie Shilling and her other daughter Pauline Shilling, first gave to her the feeling of being important to herself inside her, important, apart in her, from right being, right acting, and the dignity of decent family living with good eating being the mother of nice children the wife of a good well to do man, and all in simple and expensive clothing.

All the Hissen people had it strongly inside them, the family way of good living. They were all in their natural way of family thinking gentle cheerful little men and women. They lived in their natural way of being, without any strong ambition. It was enough for them to hold to their tradition, the dignity and beauty of right living and right thinking, they never needed to go out to find ambition or excitement in their living, they had excitement and dignity inside them from their family and the gentle pride that made them; that, sometimes, came in sparkling, sometimes in angry flashes from them but mostly they were hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them. They lived in their natural way of being without any strong ambition or excitement, they were each in their little circle

joyful in the present, they lived and died in mildness and contentment.

The little religious father who had made them all, all his children, he could not make others not living with him feel him, the little religious father who had made all of his children feel him had such an important feeling inside him, it was his religion gave it to him, it did not arise of itself from within him. It was only being as he felt himself, all there was of religion, could give him such a feeling of being important to himself inside him. He could make all his children feel him, he could in a way make them fearful of him and the religion in him, and all the religion was of him and he was in himself all there was of religion, and so it was that he had the important feeling inside in him, but this did not make any but his children feel him, it did not arise of itself inside him and he could not make any one who did not live with him feel it in him.

The little dreary mother with her trickling kind of weeping that she had every moment in her living, even, as when it sometimes happened, she was laughing, this dreary little trickling woman had with her sadness in religion and in her trickling weeping that kept on always wetting all the sorrow there could be in living, this trickling dreary little Mrs. Hissen, who wept out all the sorrow for her children, had in her an important kind of being that was almost an important feeling, and this almost an important feeling did not come to her as in her husband from religion, it arose up inside in her with her trickling weeping.

Almost it was really an important feeling and it was the having too, such an almost important feeling that made her daughter Mrs. Hersland have really such a feeling when it came to her there in Gossols to have a, for her, not natural way of living, and it first came as a beginning with the old lady Mrs. Shilling and her fat daughter Sophie Shilling and the other daughter Pauline Shilling.

Until they were all really grown men and women, until the women each one found a husband to control them and the men

went into a business and were independent of him, until they were in this sense grown men and women, until he died the father always wanted and succeeded in shutting them all up to be always with him. This was not in him from any small feeling inside him but from the important feeling he had in him of being all there was for him of religion and it was his sense of the right way for them to be as children that made him shut them up so and keep them there close to him.

Later in the old man's living, when his wife had died away and left him, he came to live with a daughter who had not any kind of an important feeling to herself inside her, neither from a religion to be all her nor from a constant rising up inside her as the dreary mother had it in her to have an almost important feeling to be inside her from the constant trickling of her, the father later came to live with this daughter who had a gentle dignity and good ways in her from the sweet nature of her not from any important feeling in her, and she and the man who was married to her, both, though they had respect in them for the father, and goodness and a delicate feeling to consider all who ever had to do with them, though they were glad to do for him everything he wanted them to be doing yet they had together very different ways of thinking, of feeling, and of living than he had known it to be right to have all his life in his necessary living.

The old father, strong as he always had been in his nature, firm in being for himself all there was of religion, knowing to his dying that religion was all there was of living, yet never in any way was he ever interfering in the living and the feeling and the thinking of his daughter or her husband or any of their children or any of his own children who were there in the same house with him. Now, for him who was no longer leading in a house with others shut up with him, with him who was all there was of religion, for him, now, that they were apart from him being grown men and women to him, even though they were all together every minute with him, although he was up to the last moment of dying as strong as ever in the faith

of him, to be himself and to be all there was of religion, yet now it was not for him to ever in any way interfere with any one of them. He never found out anything that was happening, anything that he would not wish to know that any one of them was doing. What a man does not know can never be a worry to him. This was his answer to his children whenever any one of them wanted to explain anything to him or to get him to agree to any new thing in their living.

And so he went on to the last minute of his living, never having had any power in him over any one who was not shut up with him and a necessary part of his living, strong always in his being to himself all that there was of religion, strong in knowing that religion was all there was of being. And so he went on with his living, now never interfering with anybody's living, now that he was himself for himself all there was of living, all there was of religion, and religion always was all there was of living. And so he went on to his dying and through his being so all himself all there was of living and of religion, he was in his old age full of toleration, and slowly in his dying it was a great death that met him. He was himself all there was of him, all there was of religion, and religion was all there was of living for him, and so the dying from old age that came slowly to him all came together to be him. He was religion, death could not rob him, he could lose nothing in his dying, he was all that there was of him, all there was of religion, and religion was all there was of living, and so he, dying of old age, without struggling, met himself by himself in his dying, for religion was everlasting, and so for him there could be no ending, he and religion and living and dying were all one and everything and every one and it was for himself that he was all one, living, dying, being, and religion.

Even his dead wife with her trickling crying that had been to her almost an important feeling of herself inside her, even she had been apart from him, and his children when they were no longer shut up with him were apart from him. All and everything was apart from him, and so he died, and with him died

his important feeling, for even in his dying he had no power in him for any one not shut up with him. He was all of power for him for he was for himself all there was of religion. And that was all and he never had had any power in him for anything not shut up with him. And so he died away and left them and his important feeling died inside him.

And so in each one the father and the mother were variously mixed up in them. Some of them had it in them as an almost important feeling like Fanny Hissen who with this way of having it as a beginning, the almost important feeling that the mother had with her dreary trickling had it brought to a real beginning of a really important feeling, by the knowing old fat Mrs. Shilling and her daughter Sophie Shilling and her other daughter Pauline Shilling, and then in her later living cut off from a lively sense of being part of being which was for her the natural way of living she got it more and more then from her servants and governesses and seamstresses and dependents and the for her poor queer kind of people that she had around her in this later living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, she got it from her power with them, being as she was with them of them, and from her position and her dignity of Hissen living always above them. From those ways that her later living in that part of Gossols away from where the other rich people were living gave to her, in this later living there came to her a kind of importance of herself inside her that was nearly an individual kind of feeling and this was what gave to her family later when she came to pay visits to them out of the far west to them, gave them a sense as if she were almost a princess for them, out of from them, belonging to them, having a different feeling of herself inside her from any other ones of them. Not that this was, in her, in any sense the complete thing of being important to herself inside her, it was only more marked in her than any other of them had found it from the natural way of living it had come to all the rest of them to be leading.

There were very many of them and each one, of course, had

his or her own individual way of feeling, thinking, and of doing, and with all of them the father and the mother were variously mixed up in them, and with some of them it was more the father and it made sometimes a stubborn feeling to be the most important thing inside them after the family that made all them and sometimes this the stubborn feeling met in them with the other things they had within them and sometimes then it was a sharp bright angry feeling that was strongest in them after the family way that had made all them, and these then would have a stubborn or an angry feeling when anything happened to any one of them. And then in some of them it was the dreary mother that was strongest in them and they had a sweetness in them and these then would have hurt feelings in them and very often with them then, their mouths would be drooping and these would then be hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them. And sometimes there was a mixing up of all these ways together in them.

David Hersland married Fanny Hissen. He took her out to Gossols with him. He married her in Bridgepoint where her family had always been living. David Hersland had been there visiting a sister who had settled there with her man who was making a very good living. David Hersland was a young man then but already he had made by himself enough money to support himself and a wife and children. And now it had come to him to go west to Gossols where he was to make a great fortune. And so it was right for his sister at this time to arrange a marriage for him. The idea of going to Gossols was just beginning in him. Perhaps marrying might keep him from going, any way it would be good for him to have a good wife to go to Gossols with him.

In the slow history of three of those who are to be always in this history of us young grown men and women to us, in the slow history of Martha Alfred and young David Hersland, of how they came each one to have their kind of important individual feeling inside them in them, in this slow history of them the thing that we have as a beginning is the history of Fanny His-

sen and David Hersland, of their living marrying and their important feeling, and so now we leave the rest of the Hissen living and begin with Fanny and David Hersland and their marrying and then we go on with the important feeling that was always in him and the important feeling and its beginning in her with the new kind of living, and then in her later living how she came to be so strong in this important feeling that when she came back to Bridgepoint to visit the rest of them, the Hissens who had led the for them natural way of living, she was then a kind of princess to them. They did not know, any of them, what it was that made her so different from them. It was only her kind of feeling, rich ways and simple and expensive clothing and far western living could never give them the sense of her being as a princess to them, it was that she had in her, from her way of living that was not the natural way of living for her, it was from this living that had come to her and from the mother who had been begun again inside her that she had come to have a small almost important feeling of herself inside her.

David Hersland's sister Martha arranged his marriage for him. She was right to arrange a marriage for him. David had made enough money to support himself and a wife and children. Going to the far west was just beginning to work in him. Perhaps marrying might keep him from going, anyway it would be good for him to have a good wife to go to Gossols with him.

Martha's husband had a cousin who had once worked for old Mr. Hissen. This cousin and his wife came to know them enough to see them very often. There were not many people who came to know them enough to see them very often. The old man Hissen had his wife and children shut up with him as much and as long as he could keep them. One of them, the eldest girl among them, the one that had most in her, of all of them, of religion, had already come to her marrying. A cousin from another town came to see them and she wanted him and he wanted her to take care of him, and then they made the father consent to their marrying. Perhaps he liked it better

that they had no good prospects before them. Marrying should be a sorrow to them, and the mother sorrowed in them, living was all sadness and she knew that it would be so for them. Anyway they were married and they were living happily enough when the wife did not feel too strongly her importance in religion. Now that they were married the old folks did not interfere with them.

This cousin of Martha's husband who had come to see a good deal of them tried to arrange a marriage between his brother and another of the Hissen sisters, one of the pleasantest of them. It was a good chance for her for the brother of the cousin was a very well to do man and he was a good enough man though a very stupid and a dull one. It was a good chance for one of them and this one, one of the pleasant ones of them was willing to meet him but seeing him set her off laughing and every time she saw him again she went on laughing and at last he grew angry and that was the end of her marrying. She never came again to the point of having a man want her to content him.

But now there was a chance for the marrying of another one of them, of Fanny Hissen and she was soon now to meet David Hersland and to see whether she would be pleasing to him, to make a wife to him to content him.

Martha had come to know them well enough to see them fairly often. She was pleasing to the old man Hissen. She was a sensible good woman and always neat in her dressing. She was not afraid of him. She was a patient woman and would listen to the trickling little woman who had always in her sorrowing, who told her often what she thought of living. She was a friend of the eldest daughter of them the one who was married to her cousin. Martha was sure that it was right to do whatever was good in religion. For her it was not religion, for her it was the right way to do in the business of living that was important in her being, but she had a sentiment for religion, she had a respect for the oldest daughter's important feeling. It was alright for both of them for Martha had her important feeling and it was not in religion, it was in the matter of every day

living, and so there was no quarrelling between these two women and their kind of important feeling. They each had much respect in them for the other one's way of feeling and right way of doing.

Between the eldest of the Hissen women and Martha there was more of an equal feeling. Martha always did what was right to her feeling. Martha had in her a feeling that it was right to do things in religion. Not that she had in her any feeling in religion. Religion was in her a sentimental kind of feeling. In her what was important to her feeling was the right way to do in the business of living, what was the right way for her to be doing so that she would do what was right to do to her feeling. She had a strong respect for the eldest daughter's important feeling. She had a strong respect for her important feeling in religion. It was alright for both of them. Martha had her important feeling and it was not in religion and each of these two women had much respect in them for the other one's way of feeling and right way of doing.

To all the other Hissen men and women Martha was a good woman, and she was a good friend to them but she was not really pleasing.

To her brother she was not really pleasing but she was a good enough woman for him to choose a wife for him to content him.

Soon now then Fanny Hissen was married to David Hersland and went out to Gossols with him, and now together they were to begin their living, to make children who perhaps would come to have in them a really important feeling of themselves inside them.

David Hersland who was to be the father of them, of the three children who were not yet come into the world through them, had always in him an important feeling, not inside him for it was all of him, everything was of him and he was it and there was not any difference for him between himself and everything existing.

The mother who was to bear the three children, she perhaps would come to an important feeling, she did not have it as a

natural thing to have really an important feeling. With her it must come from a, to her, not natural way of living, and it first had its beginning with her friendship with the Shilling women. Then it came to be stronger with the living in Gossols in the ten acre place in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, where she was cut off from the rich living which was for her the natural way of being.

When one just met with them, old heavy flabby Mrs. Shilling and her daughter the fat Sophie Shilling and the other daughter the thinner Pauline Shilling, they were at first meeting and even after longer knowing like many other ordinary women. Yet always one had a little uncertain feeling that perhaps each one of them had something queer in her. One could never be very certain with them whether this possible queerness of them was because of something queer inside in all them or that they were queer because something had been left out in each one of them in the making of them or that they had lost something out of them that should have been inside in them, that something had dropped out of each one of them and they had been indolent or stupid or staring each one of them then and they had not noticed such a dropping out of them. Each one of them had perhaps a hole then somewhere inside in them and this may have been that which gave to each one of them the queerness that it was never certain was ever really there in any one of them. One never was certain with them that there was anything queer about them. Mostly they were just ordinary stupid enough women like millions of them.

The fat daughter Sophie Shilling in the ways one mostly felt her has many millions who are made just like her.

Sophie Shilling and Pauline Shilling were sisterly with one another. Sophie Shilling like most fat sisters was afraid of the thinner. Sometimes it is the thinner who is afraid of the fatter when two daughters are sisterly together but most often it is the fat sister who is afraid of the thinner. It is not so much being older or younger that makes sisters afraid of one another, it is a kind of power that always one has over the other, mostly

it is the fat one who is afraid of the other because it would hurt more if pins were stuck into her, not that the thinner is always in any way meaner, sometimes it is the fat one who is afraid who is the meaner, but there is so much more of her, there is so much more unprotected surface to her, somehow, it is that which makes her afraid of the thinner even when the thin one is really never nasty to her. This was true of the sisters Sophie Shilling and Pauline Shilling, the fat one always had fear in her but the thin one never in any way was ever mean or nasty to her. It is this fear that the fat one has in her that often makes the people who know her and see the mother and the sister with her feel that the thin one has mean ways in her. Not that the fat one complains of her but there is a fear in her, and often it is only a fear from there being so much of her, but when others feel the fear in her they are sure it must come from the mean things the thinner one does to her. So it was with Sophie Shilling and they were very sisterly together.

It was a month or so after the Herslands had come to the hotel that Mrs. Hersland began to know Sophie Shilling. She had met her going about in the hotel and sometimes when she was out she met with her and they came in together. They soon were a good deal together. They soon began to call on each other. Mrs. Hersland began to know the mother and the sister Pauline Shilling. Pauline did not take much interest in her. Mostly she and Sophie did not have friends together. The way in which Sophie was afraid of her sister made any one who knew her have an awe of Pauline Shilling, made them have a kind of feeling about her so that they could never be easy with her. Always in them must be a suspicious feeling that there was danger for them in her and they must not be too free when being with her or talking to her. It was the fear in the fat sister that gave to all who knew her a restraint when they were with Pauline Shilling. Not that Sophie ever complained of her, not that Sophie ever knew that she had such a fear in her. It was always there though and affected all who knew her although from their own knowing of her they could see that Pauline

Shilling had no mean ways in her. Of course there were people who first knew the thin sister and they never had any such feeling about her. But all who first knew Sophie Shilling never could come to be easy with her sister. Mrs. Hersland first knew Sophie Shilling. It is easy to see how the knowing Sophie Shilling and her mother and the sister Pauline Shilling would awaken in her the always possible almost important feeling that was quiet until then inside her.

Sophie Shilling never meant very much to her. They were very much together and Fanny Hersland always felt for her. She had no affection for her and after she moved away from the hotel she did not very often see her.

The thinner sister Pauline Shilling has not so many millions who are made just like her. There have been always many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shilling but there have never been so many millions made altogether like the thinner sister Pauline Shilling.

There have been always many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shilling. That is, there have been always many millions made just like them if they really have nothing queer inside them. Perhaps they have something queer inside them that makes them different from the many millions who have been made just like them.

There have been many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shilling. That is there are many millions who have been made just like them all excepting the something queer inside them which perhaps made them different inside them from the many millions who have always been made just like them.

Perhaps there was nothing that was really queer inside them. Perhaps it was only from the three of them living together and not meaning much to one another and not meaning very much to any other and so making all together a queer feeling when one felt them together which lasted over to the knowing each one of them. And so one had a feeling that there was something really queer inside them. This was most likely all that they

had of queerness in them. They did not have much meaning and the three of them being together and not having much meaning for each other gave one a sense of them that they had something queer inside them. Very likely that was all there was of queerness in them.

The thinner sister Pauline Shilling seemed perhaps to have more of individual being in her. Perhaps that was only because there are not so many millions made just like her as there are many millions made like her mother and her fatter sister. Perhaps that was all the individual being that she had in her.

Perhaps really the queerness of them came from there not being enough in each one of them to fill out the inside in them and so they did not have much meaning or any power or any sense of appealing.

The thinner one had not really any more meaning than the fatter one or than the mother who had born them. She had a more individual seeming because she was a thin one and she was one of them who have not quite so many millions made just like them. But even as a thin one she had not enough inside her to really fill her, to really make her important, not inside her, but to any one who came to be about her, she was not filled out enough inside her to give her any power or make any appeal to any one who came near her. The emptiness in her was different from the emptiness that was inside her fatter sister or her mother.

The many millions made just like the fatter sister or the mother, each one fills up so much more space than a thinner that one gets the feeling that they are commoner, that there are many more millions of them made fatter than there are millions made thinner, and that these the fatter are made more just alike to one another. It is the unprotected surface of these who are made like the fatter sister, that make them seem more completely just like one another than when they are thinner. It is the uncertain head on the many millions made just like the mother that make them seem to be exactly like each other,

a great deal more like one another than any of the thinner, alike as these may be to each other.

The thinner sister Pauline Shilling had a fear in her, she had a fear in her and all the many millions who have been made just like her have the same kind of fear as she has in her, but it is not from the unprotected surface of her, one does not always feel it when one is with her, it has not then the common feeling that can make it so apparent that there are so many made just like her as the fear in her sister makes it to every one that knows her.

The fear the thinner sister had always in her also came from there being not enough inside to fill her, came not from the unprotected surface of the outside of her but from her not being filled out well inside her and so she had the fear in her that always trying to fill up a hole in her without enough to fill it from the being in her without making some other hole inside her, was certain to give to her. This made her without any power, or appeal to any one who was near her.

That was all there was of queerness in her and there are many millions who have been made just like her.

It made a queerness, there being three of them, that every body felt who knew them. Always it was a puzzle to every one, for they were pleasant enough women as one knew them together and each one of them, they never quarrelled with each other, they lived very comfortably there in the hotel together. One never learnt anything about them or against them, nobody gossiped about them, there were plenty of people who knew them and came to see them. Each one of them had their own friends and they always got along very nicely with them, only somehow there was always there this emptiness they had in them. It was a hole that each one had inside in her. It will never be known about them whether they had been made so from the beginning, whether something had been left out in each one of them in the making of them or whether they had lost something out of them that should have been inside in them, something that had perhaps dropped out of each one of them and they had been in-

dolent or fearful or stupid or staring then, each one of them, and they had not noticed such a dropping out of them.

The only important feeling Mrs. Hersland had in this time of beginning her new living was with the Shillings as I have been saying. After leaving the hotel she never saw much of them. Occasionally she would call on them to show her children. All the Shilling women were always good to them but they were never important to them, there came to be soon very little visiting between them and then very soon there was none. This was the end of the beginning in Mrs. Hersland of the possible almost important feeling.

They had lived more than a year in the hotel. David Hersland who was always strong in his beginning commenced then to find the way to his great fortune. Soon he bought the place that was to be for a long time a home to them, in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. His children were then very little things or just beginning, his wife had just begun to know some people of the kind it was natural for her to have as friends in her daily living.

Because of the living in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living she saw them soon only on occasional formal visiting, the children did not then learn to be accustomed to rich well to do kind of people and their living, the mother lost the habit of going to visit with them, she never at all lost the sense of well to do living, she just lost the habit of normal visiting, of being with them the people who were the natural people to have as friends in her daily living. She lived with her husband and her children and her dependents and the for her queer poor people who lived around them in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living.

The loving David Hersland had in him for his wife was that in some ways she was a flower to him, in some ways just a woman to him. He needed a woman to content him.

The power she had in her sometimes over him was not important to him, that was only a joke to him, what was real in

her to him was that sometimes she was a flower to him and mostly she was just a woman to content him.

Often she was not important to him and this will come out in him, in her living there with him in the ten acre place away from the living that was her natural way of being.

There are not so very many kinds of men nor so many kinds of women to content them. One can see this clearer in them when the men are young men, or very old ones, then it comes to be clearer in them that they need a woman to content them a woman to be a certain thing to them and that there are not so many different kinds of them, neither of the men, nor of the women who content them. There are though, all the same, a fair amount of different kinds of them and here we begin with one kind of them, with David Hersland and the kind of man he was inside him and the kind of woman he could find to be contenting to him.

Now to begin again with David Hersland and the nature he had in him. As I was saying David Hersland was a big man and a man who was all full up inside him and who was very uneven inside him uneven as the world that was all him. He was a big man and there was very much in him and of him. He was all full up inside him. There was not much of any way that anything could enter into him.

A woman had to be a part of the inside in him to content him. She had to have a power in her, to give to him a feeling, or she had to be appealing and so to be a part of the feeling he had inside him. There was not much of any way that anything outside him could enter into him.

A woman to content him could never be outside him, she could never be an ideal to him, she could never have in her a real power for him. With men, outside him, there was for him a need in him to fight with them. A woman could never be for him anything outside him, unless as one who could in a practical way be useful to him as his sister Martha had always been and now she had been useful to him and made a marriage for him, had found a wife for him who was pleasing to him, who had

come out with him to Gossols to content him. Such a woman as his sister was for him, was like any other object in the world around him, a thing useful to him or not existing for him, like a chair in his house to sit in or the engine that drew the train the direction in which he needed just then to be going. Such a woman as his sister Martha, as a woman could never be interesting to him, nor any other woman who remained outside him, either when she could be to him an ideal for him or a power in any way over him, not that some women with power in them were not attractive to him, but with such a kind of woman, and he met them often in his living and they had power with him, such a woman always did it for him by entering into him by brilliant seductive managing and so she was a part of him, even though she was apart from him, and so she had power with him. Such a one until he would be an old man and the strength in him was weakening and the things he had in him did not make inside him a completely tight filling and so things outside him could a little more enter into him, until he would come to be an old man and the need in him would come to be more a senile feeling, an old man's need of something to complete him, such a one could never come to be a wife to him, could never be a woman to be his wife and content him. He needed such a woman as his sister Martha had found for him, a woman who was to him, inside him and appealing, whose power over him was never more than a joke to him, who sometimes when a sense for beauty stirred in him was a flower to him, whom he often could forget that she was existing, who never in any big way was resisting, and so she never needed fighting, was always to himself a part of him and inside in him, and so in every kind of way she was contenting to him.

Men outside him awoke in him, a need almost always in him, to fight with them. Women could never give him any such feeling to have inside him. If they had a power in them, he would brush them away from around him, sometimes with men outside him he would in the same way brush them away from before him, but they often then would be stubborn things around him,

he could not brush them away from him ; but all women to him, if he needed to brush them away from around him, he could so always rid himself of them. If a woman held her power in him it was because of brilliant seductive managing, and so there would not be aroused in him any desire of fighting nor of brushing her away from him. His wife was different to him, she was appealing there inside him like a tender feeling he had in him. Often she was not important to him, often she was not even existing to him. Sometimes, and this was the rarest thing in him, she filled for him a need to have a sense of beauty in him, then she was like a flower to him, but this did not happen so very often in him, more often she had a kind of power over him that was only a joke to him, mostly in their daily living the power she had in her with him did not to himself touch him, it was her managing to have things for the children, to have her way in small things, sometimes in a big one, but these things never were important to him, and he never knew she felt a power in them, the only power he knew she felt over him was only a joke to him, it could never have any other meaning to him, and that was all there was of the effect she had upon him. Mostly she was pleasing to him, she was a wife who was suited to him, his sister Martha had been right to choose her for him to be married to him, to bear children for him, to go to Gossols with him, to be always, all the years she would be living with him, to be a woman to content him.

All this will come to be clear in him in his later living, and now there is the beginning, the three children, the ten acre place where they were living, this father and this mother of them and the dependents and the people living there around them.

They were living, the father and the mother and the three children, there had been two other children but they had died in the beginning, they were living then the five of them and the servants and governesses and dependents they had with them, in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Here they lived a life that was not the natural way of being for them here they had around them only,

for them, poor queer kind of people and these came to be for them all the people they had in their daily living. More and more there was no visiting for them with the richer people who were the natural people for them to have as friends around them. The father spent his days with rich men for he had his business with them, he was making his great fortune among them, but more and more his wife lived with the poorer people who were living right around them, more and more his wife in her daily living had all of her being in her relation to the servants seamstresses governesses with whom she was living and she was always of them and always was above them and in the same way she was with them the poor, for her, queer people around them. She was with them and with her husband and her children and these were every day the whole of her daily being, sometimes as I have said, she went visiting with her children dressed in her rich simple clothing, but the children were awkward with the richer living in houses and people different from their daily living and more and more then there was not for any of them any visiting to the part of Gossols where the richer people were living.

In that part of Gossols where no other richer people were living there was a straggling population, half as if it were in the country that they were living, half with a kind of city feeling. The Herslands had all of them inside them this half and half feeling. With the father it was not a half and half feeling. His country life was just a place to him for resting, sleeping, eating, thinking. His wife had her half and half feeling. Here was all there was to her of real every day living, here there was nothing to her of the kind of living that was her natural way of being. It never could come to her that she was not still part of the right well to do city living. To the three children it was a half and half being just as it was for all the people they knew, all those who lived near them, they were all country people a little in their actual living it was a small country town of them, they were city people in their feeling.

It was then slowly coming to be true of them that the chil-

dren were more entirely of them, the poorer people who lived around them, than they were of their mother then, than their mother was of them then though they were all that there was of their mother's daily living. Slowly in the mother the important feeling that later when she went to Bridgepoint where her family had gone on with their natural way of living, made her a kind of princess to them, beautiful and rich to them and apart from them, slowly this important feeling came to be working inside her and in a way in her it was like the important feeling that the governess and other servants had who were around her, it was different from the feeling the children had from their being part of the being that they had in common with the poorer people with whom they were living, different from the father and his beginning, his big fortune, then his impatient feeling and in his old age his weakening and his needing things to fill him.

There were many kinds of people then living around them. More and more the children came to know them, to be really a part of them to have the same being with them to have inside them the same half and half feeling, half country town feeling and half altogether a city feeling. Some of them were sometimes working for them, dress-making carpentering shoe-mending, odd jobs were done by some of them. These and the children of them were for the three Hersland children then nearly all there was of real being in them. Some of these came very close inside to them. For each one of the three of them Martha Alfred and David it was different ones among those who were around them who came close to them, with all of them there was changing and this will be a history of each one of them.

There were many people living in small houses around them. Some of them were families of women, some of them were made up of some good ones and some who were not good to earn a living, there were families where it was a little hard to understand how they were living, nobody did any working, nobody had money that belonged to them. In some of the families around them there was a father who was really not very exist-

ing, no one was certain that he was a husband of the woman and the father of the children who all earned the living, such a one would just come and eat and sleep in the house with them, with some there was no mother and one was not very certain from anything the father showed in him or that the children remembered about him that there had ever been one. In one family there was a mother and she was a hard working woman, there were children some at home, some away from them, some about whom nothing was very certain, the father was not very certain, he was not dead to them he was not very certain only not very certain in his existence for them and in all of such families no one ever asked about the things around them, and no one ever talked about the queer ways anybody else had in him. All that was existing for any of them were the things that happened to them.

All of them who lived near the ten acre place where the Herslands were living in that part of Gossols where no rich people were living all of them then were good enough people and regular enough in their daily living and mostly all of the families of them had lived a long enough time where they were living then. Mostly all of them were honest enough men and women, mostly among them there were not any bad men and women. Mostly they were honest enough working men and women and their children went to school and went on to be decent enough men and women to go on living as their families always had been living. As I have just been saying there were not very many of them that were not good enough men and women. A few of them came to a bad end before they got through with their living but mostly all of them were honest enough men and women and they had good enough children and mostly they all made enough by working to keep on and be honest enough in their daily living.

As I was saying they were very different each one of them from the others of them, each family of them from all the other families of them. A great many of them had a little of an uncertain side to them, mostly in every family of them some of

them had an uncertain something in them but perhaps the rest understood it about them, none of them ever spoke about them no one ever said it of them that they had uncertain things in them, perhaps it was all a natural way of being. Each one of them went on with his living and whatever came to any one of them was the natural way of living. It is queer in them in the families like them, the uncertain ways some of them seem to have always inside them. Perhaps it is all simple in them, mostly in all of these who lived around the Hersland family then, there was nothing that was wrong about them. Mostly they were all honest enough and good enough men and women with decent enough children.

There were many families of them. There was one family of them that was a family of women then, there was a father to them and he was not dead then or living away from them but mostly then it was as far as one could know them a family of women, a mother and there were three daughters then Anna and Cora and Bertha. There was a father of them, there was a husband to the mother of them, he was regularly with them in his eating and sleeping then, one saw him but somehow he was not really existing, he went every day to his working but that never made him any more of a real being. He went every day to his working, he came home to his eating and sleeping, he was regular in his living, he was regular in his working, he was not very real in existing. Many men and sometimes there is a woman and sometimes there are children of them, have such a way in them, they have such an uncertain feeling coming out from them, they are not real in existing.

The man then, the father of the three of them the husband of the woman then, was not existing for them, he used the little house with them for eating sleeping and washing, he went every day to his working. He was not existing for any of them, he was not existing for the Hersland family who were living in the ten acre place then near them neither for Mrs. Hersland and the three children then nor for the governesses and servants of them. With the father David Hersland, there was in him a little

more of real existing, there was in him then that he was a man to feel it in him when another man spoke to him, when another man spoke as a master to him or as just a man to know him ; there was then in him a feeling of being a male thing then when Mr. Hersland met him. There would be a greeting between them when this one met with him, when Mr. Hersland came home from his day in the part of Gossols where the richer people were living, when he met him walking, when he met him coming home carrying something he had just been buying, there was in the man the being that made him speak to another man when he met him, there was in him a being that made the meeting with another man give to him almost a real existence in him, there was in him just such a little being so that he could give to another man a greeting, could so get into him a real being from the meeting he had then with a man in giving him a greeting ; there was in him, in such a kind of man and there are very many of them and they need men to give to them a feeling of existence in them, there was in this man just enough of a kind of being in him that always could make it certain that he was an object real in being, an object called man not woman the world around him then, and there are many of them and as far as any one can know such a one then that is all then that there is of him, perhaps there is more to him to the woman who is a wife to him or to his children who live in the house where he is living, perhaps there is a real existing to him but to all of those around him, to the Hersland family and the others who lived with them there was never in him any real existing, there was for all of them in the house where this man was living only a family of women, a mother and three daughters of them.

The mother's face was old now and a little wooden. She did dressmaking. She sometimes worked for the rich family near them, for Mrs. Hersland and her children. She was getting old now and a little wooden.

She was a foreign woman. No one knew it about him the husband who lived in the house with them whether he was or

was not a foreign man. She was a foreign woman and she was a little old now and her face was a little wooden. She was a hard-working woman, she did dress-making, she earned a good enough living, they were doing very well with their living all of them then. The mother was a foreign woman, she had it in her to be really existing. She was existing for all five of them the Hersland family who knew her then, she was existing for her children, she was existing for all of them who lived in the houses near them, for all the people who ever came to know them, she was not important to them but she had in her a character for them.

There was no past or present in her, there was existence in her, there was a character to her but there was nothing important inside her, there was nothing past or present or in the future that would be connected to her, but she had existence enough to make of her a really existent thing inside her, existence was strong in her in every moment in her, strong enough to make it to be real inside her, she did not need others around her to make existence inside her.

As I was saying of her she was getting older now and her face and the body of her gave a wooden look to her.

There was nothing in her to connect her with the past the present or the future, there was not any history of her. They were three daughters to her and they then lived altogether, the mother the man who was a husband to her and the three girls Anna, Cora and Bertha. The only thing that could ever give to any one who knew her the mother of the three of them Anna, Cora and Bertha, the only thing that could ever give to any one who knew her a history of her was as they would see it in the history of each one of the three girls who had been once inside her, not of her then, though they were then inside her. The history of each one of them would never make a history for her, the three of them and each one of them made it that one could know about her the history of her. The history they each one of them went through before her as they went through their living and they were the daughters of her, was the history of her who

had once had them inside her, once she must have gone through the changes that each one of them went through as they lived longer, there was no history in her, they never made any history for her, the history of them as they went on in their changing around her, each girl repeating in her in the changes that went on in each one inside in her was the repeating around her what once had been changes in her, they were not for her the history of her, they were not for her any past or present or future, there was not in her anything of history inside her, there was not in her any importance to her, there was not in her anything to hold her together with the three girls around her who went through their changes in front of her the three girls who once had been inside her, there was not in her any history of her, there was not in her any importance to her, there was in her real existence inside her, there was in her a character of her and that was all that was then her, that was all then that was ever in her, there was never any history in her, there was a history of her and that the three girls were living around her, they were having the changes she had had in her and now she was getting older and her face and body was getting to be wooden all through her and existence was always just the same in her, it was all there was of her.

The three girls Anna and Cora and Bertha went through the changes then and they were living then altogether, they went through their changes, the changes she had had in her, first they were in Anna then in Cora and then in Bertha and they were never to the mother a history of her, they were never to her a history inside her, there was never in her any connection inside her with a past or present or a future, these changes in the girls with her were like all the objects around her, like the making of dresses to her, like the changing of the eating from the green stuff they brought to her, through the cooking that was natural for her to the eating that came after, this was all to her like the changes in Anna and Cora and Bertha, they never made a history for her, they were not to her a history of her, they were the changes around her, and first it was in Anna

then in Cora then in Bertha, each one of them had been once inside her, that was not a history to her, they were changing then around her, that was not history of her in her, she was getting older now and looking wooden, that did not change in her the existence inside her, that was a change like all the others in her, that was not any more of a history to her, existence was always just the same inside her and it would always be so in her until she died and that would be one more change of her, it would not be a change to her and so it was now with the girls around her, they went through their changes before her, they were not a history to her they were not for her a history of her, they were three daughters with her, they went through their changes one after another, they lived there in the small house all together she and the man who was a husband to her and the three girls who each one once had been inside her, and that was not a history to her, that was like all the other changes in her, that was like eating and dressmaking for her and so she had existence in her and she always worked hard and had a character in her and she never had importance for any one around her. She had existence in her like the useful things around her, she had character, she had had changes in her and now she was getting older and there was a little more wooden change inside her and so there would be changes in her until she would be all through with all the changes she had in her and always there would be real existence to her and always there would be character to her always there would never be a past or present or a future connected with her, always there would be existence in her, there would be changes, there would never be any history of her to her.

There were three of them then Anna and Cora and Bertha. In Anna had come the change that made a beauty of her, she had less existence in her than the mother she had as much importance in her as the father, she had enough existence in her to make real inside her the important feeling she had in her.

It came to her to have things happen to her and in her, she

had a career in her and later they will come out in her the things that happened to her.

And now Anna had this change in her, she had beauty in her, Cora and Bertha were having the changes she had already had in her, there was yet nothing in Cora or in Bertha that could connect them with her, with the beauty change that had come to her.

The three girls Anna and Cora and Bertha went through their changes one after the other, now the beauty change had come in Anna, now when there was no longer in her a young girl's growing change in her beauty had come into her and to every one who knew her it was as if it had always been in her, it had no connection in her with her sisters Cora and Bertha nor with her mother. The mother had strong existence in her, she was getting older and her face and body was getting to be wooden all through her and existence was always just the same in her, it was always all there was of her. No one who knew them then the mother or Anna or Cora or Bertha, ever thought about the father, and so to every one around them then, this to every one that knew them was a family of women, there was the mother who was getting old now and a little wooden who was never important to any one who knew them who always had existence in her and that was always strong inside her, that never made any history in her, that never gave any importance to her she was existing then and existence always had been in her as it was in the useful things around her, there was no history in her, there was nothing in her to connect her with the past the present or the future, there was never any history in her there was a history of her and that the three girls were living around her, they were having the changes she had had in her, there was nothing then in her to connect her with the changes in the three girls who lived in the house with her, there was nothing in any of them that connected themselves with the others of them, there was nothing in them to connect them with the mother of them, there was nothing in the changes in them that made any one who knew them ever feel in them that she had had changes in

her as the three girls had them then the three girls who were around her then, there was nothing in any of the three of them that made one feel in them that they would have in them the changes that any one of the three of them had had already in her, there was nothing to connect them with each other, they did go through their changes one after the other, there was never anything in any one of them to make any one who knew them feel that there would be changes in any one of them, a little more perhaps in Anna than in any of the others of them, in her, changes might come, in the other two of them Cora and Bertha and in the mother of them there was never any thing in them to make any one who knew them think a change would come in them, the mother was getting older now and her face and body was getting to be wooden all through her and existence was always just the same in her, it was always all that there was of her, Cora was a little wooden then, girlhood was almost finished in her, beauty had not come yet to be in her, Bertha was a little girl then, there was never in her as much existence inside her as there was in the mother or Anna or Cora, there was in her a little more existence than in the father, Anna had then beauty in her and was important then to every one who knew her, in her there was a feeling that there might come changes in her. Nobody ever thought about the father. This family to every one who knew them was a family of women.

There were many other families then living in the little houses near the ten acre place where the Hersland family were living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, some of them were neat and made a good living like this family of women, some were not so well off in their living, some had a very straggling way of living, each one of the families of them in the small houses then had each its own way of living each its own uncertain ways of being, and this is a history of them.

There were many kinds of families of them living in the little houses near the Hersland family then. They were each one of them different from all the others of them, they were different

each one of them from all the others of them in their way of living, in their ways of earning a living, in the things that had been in their lives in the earlier days of their living, in the things that would now happen to them, they were different each one of them from all the others of them then, they were different in all the ways that they had in them, they were different in all the things that made them important, in all the things that made them uncertain inside them, they were different inside each one of them from all the others of them in religion. Some of them then had religion in them, some of them had not anything of such a thing in them, all of them who had religion in them were different from all the others of them who had religion in them too in them. One of these families then was made up of a father and two children, a boy and a girl Eddy and Lilly and the father of them, there were many uncertain things about all three of them, about the living that they had had before in them, about there not being to them a woman to be a wife to him and a mother to the two children, about the way they had money to live on when not any one of the three of them did any working, about the kind of man the father was for it was very hard to know anything about him, about the character of the two children; one thing was certain about them, they had religion in them, they were important in religion.

This family the father and the two children Eddy and Lilly, all three of them had religion in them, there was no wife to him or mother to the children then. Slowly the Hersland children came to know them. They had it in them this man Mr. Richardson and his two children Eddy and Lilly Richardson, they had it in them all three of them to be important in religion, the father had always all his life had religion in him, he always had been important in religion, this is a history of the feeling in him, of the way his children too had it in them.

As I was saying Mr. Richardson was a tall thin blond man, he was sick then, so everybody said who knew him though his children never said it about him, he was sick then and he was always smoking and everybody said who knew him that that

was because it was good for him, good for the sickness he had in him.

Any one who knew him would know that he had religion in him, that he always had had religion in him. Always one knew it in the two children that they had they always would have religion in them, religion with all three of them was a part of them, it was to all of them a part of their being, it was not a belief in them, it was of them like eating and sleeping and washing, for all these things and religion were part of their being, such was the nature of all three of them. Not that all three of them had the same nature in them, the three of them each one was very different from the other two of them, each one had their own nature in them, but all three had this in common that religion that eating sleeping and washing were natural to them, other things too were natural in them and all these things will come out more and more in the history of them.

Washing is very common, almost every one does some washing, with some it is only for cleansing, with some it is a refreshing, with some a ceremonial thing that makes them important to every one who knows them. In those who have religion in them as washing is to some of them who make it a distinction in them, in some who have religion in them as washing is to some who do it as a necessary part of their daily living, such have from it a distinction ; washing is not a natural thing to happen like eating or sleeping, washing is not like eating or sleeping, it has in it a distinction and to them who do it every day as a natural thing to them, they have it in them to be important to every one who knows them, when religion is in any one as this washing is in some who have it in them, then such a one is important to every one who knows him.

Eating and sleeping are not like loving and breathing. Washing is not like eating and sleeping. Believing is like breathing and loving. Religion can be believing, it can be like breathing, it can be like loving, it can be like eating or sleeping, it can be like washing. It can be something to fill up a place when some

one has lost out of them a piece that it was natural for them to have in them.

This father Mr. Richardson and his two children Eddy and Lilly were different from any of the others who lived then in the small houses near the ten acre place where the Hersland family were living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Slowly the Hersland children came to know the three of them, they began to know then the character of the two children Eddy and Lilly Richardson, they never came to have in them, the Hersland family then, much more knowledge of the father of the two children Mr. Richardson. The character of Eddy and Lilly Richardson will come out then in the history of the Hersland children as they come to know it in them.

There were then many families living in the small houses near the ten acre place where the Hersland family were living then in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. There were many families of, for them, poor queer people living near them and each one of the families of them had in them their own way of living, their own way of going on existing, of having uncertain things in them, of earning their daily living. More and more the Hersland family came to know them, more and more the Hersland children came to be of them.

So then it was then slowly coming to be true of them that the three children were more entirely of them, the poorer people who lived around them, than they were of their mother then, than their mother was of them then, though they were all there was of their mother's daily living then.

To begin again then when it was slowly coming to be true of them that the three children were more entirely of them, the poorer people who lived around them, than they were of their mother then, than their mother was of them then, though they were all there was of their mother's daily living then.

Their mother then was just beginning to have in her the important feeling that had first become a little stirred up to be made inside her by her knowing the Shilling mother and the daughter Sophie Shilling and the other daughter Pauline Shill-

ing. This important feeling that had then been a little begun inside her was now to be more stirred up in her, was to come to be almost a real thing in her by her living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living near her and in a kind of living that was not a natural way of being for her. Here she had around her, for her, poor queer kind of people in the little houses near her, in the house with her she had servants and governesses and seamstresses who made a life for her, her children who were then a part of her to her, and her husband and the certain little power with him she felt in herself to have in her, though mostly she had not in her for her husband or her children a sense of being important to herself inside her. This important feeling of herself inside her that had begun a little to exist in her from the Shilling family to her, was now stirred up to be more in her with the governesses and seamstresses and servants who lived in the house with her, and with the, for her, poor queer kind of people who lived in the small houses near her.

There are many kinds of men. Some kinds of them have it in them to feel themselves as big as all the world around them. Some have such a sense in them only when a new thing begins in them, soon they lose it out of them.

There are many ways of being a man, there are many millions of each kind of them, more and more in one's living they are there repeating themselves around one, every one of them in his own way being the kind of man he has in him, and there are always many millions made just like each one of them.

There are many kinds of men, there are many kinds of women there are many kinds of ways of mixing them in the children that come out of them. There are many kinds of men and many millions made of each kind of them. Some kinds of them have more in all of them of individual being than there is in some of the other kinds of men. In each kind of men, in the many millions of each kind of them there are always among them some with much, some with less, and some with little, and some with almost not any individual feeling in them some

of such of them need other men around them to give the man an individual feeling in them, some men have in them so much individual feeling in them that they make their way through everything around them, some of them have it so much in them that they feel themselves as big as all the world around them.

There are some men who have always such bigness in them, there are some who have such a feeling in them when a new thing begins in them and then soon these lose it out of them. There are some who have such a feeling in them when they are first beginning their individual being, some of such ones never lose it out of them for they are always strong to be beginning and beginning is all of living to them. In some of such ones of them it comes in their later living to be only impatient feeling, they are then no longer beginning they are then full up with impatient feeling. Later in their living they have not enough in them any more of impatient feeling to fill them, they are old then and shrinking away from the outside of them so then it is in them the always beginning and being then in their feeling as big as all the world around them, then it comes to be in them only the being full up with impatient feeling and then it comes to be when they are old and weakening it comes to be a shrinking away of themselves from the outside of them, they are old men then and they have not any success in them, they are not any longer full up then not with big feeling or beginning or even any more with impatient feeling, they are old then and have not any success in them and it needs others then to make them full again inside them and mostly in their old age this does not happen in them, mostly in their old age such ones are never full inside them.

As I have been saying there are many kinds of men and there are many millions made of each kind of them. David Hersland who had come to Gossols to make for himself a great fortune was of one kind of them. He was of the kind of them that feel themselves to be as big as all the world around them. Every one who knew him felt it in him. His children felt it less in him for they knew from their daily living with him that this was

only in him when he was beginning, mostly he was filled up with impatient feeling. He had this big feeling in him, they knew it about him but, for them, it was his being full up with impatient feeling that was important to them in their daily life with him.

Beginning was all of living with him, in a beginning he was always as big in his feeling as all the world around him. Beginning was almost all of living in him. Always he was beginning and always he was strong in his beginning, always then he was as big as all the world in his feeling.

There are many ways of beginning, there are some things in living that have in them always more of beginning than other things in living, education is such a part of living, eating and doctoring and making a great fortune in a place where everybody is beginning in their living.

In ways of educating children in ways of eating and ways of doctoring there can be always to them who have in them beginning as all there is of living, much to content them; for those who have in them ending as the important feeling in them they too can find it strongest in them for them in ways of educating children in ways of eating and ways of doctoring. These then who have for them as the whole of living either always beginning or always in an ending, these then can have it in them in many ways and with many kinds of feelings inside them, they can have it in a strong fear in them they can have it without any such a fear in them, they can have it with dying as always the strongest thing in them, they can have it with living as the most conscious thing in them, there are many ways that they can have it in them, with sadness or cheerful feeling in them, with energy or weakness in them, but always they have it together in all of them that ending or beginning is all of living to them, and for them ways of eating, ways of doctoring, ways of educating children are for them the strongest thing inside them.

In David Hersland the father of the three children whose lives we are now soon to be watching, to David Hersland be-

ginning was all of living to him. For him there was in his living ways of eating, ways of doctoring, ways of educating his children, ways of making his great fortune here in Gossols where he was to make his important beginning.

As I was saying there are many millions of every kind of men and there are many millions who have in them the kind of being David Hersland had in him. They have it in them some of them, as I have been saying, in all of their living, some have it in them in their eating, some have it in them in their drinking, some have it in them in business and their living, some have it in them in their loving, some have it so much in them that they have arabian nights inside them; there are many millions of such a kind of them and this is a history of one of that kind of them, of David Hersland and the big ways he had in him.

As I was saying the father of the three of them whose lives we are soon now to be watching, Mr. David Hersland, had come to Gossols to make for himself his great fortune. There was for him, as I was saying, beginning as the whole of living, there was for him in living, eating and doctoring and educating his children and making for himself a great fortune. There were other things in him but they were not for him so important to him, they had not for him so much of beginning. As I was saying ways of eating were always to him living, they were to him always full of beginning and this is a history of the way he tried many of them. As I was saying there are many ways of eating, for some eating is living for some eating is dying, for some thinking about ways of eating gives to them the feeling that they have it in them to be alive and to be going on living, to some to think about eating makes them know that death is always waiting that dying is in them. Mr. Hersland always liked to think about what was good for him in eating, he liked to think about what was good for every one around him in their eating, he liked to buy all kinds of eating, he liked all kinds of thinking about eating, eating was living to him, eating was beginning to him, beginning was all of living in him, always he

was interested in changing in having new ideas new ways of eating, eating was living for him, ways of eating were ways of beginning for him, eating was living to him and there are many millions always made just like him, many millions who have always new ways of eating in them, new ways of thinking about eating always inside them, for all of such then eating is living, to them.

In Mr. Hersland's ways of eating his children felt it in him that he was often filled up with impatient feeling. They more and more had it in them to know it of him that he loved to have eating going on inside him and more and more they came to know it of him that he, often then, before ending with the eating, would be filled up with impatient feeling and then he would push his eating away from him.

The three of them came then more and more to know it about the father of them that he had a great bigness in him, that he was strong in beginning, that he would soon then be full up with impatient feeling, that he would then push everything away from him or go away and leave it there unfinished behind him, that he then would be changing and soon then there would be in him a new beginning and he would then be to every one who saw him as big as all the world around him.

There were then living together Mr. David Hersland, his wife Fanny Hersland, their three children Martha and Alfred and David and in the house with them a governess a seamstress and the servants, in a part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Near them were small houses with, for them, poor queer kind of people in them. Soon all of them living in the house came to know many of these, for them, poor queer people near them, some of these came to be a little dependent upon them, some of them came to be nearly all there was then of the three children's daily living that was important then to them.

They were all living, this family then, in a pleasant house in a ten acre place where living was very pleasant for them. They did there a little fancy farming, they had a little grain and fruit trees and vegetable gardening, they had many kinds of

trees and sometimes they chopped down one of them, they had dogs and chickens and sometimes ducks and turkeys in the yard then, they had horses and two cows and sometimes they had young ones from the horses and the cows and that was very interesting to all of them, sometimes they had rabbits and always they had dogs, often they had a number of men working for them to get the hay in, sometimes they would catch rats and mice in the barn and that was very exciting to the children and sometimes to the father of them, and all around the ten acre place to shut all these joys in was a hedge of roses and in the summer many people came to pick them and then the family would let the dogs loose to bark at them and scare them, sometimes some one would come at night to steal fruit from them sometimes to steal a chicken and then there would be excitement for all of them and the dogs would be let loose to find the man but the dogs then were mostly not very anxious to get into danger with a strange man, they barked hard and that was all the danger there was for them or for the man who was stealing. And so they went on with the living all of them and mostly then their living was pleasant and interesting.

Life was pleasant there then for all of them. Always then in some ways trouble came to be inside in each one of them. As I was saying, in the early days of their living the father had it in him to be changing, to be full up with impatient feeling but this only made a reason to him for making a new beginning. This came out in him every day in his daily living.

As I was saying, they were regular enough in their daily living. The children had their schooling and that was mostly a regular thing with them, then they had various other ways of getting education and in these their father always had new ideas inside him.

As I was saying, in a way life was regular enough for all of them then in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living cut off from all right rich being. As I was saying life was regular enough for all of them for the three children and the father and the mother of them. The

children went to public school for their education. Their father had ideas about other things they should learn, other ways of doing besides the ways of the other children around them and it was in such things that he was always beginning.

They were regular enough then in their daily living. The children were regular enough in their living, they were different each one of them from the other two of them, different in every thing in them for each one of them was of a different kind of being from the other two of them. The father and the mother mixed up in them made of each one of them a different kind of being from the others of them, this will come out more and more in them if they go on living as in old age they go on repeating what is inside them so that any one can know them. In their early living when they are no longer children this nature in them comes out less with repeating and so any one who knows them can know what is inside them. In children as it always is with young living there is much repeating but it is not then so surely themselves they are expressing, in their older living their repeating is then all that there is of them, when they are children their repeating does not tell what is really them, as young grown men and women it is much harder to know what is real in them but always they are telling, slowly they begin repeating, slowly we find it out about them what they have really inside them.

Mostly then in their young living they had regular public school training. Sometimes their father would be strong in religion and then this would make for the children complications in their daily living.

As I was saying in their younger living there was mostly a regular every day existence for them, in their younger living it was important to them that their father was as big as all the world around him, and it was then in him sometimes a little embarrassment to them, as I was telling, but mostly they liked it well enough the living with him and the things he was beginning and the ten acre place which was full of much joy then for all of them and the people in the small houses near them

who were important then to all three of them in their daily living.

Sometimes in little things it would be annoying to them in their early living, his way of beginning and then never knowing that he was full up with impatient feeling and so had stopped and wanted others to keep on going. Sometimes this would be annoying of an evening. He would want to play cards and the three of them would begin with him, to please him. The children felt it to be hard on them when they would have begun playing cards just to oblige him and after a few minutes with them he would have arise in him his impatient feeling, and he would say, "here you just finish it up I haven't time to go on playing," and he would call the governess to take his hand from him and all three of the children would have then to play together a game none of them would have thought of beginning, and they had to keep on going for often he would stop in his walking to find which one was winning, and it never came to him to know that he had made the beginning and that the children were playing just because they had to, for him. It was a small thing but it happened very often to them and it was annoying for them.

Real country living feeling all three of the Hersland children in their younger living had inside them, a real country living feeling. This they had in them in the ten acre place with the hired men working and the chickens and ducks and fruit-trees and haymaking and seed-sowing and cows and some vegetable gardening. It was to them in their feeling real country living, it was to them earning a living in the hard country way and it was so that they then felt it inside them.

The three children had in many ways then in them the feeling of real country living. Their mother never had this feeling, with her it was always country house city living. In the children it was sometimes a real country living feeling that they had in them, and they were then very really a part of the life around them, of country ways of making a living, of cows and chickens and fruit-trees and hunting, and it was for them then in their

younger living not country house city living, it was for them then real country living and country feeling and village life around them and hard-working country ways of earning a living.

The people in the small houses near them had all of them a half and half feeling, a half country and a half city feeling in them.

The three Hersland children had in them a country house city feeling only in their mother's feeling and with the governess and servants and dependents living there in the house with them. As it was true then of all three of them that they were more then of the poorer people around them than they were of their mother's living then, so it was true of the three of them that they had more in them the country feeling of the people around them than they had of the half city feeling that these people had in them. All of the Hersland children had a little too of the half city feeling that the people around them had in them. The country feeling and the city feeling the Hersland children had in them in their being part of the life around them was different than any feeling their mother and the servants and governesses and dependents living in the house with them ever had in any of them. Their father had a feeling more like that in them then, with him it was from his being as big as all the world around him, everything was in him, he had all of it somehow someway a little in him, city feeling, country feeling, and city country house feeling, inside him.

With the people living in the small houses near them Mr. Hersland mostly had in him city country house living, he was important to all of them, the only rich man in that part of Gossols where they were living. He was important to them then, the rich man, and they did not then know him any more than as his children then knew him. He was a pleasant enough useful enough man for them to have living in the big place near them. The queer ways in him never made them think much about him. They knew then more of the daily living of Mrs. Hersland and the children. The men in most of the little houses near the ten

acre place mostly, like Mr. Hersland, only came to their houses for eating, for sleeping and for Sunday resting. He did the same, only he was a rich man, a pleasant man enough to them, a useful man enough when they would have any need of him. They never thought much about the queer ways he sometimes had in him, they never had then for him anything in the way of a personal feeling.

He was then for them a city country house person. He had it in him to feel other things inside him, sometimes to feel in him a real country living feeling, sometimes he brushed it all away from him, the country feeling, the city country house feeling living, he was then inside him a city man with city schemes and troubles and men around him, and then he walked up and down and his impatient feeling was irritable inside him and he would be muttering and talking to himself and jingling the money in his pockets then and more and more it came to be true of him that he walked up and down thinking, to himself inside him working, scheming, brushing men away from around him, domineering over them, going another way not knowing inside him that he was leaving them because they were then too many for him.

As I was saying Mrs. Hersland never had inside her country living feeling nor city living feeling. She did not have such a feeling in her any more than the governesses and seamstresses and servants who lived in the house with her. She had a feeling of being part of the rich right being that was natural to her. She had always in her the feeling of rich city country house living with servants and dependents in the house with her, with near her, for her, poor queer kind of people who were employed by her, who were to her different from her, who were with her to her as they had need of her; she felt herself inside her important to herself in her with such people always around her. Always more and more she felt herself important inside her. This came to be in her at its strongest inside her in her relation to a governess, Madeleine Wyman. Later it came to be less and less inside her. Later she was weakening inside her and her

feeling of importance to herself inside her went out in her. She broke down a little, later, into weakness inside her. She more and more then had no strength in her, she more and more then was not important to her husband who was beginning then to have troubles in him that left him nothing of the tender feeling she had once been for him, she was less and less important to her children who were then so big inside them that she was then always lost among them. More and more then in her weakening she was not of them and superior to them the servants in the house with them and the people in the small houses near them. More and more she was weakening then, the feeling of herself inside her died out of her then. Her husband never thought about her then, she was lost then among her children who were then themselves inside in each one of them and fighting it out with all the world around them, she was not part of their world then, she was lost among them. She was not any longer then important to the servants in the house then. There was not any longer then a governess or a seamstress in the house with them. The people in the small houses near them were always less and less part of the daily living of Martha, Alfred and young David then. Mr. Hersland was the only one important to them then and so in every way the feeling of herself inside her was no longer kept up in her. Soon it all died out of the inside of her, she was weakening then and when all the troubles came to all of them in their later living she died away and left them and they all soon forgot that she had ever been important to them as a wife, a mother, a mistress living among them. One never forgot her in her later living and this was the governess Madeleine Wyman. With her had come to Mrs. Hersland to have it strongest inside her in all the living from the beginning to the ending of her, it had come to her to have in her relation to Madeleine Wyman and the family of Madeleine Wyman the strongest time in her of having a feeling of herself inside, of being important to herself in her.

There are many millions of every kind of men, there are many millions of them and they have each one of them more or

less in them of the kind of man they are and this makes a different being of each one of the many millions of that kind of them, that, the quantity in them of their kind of being, and the mixture in them of other kinds of being in them. There are many millions of each kind of men and other kinds of being are mixed up in each one of each kind of them but the strongest thing in each one of them is the bottom in them the kind of being in them that makes them. The bottom to every one then is the kind of being that makes him, it makes for him the kind of thinking, the way of eating, the way of drinking, the way of loving, the way of beginning, and the way of ending, in him. Other kinds of natures are in almost all men and almost all women mixed up in them with the bottom nature of them, and this mixture in them with the amount they have in them of their bottom kind of nature in them makes in each one a different being from the many millions always being made like him.

When a man is in the middle of his living it is very hard for any one who knows him, hard for himself or for others around him, for the men around him or his wife or other women or his children or the children who play with them, hard for any one of them to know him. Later in his living when it comes to be inside him that it all settles down inside him and he begins repeating in him the whole thing he is then it is then easy to begin to know him, any one who stays with him then can learn to know the kind of man he is then. When a man is in the middle of his living it is very hard to know him. Mostly with women in the middle of their living it is not so hard to know them, it is in them when they are young women that they are like a man in the middle of his living. Anyhow it is very hard to know of most men and to know it in many women in the middle of their living what there is in them, what there is as a bottom to them, what there is mixed up inside them. Slowly, more and more, one gets to know them as repeating comes out in them. In the middle of their living they are always repeating, everybody always is repeating in all of their whole living but in the middle of the living of most men and many women it is hard to be sure

about them just what it is they are repeating, they are in their living saying many things then and it is hard to know it about them then what it is in them they are repeating that later in their living will show itself to be the whole of them to any one who wants to watch them. Babies in repeating have not very many different kinds of ways of doing it in them but growing old men and women in repeating show the kind of men, the kind of women that is in them. They show it in them then which they are of the many kinds of men and women. Perhaps babies have it in them to be each one a little different from all the other babies that are always being made but they have not it in them to have so many different kinds of them as men and women have it in them. Babies have not it in them to show much to any one who sees them in their repeating the kind they are then. There are not so many kinds of babies as there are kinds of men and women. Growing old men and women have in them the kind they are of men and women and that comes out to any one that stays with them in the repeating that more and more then repeats the whole of them.

With Mr. David Hersland then in his middle living, the men who were working with him, the men who were working under him, they all knew it about him that he was as big as all out doors in his feeling inside him, they knew it about him that he was strong in beginning, they never knew it about him then so that they could be certain then in them how far anything in him would go to an ending, how far the nature in him might drive him, how far there would be success in him, if there ever would come to him a breaking down inside him, what it would be that would fill him in his later living, what would be the repeating in his later living that would show the nature in him. His children had it in them to know it sooner about him than the men in his business living, they knew it sooner about him how strong it was beginning to be in him in his middle living that his beginning would break down into impatient feeling. They knew this about him sooner than the men with him in his business living, they knew it sooner about him how far his

nature would take him, they learnt it about him from the anger in him but this to them too was in the beginning of the ending of his middle living. They soon knew then that his beginning would break down into impatient feeling, later they learned it about him that the anger in him would never carry him to any last act against them.

There were many different kinds of men that knew Mr. Hersland in his business living and they had many different ways of feeling about the ways he had in him, about his strong beginnings, about his fighting everybody who was not to his feeling in him, about brushing people away from before him when he was going on with his beginning and full up with big feeling. Some as I was saying felt him to be a dangerous man for them, some of these went with him in beginning and then they liked it better to do their own finishing, for them even when he was carrying a beginning through perhaps to an ending the carrying it on by him had for them too much in it of beginning to ever be a comfort to them, some of these then did not fight him they began with him and then they went on in their own way to an ending. He would be then full up with beginning and with fighting, he might be going on too from the same beginning that he had begun together with them, he might be going on too to an ending but with him going on had always in it something of beginning and they left it to him to go on alone with his big feeling. They went on to their own ending. He was strong in fighting but as I was saying he had it in him to turn away in fighting into another direction in a blustering fashion and he never knew it in him that the nature in him would not carry him to the last fighting. He was strong in fighting and he liked it for he felt his strength then in him. He was strong in fighting he was not so strong in winning, more and more then at the ending of his middle living fighting in him turned into impatient feeling inside him, more and more then fighting in him in his late living broke down into weakness inside him. As I was saying he was strong in fighting, he was strong in brushing people away from before him. He would have in him then

when he was fighting all the joy of being full up with beginning, he would have then when he was brushing people away from around him all the big feeling of being as big as all the world, inside him. When he was fighting, when he was brushing people away from before him, he was to himself then as if the whole world was in him, he was it, it was in him, there was not any difference then for him of him and all the world around him.

It was a very joyous thing in him this big feeling, everybody who saw him felt it in him, his children it made uncomfortable when they were out with him. The big feeling in him was not in him a big empty feeling, it was to him to be always strong in fighting, not so strong in winning, sometimes then in a blustering fashion he would go another way out of fighting, to himself then always it was that he was brushing others away from him, he never knew it in him that he went in this way out of fighting till his children told him when in his later living his impatient feeling made them angry with him.

As I was saying men working with him in his business living mostly went their own way to an ending of the things they began with him. Mostly to all of them there was danger to them in his way of going on to an ending. There was for them too much of beginning in his way of ending. Those who followed with admiration in them were mostly men who had not enough in them of themselves inside them to begin a big thing with him, they were outside him they were outside his business living, they were full of admiration for him, they felt in them part of the big feeling of being as big as all the world around them when they were with him. These men were to him like the people in the small houses near him, in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, except that they came closer to him, they were not important to him they were not inside him for him but they were a comfort to him, they liked to know he had been fighting, they liked to know he had been brushing people away from around him, they were always there for him, they were not inside him to him, they were not important to him to his feeling, but they made a kind of support around

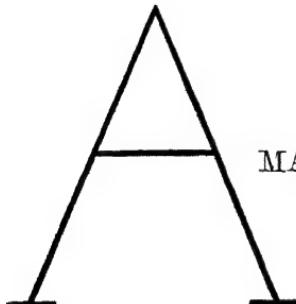
him when he was resting up from fighting, they made a kind of cushion for him to keep him from knowing when he was through with fighting that he had not been winning. They were beginning to be important to him at the beginning of the ending of his middle living, earlier in his living they were all to him as the people in the small houses near him, in his country house living, he was hearty for them, he was a good neighbor to any one, he was good to do things for any one of them who asked him to do things for them. Some of them in the beginning of the ending of his middle living were more and more important to him as padding, not to fill him but to keep him from knowing it in himself that he was not strong in winning that the nature in him would not carry him to the last end of fighting which is winning, that when he turned away in a blustering fashion he was not brushing people away from him. He never knew it inside him that he was not brushing people away from around him when he went away from them in another direction in a blustering fashion until his children in his later living when they were angry with him for his impatient feeling said it to him. These men then in the beginning of the ending of his middle living were beginning to be important to him, they were then a padding, to him not inside him but around him. These men, some of them then, came to be in him a little like a tender feeling then when his wife was no longer in him as a tender feeling, they knew it always of him that he had a big beginning in him—that this was in him even when he was full up with impatient feeling—when later he was shrunk away from the outside of him, they always knew him to be strong in fighting and this in him made a strong living feeling always inside them to know him. In the beginning of the ending of his middle living some of such men were a little important to him.

Many men have sometime in their living the important feeling of themselves to themselves inside them, some men have always this feeling inside them, most men have such a feeling more or less in them, perhaps all men and mostly all women

have sometime in them a feeling of themselves to themselves inside them ; this comes sometimes from a mixture in them of the kind of natures in them, this comes sometimes from the bottom nature of them, this comes sometimes from the natures in them that are mixed up with the bottom natures of them, sometimes in some of them the other nature or natures in them are not mixed with the bottom nature in them, many of such of them have the important feeling of themselves inside them coming from the other natures not from the bottom nature of them.

Mostly all men in their living have many things inside them. As I have just been saying the feeling of themselves inside them can come in different ways from the inside of them, can come in different ways in some of the many millions of one kind of men from the other millions of that same kind of them.

MRS. HERSLAND AND THE
HERSLAND CHILDREN



MAN in his living has many things inside him. He has in him his feeling himself important to himself inside him, he has in him his way of beginning; this can come too from a mixture in him, from the bottom nature of him, from the nature or natures in him more or less mixed up with the bottom in him, in some, though mostly in all of them the bottom nature in them makes for them their way of beginning, in some of each kind of men the other nature or natures in them makes for them their way of beginning.

Men in their living have many things inside them, they have in them, each one of them has it in him, his own way of feeling himself important inside in him, they have in them all of them their own way of beginning, their own way of ending, their own way of working, their own way of having loving inside them and loving come out from them, their own way of having anger inside them and letting their anger come out from inside them, their own way of eating, their own way of drinking, their own way of sleeping, their own way of doctoring. They have each one of them their own way of fighting, they have in them all of them their own way of having fear in them. They have all of them in them their own way of believing, their own way of being important inside them, their own way of showing to others around them the important feeling inside in them.

In all of them in all the things that are in them in their daily living, in all of them in all the things that are in them from their beginning to their ending, some of the things always in them are stronger in them than the other things too always in them. In all of them then there are always all these things in them, ways of being are in all of them, in some of the many

millions of each kind of them some of the things in them are stronger in them than others of them in them.

In all of them then in all the things that are in them in their daily living, in all of them in all the things that are in them from their beginning to their ending,—in all of them then there are always all these things in them,—in some of the many millions of each kind of them some of the things are stronger in them than others of them.

There are then many kinds of men and many millions of each kind of them. In many men there is a mixture in them, there is in them the bottom nature in them of their kind of men the nature that makes their kind of thinking, their kind of eating, of drinking and of loving, their kind of beginning and ending, there is then in many men this bottom nature in them of their kind of men and there is mixed up in them the nature of other kinds of men, natures that are a bottom nature in other men and makes of such men that kind of man.

In many men there is a mixture in them, there is in them the bottom nature in them the nature of their kind of men and there is mixed up in each one of them the nature or natures of other kind of men, natures that are each one of them a bottom nature in some of the many millions that there are of men and make of such men that kind of man.

In all the things that are in all men in all of their living from their beginning to their ending there can be as the impulse of them the bottom nature in them, the mixture in them of other nature or natures with the bottom nature, the nature or other natures in them which in some men of the many millions of each kind of men never really mix up with the bottom nature in them. Some of the things all men have in them in their daily living have it to come, in more men, only from the bottom nature in them than other things in them. Nothing of all the things all men have in them in their daily living comes in all men from the bottom nature of them. Eating, drinking, loving, anger in them, beginning and ending in them, come more from many men from the bottom nature of most of them than other things

in them but always there are some men of all the millions of each kind of them who have it in them not to have even eating and drinking and doctoring and loving and anger in them and beginning and ending in them come from the bottom nature of them.

As I was saying men have in them their individual feeling in their way of feeling it in them about themselves to themselves inside them about the ways of being they have in them. Some have almost nothing of such a feeling in them, some have it a little in them, some have it in them always as a conscious feeling, some have it as a feeling of themselves inside them, some have it as a feeling of themselves inside them as important to them, some have it as a feeling of being important to themselves inside them as being always in them, some have it as being important to the others around them, some have it as being inside them that there is nothing existing except their kind of living, some have it that they feel themselves inside them as big as all the world around them, some have it that they are themselves the only important existing in the world then and in some of them for forever in them—these have in them the complete thing of being important to themselves inside them.

David Hersland in his daily living had many things in him. He had his own way of loving. The way a man has of thinking, his way of beginning and his way of ending in most of the millions of every kind of men comes more from the bottom nature in him from the way of loving he has in him and that makes his kind of man, other natures are mixed up in him, but mostly his way of loving goes with his way of thinking goes with the kind of practical nature he has in him, goes with his way of working, comes from the bottom nature in him.

Some men have it in them in their loving to be attacking, some have it in them to let things sink into them, some let themselves wallow in their feeling and get strength in them from the wallowing they have in loving, some in loving are melting—strength passes out from them, some in their loving are worn out with the nervous desire in them, some have it as a dissip-

tion in them, some have it as excitement in them, some have it as a clean attacking, some have it in them as a daily living—some as they have eating in them, some as they have drinking, some as they have sleeping in them, some have it in them as believing, some have it as a simple beginning feeling—some have it as the ending always of them such of them are always old men in their loving.

Mr. David Hersland had a mixture in him. His wife was in him in his early middle living she was in him then as a tender feeling, when she was outside of him to him she was a little a joke to him, mostly she was not when outside him then important to him, later she was a little important to him because of the children and her resistance to him for them, then a little more and more then there changed in him a feeling of her being a joke to him to his brushing her away from around him, less and less then she was in him as a tender feeling, less and less then was she important to him.

In his country house in his middle living he had in him in his daily living eating and sleeping and drinking and loving and impatient feeling and hearty laughing. He had his wife in the house with him and his children and servants and a governess and near him living in the small houses around the ten acre place where they were living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living he had, for him, poor people around him who all liked to have him as a neighbor to them. In his home living he had to him in him his feeling about ways of eating ways of doctoring ways of educating his children, he had in him his wife who was sometimes then in his middle living when his children were first beginning in them their individual feeling resisting to him, she was then still to him important for him, she was then still in him as a tender feeling, she was then still to him when she was outside him a pleasant joke to him, she could then still a little affect him by resisting to him. She was then in her strongest feeling of being important to herself inside her to her feeling, she was then in the strongest living with a man to be a husband to her in the rich way that

was the natural way of being to her feeling, with her children still inside her to her feeling, with servants and a governess and a seamstress in the house with her in her daily living and she was of their daily living but above them in her right feeling of rich living, with around her the for her poor queer people near her, with the occasional visiting from rich people who did not live near her to disturb her from the life around her where she was cut off from the right rich living that was the natural way of being for her, and which made in her her feeling of being important to herself inside her and so then in her middle living she had in her the feeling stronger in her than any of her family who had gone on living the life that was the natural way of living for her the feeling of being important to herself inside her.

As I was saying men and women have many of them in them their individual feeling—their way of feeling it in them about themselves to themselves inside them about the ways of being they have in them. Some have almost nothing of such a feeling in them, some have it a little in them, some have it in them always as a conscious feeling, some have it as a feeling of themselves inside them, some have it as a feeling of themselves inside them as important to them, some have it as a feeling of being important to themselves inside them as being always in them, some have it as being important to the others around them, some have it as being inside them that there is nothing existing except their kind of living, some have it that they feel themselves inside them as big as all the world around them, some have it that they are themselves the only important existing in the world then and in some of them for forever in them—these have in them the complete thing of being important to themselves inside them. Some have it as a feeling of being important in them from things they are doing, from religion in them, from the way of living they have in them, from the clothes they have on them, from the way they have of eating, from the way they have of drinking, from the way they have of sleeping, some from the way loving comes out from them, some from the

way anger comes out of them, some have a feeling of importance in them from the kind of living they have in them and the others around them have in them, there are many ways of having a feeling of one's self inside one, there are many ways of having an important feeling in one, there are some who have in them a feeling of importance inside but not a feeling of importance of themselves to themselves inside them then, there are some who have inside them an important feeling in them but not an individual feeling in them, there are many ways for men and women to have themselves inside to them and this is a history of some of them.

Being important to one's self inside one. Being lonesome inside one. Making the world small to one to lose from one the lonesome feeling a big world feeling can make inside any one who has not it in them to feel themselves as big as any world can be around them. Being important inside one in religion can help one loose from one the lonesome feeling a big world can give to one. There are many ways of losing the lonesome feeling a big world around can give to one. Many lose it before they know they have one, many all their lives keep their world small and so they never have in them such a lonesome feeling, some need religion in them to keep them from being lost inside them from having too much in them a lonesome feeling and a big world too big for them around them, some have in them a superior sense that makes the big world around them not strong enough to give then to them a lonesome feeling inside them, some have just a busy feeling in them and that keeps them from lonesome feeling in them, some never have it come to them that there is a big world around them, there are many who never have in them any such lonesome feeling inside them their living fills them they and their family and the people around them, but many in their living find it at some time in them that they have a lonesome feeling in them; almost all men and almost all women, and mostly all of them when they were children, have such a kind of lonesome feeling at some moment in their living.

The important feeling of one's self to one inside one in one's living is to have in one then not anything of such a lonesome feeling. Sometimes in many women and some men it is not a lonesome feeling it is a weakening in them and somebody then takes care of them, in more women there is what might be a lonesome feeling as a weakening in them and then some one takes care of them or they die away then and so escape their lonesome feeling. Many women have it in them to float off into weakening, to lose themselves in religion and so escape from any lonesome feeling. Many women have it in them to feel that it never can happen to them the last end of trouble for them, they have in them the feeling that the world can never really be too much for them, this in many of them is religion in them, they are not important to themselves inside them, they are part of the important thing and in that they can never have the last end of evil coming to them, there are many women who have in them not an important feeling of themselves to themselves inside them but they have in them the sense that the last end of a bad thing cannot destroy them, some one will take care of them, something will save them, despair can never really fill them, they can never have in them the complete sense of a lonesome feeling in them; it is like the feeling Mrs. Hersland had in her in her feeling that she was never really cut off from good rich right living which was the natural way of being to her, the for her natural way of living.

Mrs. Hersland had in her different ways of having herself inside her, of having important feeling in her. A feeling of herself inside her would never have come to be in her if she had gone on living in the way that was natural for her. Being important to herself inside her first came to be a little in her from the knowing Sophie Shilling and her sister Pauline Shilling and the mother Mrs. Shilling, later it came to be stronger in her from the living with the governesses and seamstresses and servants and dependents and being with them but above them all the time every moment of her living, not cut off to

her feeling but really cut off in her living from the rich living that was for her the natural way of being.

Some women have it in them to love others because they need them, many of such ones subdue the ones they need for loving, they subdue them and they own them; some women have it in them to love only those who need them; some women have it in them only to have power when others love them, others loving them gives to them strength in domination as their needing those who love them keeps them from subduing others before those others love them. This will come clearer when this kind of women comes into this history of many kinds of men and women.

Mrs. Hersland was not of these two kinds then, she had a gentle little bounty in her, she had a sense in her of superior strength in her from the way of living that was the natural way of being to her, she had a larger being from the children who were always to her a part of her. She had in her a little power from the beauty feeling she had for her husband in his living with her; she was for him then a tender feeling in him, she was for him then a pleasant little joke to him resisting to him, she was to him a woman for his using as she was to herself part of her children, that was the simple sense in her that never gave to her a sense of being important to herself inside her.

The kinds of feeling women have in them and the ways it comes out from them makes for them the bottom nature in them, gives to them their kind of thinking, makes the character they have all their living in them, makes them their kind of women and there are always many millions made of each kind of them.

Some women have it in them to love others because they need them, because these somehow are important to them because somehow these they have for loving belong to them, many of such of them subdue the ones they need for loving they subdue them and they own them; some of them who have it to be of this kind of women have it in them to be almost of no im-

portance to those they have around them in their living, to have the children belong to them as a part of them inside them, these are of the kind of them who always own their children who subdue those they need in living but these of this kind of women have it to have this that is them very lightly in them and Mrs. Hersland was of such a kind of them, these have it in them to be it so gently in them that it never comes out in them, with some it comes out a very little in them, with some it comes out sometime in their living, these then have it to be so timidly in them that their children are only a part of them it is with such of them only in such a way that they can ever own them, some of such a kind of them have it all so peaceably inside them that they have not in them the feeling of being themselves inside them, it takes some one around them to need them to be owned by them, to make such a kind of one own them, to make them feel it inside them that they are themselves inside them, to give to them anything of an important feeling. There are then this kind of women and many of them are very dependent all through their living but a little in them is an independent feeling and this comes out in them when there is any one around them who makes them own them, they have it in them then a feeling of themselves inside them, they need to have around them to have in them such a feeling of themselves inside them, they need some who make them own them and to such a one they are important any moment in their living. Mrs. Hersland had a very little such a feeling with her husband when she was first married to him, she had it in her when she was a little resisting to him; she never would have had much more in her if she had gone on living the life that was for her the natural way of being, she had it a little more in her feeling with the Shilling family in her hotel living, it came to be strongest in her living with a governess and a seamstress and servants in the house with her and to her, poor people around her, with always inside her country house feeling of right rich living, with nothing in her daily living being of such a living which was the natural way of living for her. She had it then in her to feel herself

inside her and it was then strongest in her and came out in her with the governess Madeleine Wyman who was for her the one who in all her living was the one whom she had power over, not as part of her as her children were to her, but as outside of her. She fought with the family of Madeleine Wyman for her, she had a feeling then of herself inside her.

There are then two kinds of women, those who have dependent independence in them, those who have in them independent dependence inside them; the ones of the first of them always somehow own the ones they need to love them, the second kind of them have it in them to love only those who need them, such of them have it in them to have power in them over others only when these others have begun already a little to love them, others loving them give to such of them strength in domination. There are then these two ways of loving there are these two ways of being when women have loving in them, as a bottom nature to them, there are then many kinds of mixing, there are many kinds of each kind of them, some women have it in them to have a bottom nature in them of one of these two kinds of loving and then this is mixed up in them with the other kind of loving as another nature in them but all this will come clear in the history of all kinds of women and some kinds of men as it will now be written of them.

Many women have at some time resisting in them. Some have resisting in them as a feeling of themselves inside them. In some kinds of women resisting is not a feeling of themselves to themselves inside them. In some kinds of women resisting can only come from such a feeling. This makes two different kinds of women and mostly all women can be divided so between them. Patient women need to have in them such a feeling to be resisting, they need to have in them a feeling of themselves inside them to be really resisting to any one who owns them. Attacking women with weakness as the bottom of them have not it in them to need such a feeling for resisting, resisting is natural to them, it covers up in them the weakness of them. Concentrated women with not any weakness at the bottom in

them do not need to have in them such a feeling, these are made up of resisting, concentration with them makes the whole of them makes for them the strength such a feeling as themselves inside them gives to patient ones to make resisting possible for them, attacking feeling gives it to others who really have weakness in them as the bottom of them. Such concentrated women have never in them any such resisting in them, yielding is the whole of such ones of them. This needs very much explaining, this makes a history of every kind of woman, this is a history of only a few kinds of them.

Mrs. Hersland never had her religion to be in her like his in her father, a thing to give to her a feeling of herself inside her, religion with her went with what would happen in her daily living for her, was in her not anything of resistance inside her, was simply a part of the gentle feeling in her like her children inside her, like the rich right living that was the natural way of living for her.

As I was saying many women have it in them to feel it inside them that the last end of a bad thing cannot come to them, that the last evil thing will not destroy them; this is a common feeling with women who have in them resisting or attacking as the natural thing in them with a weakness at the bottom of them, these women have not in them a superior feeling, they have it in them that no last bad thing can overwhelm them that is to their resisting and at the same time the weakness of them gives to them the feeling that something some one will take care of them. This is in many of them a religion in them.

Mrs. Hersland was not such a one a last end of a bad thing could win and she would be hurt not angry when it had happened to them, she could be angry when she had a feeling of being herself inside her and so could then have resisting in her but this could never be in her in any real trouble or sorrow that came to her or to the children who were a part of her, then there was no important feeling of herself inside her, then there was no resisting in her, then she had a resignation to the pain that killed her, that was all the religion she had in her.

Her mother had had always such a trickling sadness in her, this was all of her, this was all religion to her. Her father had had a feeling of himself inside him to make religion for him, he was all to himself always inside him he was the complete thing of such resisting, it was in him all religion, all religion was him he had it so all inside him. Mrs. Hersland had it then a little in her to have resisting in her, a feeling of herself inside her, she could then have anger in her but this could never be in her in any real trouble or sorrow that came to her or to the children who were a part of her, then there was no important feeling of herself inside her, then there was no resisting in her, then she had a resignation to the pain that killed her, that was all the religion she had in her.

The Herslands had a governess, a seamstress and servants living in the house with them. Mostly the Hersland children in their younger living were more entirely of them, the poorer people who lived around them, than they were of their home living. This was true of them, all through their younger living, all through the time they had governesses around them, their mother and their governesses never really knew it about them.

To begin then with beginning of the living of the Hersland family in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living.

There was then Mr. Hersland in the middle of his middle living, Mrs. Hersland in the beginning of the strongest time of being to herself inside her in her feeling, the three children in the first beginning in them of individual feeling. There were then the servants living in the house with them, a governess and near them in the small houses around them poor, for them, queer people to make for them their daily living.

They had foreign women as servants in the house with them when they could get them. Sometimes they could not get them. They had three governesses in their whole living in Gossols before the children grew too old to have one. One was a foreign born, two were american. The seamstresses were always foreign

american, sometimes it was the family near them, sometimes it was one in the part of Gossols where rich people mostly were living, and then there was another one not near them but who would come sometimes and stay in the house with them. Mrs. Hersland with all of them had her important feeling, she had it in getting them, in keeping them, and whenever she had to get rid of one of them. She had always in her with them an important feeling, sometimes she had an angry feeling with them, sometimes a resisting feeling, she never let any interfering come between her and her acting toward them, she was always of them and above them, she had all of her feeling of herself to herself from them.

Many servants get to have in them something that is almost a craziness in them, many have a very lonesome feeling in them not a lonesome feeling of themselves inside them just a lonesome feeling that makes queer, sometimes a little crazy women of them. This is in many of them. The irishwoman and one of the italian women had this a little in them. This makes them good fun for children living in the house with them. The children tease them, they are good to children around them, they always have to be sent away all of a sudden. The irishwoman and one of the italians was of this kind of women. The other servants were always steady women, each with their own way of being in them and this is now a history of all of them. This is a history of them and the seamstresses and the governesses and any troubles any one of them had with the others living in the house with them. This is a history of all of them and of the kind of important feeling Mrs. Hersland had in her from all of them and of the feelings the children each one had for each one of them and the relation each one had to Mr. Hersland.

Some women have it in them to be in all their living children, to have a childlike nature in them all through their living. Some men have such a thing always in them, mostly men have it in them more than women to have in all their living a little childlike nature in them. There are always then many millions of men and always some women who have always in

them all through their living from their beginning to their ending child nature always in them. Some women have it in them all their living to have a grimy little girl nature in them, some have it in them to have a little girl sweet shrinking little lying nature always in them. All of such kind of them and there are always many millions made of them and they are in every place and in every kind of living, such have in them the nature that is in certain kinds of living servant girl nature and sometime there will be a history of every kind and every one of such of them. Some women have it in their living to have in them a being just before adolescent living, to have in them all through their living the fear of coming adolescence about beginning, in them, these always have it in them to be very lively so as to keep adolescence from giving sorrow to them, they are lively and they try all their living to keep up dancing so that adolescence will be scared away from them, these have not in them sentimental feeling, they have aggressive liveliness in them. One can never be certain of this about them from their kind of living, they may be trying very exciting living, but in their walking they make a dance step not because they have it in them a lightsome feeling, they make it to keep in them a lively feeling, mostly they do not know it inside them that they do not want to have inside them the restlessness of adolescent living and so they keep up inside them always a lively feeling; they make a dance step every now and then in their walking. There are always many women who have it all through their living to have such a just before beginning adolescent being in them. There are some men who have in them all through their living such a nature in them. There are then many millions always being made of such ones of women, there are some millions always being made of such ones of men. Some women have all their living their school feeling in them, they never get through, from their beginning to their ending, with such feeling, such being, such living, it is in them and nothing can change them, they are always school girls in their being, some of them always are as school girls in

their feeling, some of them always are as school girls in their living, some women have some of this in them all through their living from their beginning to their ending, some have only this in them it is always then all there is of them, there are many millions then who have in all their living more or less in them of such being. Some women have it in them and there are always many millions of them and they are to themselves like men in their living there are many women who are always vigorous young women energetic and getting information and busy every moment in their living and sometime there will be a history of many of such of them. Then there are many women, there are always many millions always everywhere of every kind of them, there are many women who have some kind of woman nature in them and always in the millions of all the kinds of them there is always in them one nature or the other nature in them, there is always some kind or every kind of mixture in them, sometime there will be a history of every one of every kind of them, sometime there will be a history of everyone who ever was or is or will be living, there must always sometime be a history of each one from their beginning to their ending, of every one who ever was or is or will be living. Sometime there will be a history of every woman, there will be sometime a history of every kind of them, there will be sometime a history of every part of the living of every woman from her beginning to her ending. This is now a history of some of them,

Sometime then there will be a history of all women and all men, of all the men and all the women, of every one of them, of the mixtures in them of the bottom nature and other natures in them, of themselves inside them, there will be then a history of all of them of all their being and how it comes out from them from their beginning to their ending. Sometime there will be then such a history of every one who ever was or is or will be living, and this is not for anybody's reading, this is to give to everybody in their living the last end to being, it makes it so of them real being, it makes for each one who ever is or was or can

be living a real continuing and always as one looks more and more at each one, as one sees them walking, eating, sitting, sewing, working, sleeping, being babies, children, young grown men and women, grown up men and women, growing old men and women, old men and old women, as one sees them every moment in their being there must be sometime a history of them, there must be sometime a history of each one of them and of the nature or natures in them, of themselves to themselves in their living, of the nature or natures mixed up in them and the coming out of this being in them from them from their beginning to their ending. Sometime there will be a history of all of the kinds of them and of each one of all the millions of each kind of them.

Mrs. Hersland had dependent independent being, she could sometime in her have resisting. This is now a history of her and the servants and governesses and dependents who had to do with her. Mr. Hersland had attacking in him, mostly he was in his feeling as big as all the world in all of his beginning and all of his living was beginning, he never knew it inside him until his children told it to him when they were angry with him when impatient feeling filled him, he never knew that he did not go on to the last end of fighting that he had in him such a weakness in him; this is now a history of him and of how the servants and the governesses and the dependents and his wife and children felt all these things in him.

Some time then there will be every kind of a history of every one who ever can or is or was or will be living. Some time then there will be a history of every one from their beginning to their ending. Sometime then there will be a history of all of them, of every kind of them, of every one, of every bit of living they ever have in them, of them when there is never more than a beginning to them, of every kind of them, of every one when there is very little beginning and then there is an ending, there will then sometime be a history of every one there will be a history of everything that ever was or is or will be them, of everything that was or is or will be all of any one or all of all

of them. Sometime then there will be a history of every one, of everything or anything that is all them or any part of them and sometime then there will be a history of how anything or everything comes out from every one, comes out from every one or any one from the beginning to the ending of the being in them. Sometime then there must be a history of every one who ever was or is or will be living. As one sees every one in their living, in their loving, sitting, eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, working, thinking, laughing, as any one sees all of them from their beginning to their ending, sees them when they are little babies or children or young grown men and women or growing older men and women or old men and women then one knows it in them that sometime there will be a history of all of them, that sometime all of them will have the last touch of being, a history of them can give to them, sometime then there will be a history of each one, of all the kinds of them, of all the ways any one can know them, of all the ways each one is inside her or inside him, of all the ways anything of them comes out from them. Sometime then there will be a history of every one and so then every one will have in them the last touch of being a history of any one can give to them.

This is now a history of a number of men and women from their beginning to their ending; these will have then the last touch of being that a history of any one can give to them, sometime it will be that any one who ever was or is or will be living, sometime then it will be even if they have had only a very little of any living, sometime then it will be that every one will have the last touch of being, a history of them can give to them, sometime then in my feeling there will be a history of every kind of men and women, there will be a history of every one from the beginning to their ending, every one will have sometime before the ending the last touch of being a history of them can give to any one.

So then we go on to our beginning of giving a history of every one from their beginning to their ending so that sometime there will be done a history of every one and every kind of one and

all the nature in every one and all the ways it comes out of them. Every one then will be full then of the being a history of every one can give to them, every one of them will have that last touch of being a history of them can give to any one.

And so to commence again with the history of many of them and all the kinds there are of men and women.

Sometime then there will be a history of every one of every man and every woman from their beginning to their ending. Sometime there will be a history of every one and every kind of them and more and more then every one will understand it, how every one is connected with every one in the kind of being they have in them which makes of each one one of their kind of them. More and more then this will be a history of every kind and the way one kind is connected with the other kind of them and the many ways one can think of every kind of men and women as one more and more knows them as their nature is in them and comes out of them in the repeating that is more and more all of them.

There are then many kinds of them but all of them can be divided into the two kinds of them the independent dependent kind of them, the dependent independent kind of them, and more and more there will be a history of all of them so that more and more any one can see it in them. There are always then many kinds of men and women in these two kinds of them and sometime there will be a history of all of them.

To go on then now with the Hersland living in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living.

As I was saying, more and more as one in passing looks at every one more and more then there comes to one the certain feeling that sometime there will be a history of every one, of all the kinds there are every one of men and women. Always as one looks at them as one lives on in the daily living that gives to one the feeling that in all real being there is always on and on repeating that comes out more and more and more in everybody's living, always then more and more one has in them

the certain feeling that sometime there will be a history of every one, that sometime every one will have in them the last touch of being a history gives to every one. So then sometime there will be a history of every one and of every kind of men and women and of every kind of nature in any one of them and every kind of mixing there can ever be in any one and the way the nature in each one comes out from them, there will then sometime be a history of every one from their beginning to their ending, there will then be a history of every one even such of them that have only a little beginning and then an ending to them; to every one then there will be a whole history of them, each one then sometime will have written a whole history of her, of him, and this will give to every one who ever was or is or will be living the last part of real being a history of them can give to any one.

There were then living on a ten acre place in a pleasant kind of living, Mr. Hersland and his wife and three children with servants and a governess and sometimes a seamstress in the house with them and near them poor people in small houses some of whom were more or less dependent on them. They had then pleasant living in this ten acre place, they had then their own kind of living and mostly it was pleasant enough for all of them, they had country living in them, they had city living in them, they had country house living in them, and always then living was very pleasant for all of them.

The three children were more than of the for them poor people around them than they were of their mother's or their governesses' or their father's living. They had a relation to everybody around them but mostly then inside them they were mostly of the living of the poorer people who lived in the small houses near them. Sometimes they were very much of the living of the servants in the house with them, sometimes of the family of the governess then living with them but mostly always then they were more of the living of the people living in the small houses around them than they were of the living of those in the house with him.

Many things then come out in the repeating that make a history of each one for any one who always listens to them. Many things come out of each one and as one listens to them listens to all the repeating in them, always this comes to be clear about them, the history of them of the bottom nature in them, the nature or natures mixed up in them to make the whole of them in anyway it mixes up in them. Sometime then there will be a history of every one.

When you come to feel the whole of anyone from the beginning to the ending, all the kind of repeating there is in them, the different ways at different times repeating comes out of them, all the kinds of things and mixtures in each one, anyone can see then by looking hard at any one living near them that a history of every one must be a long one. A history of any one must be a long one, slowly it comes out from them from their beginning to their ending, slowly you can see it in them the nature and the mixtures in them, slowly everything comes out from each one in the kind of repeating each one does in the different parts and kinds of living they have in them, slowly then the history of them comes out from them, slowly then any one who looks well at any one will have the history of the whole of that one. Slowly the history of each one comes out of each one. Sometime then there will be a history of every one. Mostly every history will be a long one. Slowly it comes out of each one, slowly any one who looks at them gets the history of each part of the living of any one in the history of the whole of each one that sometime there will be of every one.

There will then sometime be a history of every one who ever is or was or will be living, mostly every history will be a long one, some will have a very little one, slowly it comes out of each one.

Mostly then the history of any one as it slowly comes out of them will be a long one, this is a long history now of many of them.

Every one then has in their living repeating, repeating of every kind of thing in them, repeating of the kind of impatient

feeling they have in them, of the anxious feeling almost every one has more or less always in them.

There is then a whole to living, mostly everybody has for this an anxious feeling, some have not any such anxious feeling to the whole of them, many have the anxious feeling in every minute of their living, every minute is a whole to them with an anxious feeling which each minute ends them.

To many then in the history of all the kinds of them all the kinds of men and women who ever were or are or will be living, to some then and there are always many millions of them to some then the important thing is to have the history of all the kinds, the history of all the kinds that ever can be of men and women. To many and there are always many millions of such of them the important thing is to have written about every one around them the history of each one, the history of that one, of every man or woman who ever was or is or will be living for them, the history of each one as in their living from their beginning to their ending their history comes out from them. To some the important thing in them is their own history, the history of them and inside them, as in repeating it comes out of them. There are many men and women always living and to them the important thing in living is in the different parts of living the being babies, children or young going to be men and women, or grown young men and women, and growing older men and women and men and women in their middle living, and growing old men and women, and then the end of all of them; there are many millions then who always think and feel about all men and women in the parts of living and the kind of being every one has in them in those different parts of their living. There are then many millions who always feel this in them about others around them about themselves inside them, the important thing to all of such of them are the parts of living the being babies and children and young going to be men and women and growing older men and women, and middle aged men and women and growing old men and women and old men and old women and then that is the end of them in their worldly

living. There are then many who feel this part living as the strongest thing in every one around them and in themselves inside them. There are then many millions, many many millions always living who want to know about what each one does all through his or her living, there are many who want to know about it in the history of every one what kind of feeling they had in them and how these feelings then came out from them in their living from their beginning to their ending. There are then many kinds of feelings in each one, there are many feelings in every one, there are many ways of having feelings coming out of them, there are many who want to know it about every one around them what feelings they have in them, how such feelings come out of them, there are many millions then of women and of men who always think about this about every one around them, they want to know the feelings in each one of them and how it comes out from them, what the feelings in each one make of the life of such a one. There are many kinds of ways every one has in them of doing everything in their daily living, there are many who want a history of all such ways in each one. There are many who want their kind of history of only a few of all the people ever living, there are some who want a history coming out only from inside them, there are some who want a history to come out only from those just around them, there are some who want history coming out from some who were never and will never be anywhere near them, there is every kind of choosing, mostly every one wants a history of some one, mostly every one wants some kind of a history of some. Some few are always living who want about each one who ever was or is or will be living a history of every bit of them, of every moment in their daily living, of every kind of feeling they have in them, of every bit of them that comes out in them in repeating, of all the feeling in them and how it comes out from them in all of them in each one of them from their beginning to their ending, of every kind of men and women who ever were or are or will be living, of every part of their being and how in each part of their living their being shows itself in them, of the

feeling in each kind of them and how it shows in each one their kind of them, how it comes out in each one in every part of their living from their beginning to their ending; there are then some who want the whole history of every one, of the kind they are in them, of everything that makes them and ever can come out of them, of every bit of them in all their living; there are then always some living who want of each one such a history of them, there are some of such of them now living and sometime there will be written by all of such of them a history of every one.

There was then in the Hersland middle living pleasant enough living for all of them on the ten acre place with servants and seamstresses and governesses in the house with them.

As I was saying Mrs. Hersland had different seamstresses to do different kinds of sewing for herself and her children. This is now a history of all of them.

Sometime there is a history of each one, of every one who ever has living in them and repeating in them and has their being coming out from them in the repeating that is always in all being. Sometime there is a history of every one. Sometime there will be a history of every kind of men and women. Sometime there is a history of each one. There must be such a history of each one for the repeating in them makes a history of them. The repeating of the kinds of them makes a history of the kinds of them, the repeating of the different parts and ways of being makes a history in many ways of every one. This is now a history of some. This will be sometime a history of many kinds of them. Any one who looks at each one will see coming out from them the bottom nature of them and the mixing of other nature or natures with the bottom nature of them.

Repeating then is always coming out of every one, always in the repeating of every one and coming out of them there is a little changing. There is always then repeating in all the millions of each kind of men and women, there is repeating then in all of them of each kind of them but in every one of each kind of them the repeating is a little changing. Each one has in him his

own history inside him, it is in him in his own repeating, in his way of having repeating come out from him, every one then has the history in him, sometime then there will be a history of every one; each one has in her her own history inside her, it is in her in her own repeating in her way of having repeating come out from her, every one then has the history in her, sometime then there will be a history of every one. Sometime then there will be a history of every kind of them every kind of men and women with every way there ever was or is or will be repeating of each kind of them.

There are then many things every one has in them that come out of them in the repeating everything living have always in them, repeating with a little changing just enough to make of each one an individual being, to make of each repeating an individual thing that gives to such a one a feeling of themselves inside them. I said each repeating in each one has each time in it a little changing, this sometimes comes nearly not to happening. Some keep on copying their repeating in their talking in the moving of their hands and shoulders and bodies in living, some keep on copying others around them, some have almost nothing in them of themselves inside them, every one has though always in them their own bottom nature their own kind of being, that is always in them repeating, that is always in them a real being.

Many go on all their life copying their own kind of repeating, many go on all their life copying some one else or some other kind of men or women's kind of repeating, some kind of being that they have not in them. Every one mostly has in them their own repeating sometime in their living, this is real being in them, many millions are always all through their living copying their own repeating, some have this in them because they are indolent in living, it is easier for such of them just to go on with an automatic copying of their own repeating rather than really live inside them their repeating. This is now a history of such a one.

There are then always the two kinds in all who are or were

or ever will have in them human being, there are then always to my thinking in all of them the two kinds of them the dependent independent, the independent dependent; the first have resisting as the fighting power in them, the second have attacking as their natural way of fighting. As I was saying this is not always easy to know about them, it is not always easy to know which kind of these two kinds of being are in any one, it is hard to know it about them, it is hard to describe what I mean by the names I give to them. There are then these two kinds and always every one of all of them who have human being in them are of one kind or the other kind of them. Often, as I am saying, resisting is like attacking, the attacking like resisting. Often the meekness of the patient submission of the dependent side of the dependent independent kind of them seems like the sensitive scared yielding of the dependent side of the independent dependent kind of them. Each kind of them has in them their own way of loving, their own way of eating and drinking, their own way of sleeping, sitting resting and working, their own way of learning and thinking, their own way of having themselves come out from inside them; always there are these two ways of being, mostly one who knows it well about them can tell which kind each one is of them, mostly one knows about them by always looking at them as the repeating in each one makes a history of that one. Sometime then there will be a history of all of them.

Sometime there will be a history of all of them. Sometime there will be written a long book, a history of all of them of the two kinds of them. Sometime it will be clear to some one the whole history of every kind of men and women, the two kinds of them, the kinds in each kind of them, the mixture of all of them. Sometime then will be written a long book, a history of every kind of men and women and all the kind of being in them.

Now this is a history of one of them. As I was saying Mrs. Hersland had three seamstresses working for her when she was living in Gossols in her middle living when she was strongest in her feeling of being herself inside her in her living. One of

these was living in a part of Gossols between the part where the Herslands were living where no other rich people were living and the part where mostly all the rich people were living. She had this one to do most of the making her child Martha's better clothing and her own ordinary dresses for her ordinary daily living. Then she had one who lived in a part nearer where the rich people were living, she went to this one. Then there was the woman who lived in a small house near them, the woman who had the three daughters who all of them sometime had beauty in them.

The one who lived in between always worked twice a year in the fall and in the spring to make dresses for Mrs. Hersland and Martha and sometimes for the governess then living in the house with them. She always came to work in the house with them, she always ate there with them, and sometimes when she was in a hurry to finish her work she remained altogether in the house sleeping and eating. Her name was Lillian Rosenhagen. She was a large woman, she had black hair and she was tall and she had long heavy fingers that were tapering and heavy again just where the nails were commencing. Lillian Rosenhagen was a stupid woman and never said anything but the children could never forget having had her in the house with them. She was of the kind of them and there are always many always being made of them who have it in them to be stupid, to be heavy, to be drifting, and yet one never forgets them when one has known them, they do nothing but they have a physical something in them that makes them.

Every kind of history about any one is important then, every kind of way of thinking about any one is important to those who need a whole history of every one.

There is then a whole to living, mostly everybody has for this an anxious feeling, some have not any such anxious feeling to the whole of them, many have the anxious feeling in every minute of their living, every minute is a whole to them in an anxious feeling which each minute ends them.

There are then many ways for men and for women to have

anxious feeling in them. Sometimes it is a wonder to any one who sees anxious feeling in almost every one, in every one's making a bargain, or selling, or buying, or hearing some one calling, or going to sleep, or wakening, in cooking, in ordering, many times in eating, in drinking, in coming and going. Mostly every one has in them more or less an anxious feeling, mostly every one has in them more or less impatient feeling, some have more anxious than impatient feeling in them, some have almost the same amount in them of anxious as impatient feeling in them, some have much more impatient than anxious feeling in them, many have every minute impatient feeling in them and every minute there is a beginning for them, many have impatient feeling in them and this has nothing in it of beginning for them, some have impatient feeling in them as always an ending to them inside them, many have it in them just as their own way of going on with their living. Anxious feeling can be in some as always an ending to them, it can be in some as always a beginning in them of living, there are some who have it in them as their own way of living.

In many, anxious being is impatient feeling and sometime there will be a history of many of such of them.

Lillian Rosenhagen had always repeating in her an anxious feeling, she had very little in her of impatient feeling. As I was saying Lillian Rosenhagen was very good at sewing, she was very steady at working, she had always in her repeating an anxious feeling when she had to do any ending or beginning.

There is a servant queerness in some, a queerness that comes out in them from the kind of anxious being, from the kind of impatient feeling sometime in them which comes to be from the kind of living servants have in them comes to be in such a one a servant queerness and every one in the house knows it in that one. There is then a servant queerness in many women and in some men who are working as servants and have a servant living in them. They have many of them a servant queerness in them and that comes out of them according to the nature of them, according to the kind there is in them of a bottom nature

in them and the kind they have in them of mixtures inside them which gives to them the kind that is in them of the impatient being and anxious being in each one, the kind in them of such being inside them that with the servant living makes inside such a one servant queerness. There are many ways of having queerness in many men and women. There are many who have not any such queerness in them, many have things in them that others around them sometime think queer in them but there are many who have not such a kind of queerness in them that makes really a character in them. There are many men and women who have queerness in them, sometime there will be a history of all the kinds of them. Just now there will not be a history of such a one. Some dress-makers have a dress-making queerness in them, a queerness that comes from sitting sewing and always lying and their own kind of anxious feeling and their own kind of creating and own kind of nervous being, there are many of such of them. Lillian Rosenhagen was not of such of them, she had in her as I was saying anxious feeling, she had in her very little of impatient being, there never came to be in her a queerness inside her.

Lillian Rosenhagen never had any man who really wanted to marry her. They all liked her. Mostly every one who knew her liked her. She lived together with her mother and sometimes her sister. Sometimes the sister sewed with her. Often this one did not live with her mother and her sister. She had a very unpleasant nature.

Sometimes then the sister Cecilia Rosenhagen would be living with her mother and her older sister Lillian. Often she would leave them and live away from them. The Rosenhagen sisters were both born american. The father was not living. The mother was old then and did nothing but a little cleaning and cooking, the daughter Lillian did most of the supporting of the mother. Sometimes Cecilia would be helping but she never got as much money for working as Lillian and often she was not living with them.

As I was saying Lillian Rosenhagen did not have men want

to marry her. She was good looking, she was tall and dark, she was a stupid woman. She had good dress-making instinct in her working. She was steady in her working. She had in her anxious feeling as I was saying, a little, every time she had to do something. Cecilia had in her anxious feeling as excitement always in her. She had a very disagreeable nature. She had always suspicion in her of every one around her, anxious feeling was always an excitement to her, she had a great deal of it in her.

Every one then has in their living repeating, repeating of every kind of thing in them, repeating of the kind of anxious feeling almost every one has more or less always in them, repeating of the way each one has of being stupid in their living.

Almost every one, always each one has a way of having a kind of stupidity inside them always repeating in their living. Every one then has in them some kind of stupidity inside them. In each one it is of the nature of that one, of the kind of stupid being that is natural to their kind of them. With some their stupid being is mixed up with anxious feeling, with some with their impatient feeling, in some with other things in them, in some it is just there in them it never mixes up inside them, it is just there, always in them, it is so steady and still in them it does not come out of them as repeating, it just lies there quiet, as the bottom of them.

Lillian Rosenhagen was such a one. She was a stupid woman. She had anxious feeling in her whenever any little new thing was demanded of her, whenever she had to finish arranging anything, whenever in any way there was any adjustment inside her to anything in her working or to any one around her. This was the anxious feeling in her, this had nothing to do in her with the stupid being in her that made her.

Lillian Rosenhagen was four years older than her sister Cecilia. Cecilia had a very unpleasant nature, she had nervousness in her, she had suspicion in her, she had anxious being as excitement always working in her. She was not a good worker, she was not a bad worker, she could find people to employ her and they would always be ready to keep her longer

than her suspicious temper would let her. As I was saying sometimes she would be living with her sister and mother and then anxious being would be such an excitement inside her that she would go away and live with any friend who would let her. She always had a new friend who would take her, then she would have her anxious being as a new excitement in her and she would come back to her mother and sister. Lillian never began again with her from any goodness inside her. She had no use for her sister, they had no use for each other, they both had stupid being in them and they put up with each other when they were together, they did not quarrel with each other, they did not enough touch one another to quarrel together.

They each one of them had in them their own kind of stupid being. In Lillian stupid being was the vague bottom to her that was always there when you looked at her. It made her, it had nothing to do in her with the anxious feeling sometimes in her, not with any trouble she had in her with her mother or her sister or a customer or the daily living and everything then that happened to her. She went on repeating because in living one goes on repeating, because that is the way one does in living. Lillian Rosenhagen went on living, sometimes she had a real feeling in her living, often she had in her a kind of anxious feeling, this she had in her whenever she had any adjusting of herself to her working, her work to a fitting of herself to any one who had then something to do with her. As I said she always then had a kind of anxious feeling in her, this never came to be sorrow in her, this never came to be a puzzled or a worried feeling in her, it was just such a kind of anxious feeling in her that made a little feeling inside her that was not just going on living in her, not a copying of herself in repeating in her, not just a drifting in her, it was pretty nearly a really anxious being in her. As I say she had a vague stupid being as a bottom to her. Mostly she went on repeating because repeating goes on always when any one is still living. She had a vague stupid bottom being, this was hardly repeating, this was just there lying in her as a bottom. She had a physical something that made an im-

pression, that was some attraction. Mostly men did not want her for marrying, no man ever wanted her enough to have her marry him. She just went on living and dress-making.

Sometime then each one will be dead and they each one will do no more repeating; there will then have been, there will then be a whole history of each one. In some as I was saying repeating comes almost without any changing any differing from the other repeating in them, in some repeating always has some changing, in some repeating has each time real feeling, in some it has so little real feeling it is only copying their own repeating. There can be then every kind of repeating with every degree of changing to some which takes strong looking to be sure it is repeating. There can then be repeating with every degree of changing, with every degree of feeling. There can be strong feeling in each repeating and the repeating have almost no changing. There is every kind of mixing, there is excitement and nervous feeling in repeating that sometimes makes it seem to be changing, there is nervous or excited or anxious being around repeating that makes it sometimes seem like a fresh feeling. Even in anxious being there can be repeating without fresh feeling. There can be every kind of mixing, this is a history of some of them.

Lillian and Cecilia Rosenhagen each in their own way of being had both of them very little changing in their repeating, very little fresh feeling in their repeating. Lillian Rosenhagen had as I was saying always when she had to do finishing or beginning or a little adjusting of anything or of herself to any one around her, had always then a little anxious being that had always in it a little feeling, that had always in it very little changing, it was very much the same repeating. Mostly, in her ways of doing there was very little in her of fresh feeling, mostly when she was with others there was in her very little of fresh feeling, she was just copying herself in her movements in repeating or else she had in her a little drifting; she had in her as a bottom her indolent and stupid being that was in her

but hardly came out of her as repeating. She had almost nothing in her ever of impatient feeling.

Cecilia Rosenhagen was very different from her sister Lillian. She had in her anxious feeling as the bottom and the whole of her being. No man wanted her to marry him. It was different with her from her sister Lillian, it was for a different reason. Cecilia Rosenhagen had in her anxious being as the bottom and the whole of her being. In her, anxious being was always in her excited feeling, any one who saw her knew this in her; in her, injured feeling was always suspicious feeling, every one felt this strongly with her after a very little of her; she always had a new woman friend to pity her and to commence with her, she never had any man who wanted to take care of her or marry her. It was different in her from her sister Lillian, neither of them ever came to marrying.

So then they went on with their living to their ending Lillian and Cecilia Rosenhagen. No man ever married either one of them. They both went on in their own way living and dress-making to their ending. Mrs. Hersland liked to have Miss Lillian Rosenhagen in the house working. She was a good young woman for dress-making, she never gave to Mrs. Hersland anything of an injured or angry feeling.

There were then in Gossols in Mrs. Hersland's middle living three sets of women who did her dress-making. There were Lillian Rosenhagen and her sister Cecilia who worked for her in the house with her to make the ordinary dresses for her and her little girl Martha and sometimes for the governess then living with her, there was the woman who lived in a small house near the Herslands then in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, who did just working over and ordinary sewing, and there was then another dress-maker who lived in the richer quarter who made Mrs. Hersland's best dresses for her. There will be now a history of her.

Independent dependent men and women have attacking as a natural way of fighting in them, all independent dependent men and women have attacking as the natural way of fighting,

the kind of independent dependent men and women, these of that kind of them who have very much in them of weakness or sensitive being or vague or vacant being as the bottom of them such of them have in them when it comes to them to have fighting in their living and most of them have a great deal in them of fighting, some of them have it in them then to conquer whatever it is in the bottom of them that does not help them in fighting, some of them harden themselves harden the weakness in them so that it does not stop them, some fill themselves with angry feeling to concentrate in them the vague being they have inside them as a bottom to them, some just go ahead with the vacant being lying there in them they go ahead and it gives to such of them a being like an anxious feeling but it is not fear in such of them it is only the vacant being in them, some get so strongly in them the fighting for some one around them that it takes away from them in attacking the sensitive feeling that might stop them. In all of such of them there is to one looking at them anxious being in them but this is not really in them, it is only the halting that comes to them in attacking from the kind of bottom in them, from the weakness or sensitive being or vague or empty being that makes the bottom of each one of such of them. These then have in them halting in attacking, they have not in them really anxious being, they have not in them really fear in them, they have not in them servant girl nature in them, they have not in them dependent independent nature in them, they have not really resisting in them, they may help their attacking by a kind of stubbornness in them but this is never in such of them real resisting in them and sometime every one who lives near them learns to know it in them. The halting in them then in their beginning an attacking gives to such of them then an appearance to them not of timidity in them but of anxious being in them, sometimes anxious nervous being in them. They have not then really anxious being in them. Some time there will be here a history of many of them.

The other seamstress who did sewing for Mrs. Hersland in her middle living, the one who lived in that part of Gossols

where richer people were living, the one that made for Mrs. Hersland then all her best dresses the ones she used for visiting, this woman then was of a kind of woman as I was saying who have in them very little of anxious being or impatient being, sometimes impatient being, a little of angry feeling, sometimes some injured feeling. She was not of them I have just been describing. She is near them but not altogether of them. She has not much attacking in her living, she has more gayety in being. She is of the kind very closely like the kind I have been just describing but she is of a different kind of women from them. She has not in her any servant girl being, she has in her independent dependent being, she has in her attacking as her way of fighting but she has not much fighting in her being, she has gayety in her being, she does good dress-making, this is now a history of her kind of women and there are men too who have this kind of being. This is a history of a kind then of men and women. This is a history of one woman of this kind of men and women.

So then there was a woman Mary Maxworthing who did dress-making in Gossols and lived in that part of Gossols where richer people were living, there was this woman who had independent dependent being and had in her a certain kind of being and there are always being made many millions of women and there are always being made millions of men who have in them the same kind of being she had in her in her living.

She had attacking in her as her way of fighting but she did not have much fighting in her living, she had in her very little anxious being, she had in her a very little impatient being, she had gayety in living, she could have prudish feeling, she was a good work-woman.

Mary Maxworthing was clever not brilliant in dress-making, she had gayety in her living, she had very little in her of attacking, she had almost nothing in her of anxious being, she had very little fear in living, she had a little in her of impatient being, she had sometimes in her, injured feeling. She had not in her a stupid bottom to her, she had very little stupid being

in her. She was as I said a very good dress-maker. She had as I was saying independent dependent being, when there was fighting in her there was attacking but there was very little fighting in her living, when there was weakness in her of the bottom giving way in her that is always in those who have the dependent side of independent dependence in them, when that weakness came to be yielding in her it was a sensitive yielding in her but there was very little of this in her, there was very little weakness or sensitive yielding at the bottom in her. She had almost no fear in her, very little bottom yielding in her, she had almost no anxious feeling ever in her, she had almost no stupid being at the bottom of her, she had a little impatient being in her, she had sometimes a little injured being in her; any stupid being in her was connected with the little impatient being in her, with the injured feeling sometimes in her.

Mary Maxworthing then in her later living was very successful in her business of dress-making, I don't mean to say she ever made a fortune, she never did make a fortune, she earned a very good living. She was very successful in dress-making, she never earned real distinction, she never in living did really very personal creating but she lived her own life in her living and she had a fairly successful life from her beginning to her ending. She had men who wanted her to marry them, when she was thirty-five she did marry and she married very well then, not well enough to give up dress-making but well enough to be very comfortable in living.

She had working with her Mabel Linker, she had other girls working for her but Mabel Linker was a kind of a partner. She was the daughter of a cousin of Mary's sister-in-law and was a very good almost brilliant dress-maker. Sometimes the two had a hard time keeping together, Mabel Linker was a little flighty sometimes and sometimes Mary Maxworthing had an impatient temper, always she had a little impatient being in her.

I like to tell it better in a woman the kind of nature a certain kind of men and women have in living, I like to tell about

it better in a woman because it is clearer in her and I know it better, a little, not very much better. One can see it in her sooner, a little, not very much sooner, one can see it as simpler, things show more nicely separated in her and it is therefore easier to make it clear in a description of her. Such a nature as Mary Maxworthing had in her is of the kind of nature that many men and women have in them. It is clearer in her than in a man like her and so I will describe it in her. Sometime it will be clearer just why and how different her kind in a man is from her, this will all be clearer later. Now this is a history of Mary Maxworthing, and her dress-making and how Mabel Linker lived with her.

It is very interesting that every one has in them their kind of stupid being. It is very important to know it in each one which part in them, which kind of feeling in them is connected with stupid being in them. Sometime there will be a history of every kind of stupid being in every kind of human being in every part of the living of each one from their beginning to their ending.

Mary Maxworthing was one of the children of an american man and woman who had made a good enough living at farming.

Mary Maxworthing was one of the children of an american man and woman who had made a good enough living at farming. They still had a farm and some of their children lived with them. Their name was changed some in their american living. Mary came to Gossols to work for her living when she was about sixteen. She first earned her living by taking care of children. She did not find this very amusing. She liked children but she wanted freedom. She began to think when she was about twenty-one of some other way of earning a living. She thought over everything, a little dairy to sell butter and eggs and milk and cream but she did not like that kind of work and it takes a great deal of money to begin. She thought of millinering but she was not a very good hand at hat trimming, she was very good at sewing but she knew nothing about cutting and fitting. She was then about twenty-five when she came to this decision, when

she decided to do dress-making. As I was saying she knew then nothing about cutting and fitting, she was very good at sewing, she had good ideas about dresses for women, she had a good sense of fashion. So then she sent for her relation Mabel Linker who lived down in the country to come and join her. She went on working at being nursery governess to earn a living for the two of them while Mabel was to learn cutting and fitting and dress-making from the beginning. Mabel Linker was soon very clever at dress-making. Soon they were ready to begin. Then they started an establishment for dress-making in that part of Gossols where richer people were living. They did not then have success with their undertaking.

Mary Maxworthing had a certain gayety in being. She had not liked farming, she did not like taking care of children. She did not like farming for that is a dreary way of living, not that she was a discontented person but she liked a certain gayety in living. She had no wildness in her being, she was not really a thoughtless person, she was not a very conscientious person but she was conscientious enough for ordinary living, she was conscientious the way most people are in living, there was nothing reckless in her being. She had a kind of responsibility to others and to herself in her living, she was not at all a wild or stupid being.

They were at first not successful in their business of dress-making, they had troubles with each other and with not having money enough to keep going until they had customers enough to pay them.

As I say Mary Maxworthing never liked the Maxworthing way of living, she never liked farming, it was to her a dreary way of living, she did not find it very pleasant taking care of children because it left her no freedom for living. She preferred dress-making and it was very disappointing when she was at first not successful in this undertaking.

They had not enough customers to pay them to keep going, Mary Maxworthing soon used up all the money she had saved up to begin this undertaking, soon then the two of them began

quarreling, soon then they had for a while to give up dress-making; Mary had to go back to her place and once more begin to earn a living by taking care of children.

This was the way it came to an end for them the first effort for freedom, for Mary from nursery governessing, for Mabel Linker from sewing other people's cutting and fitting.

Mary Maxworthing had in her something of a despairing feeling when her undertaking came to such a helpless ending, when she had to go back to nursery governessing, when she had not any of the money left that she had been saving for five years for this undertaking. Mary Maxworthing always had a certain stylish elegance in dressing, she had a good sense for fashion and a feeling for gayety without any wildness in her living. There was nothing wild in her being, nothing reckless ever in her feeling, she had pride but not too much pride in her being, she had a reasonable amount of good sense and conscientiousness in living, she had started her undertaking with too much ambition for the money she had been saving and the talent she and Mabel Linker had between them. That is to say more money so that they could keep on longer waiting for people to know them or more distinction in their working might have kept them going; but with the money they had for waiting and the talent there was in the two of them they were too ambitious in their beginning. What they had between them was not enough for such an ambitious beginning as they had made of their undertaking. Mary Maxworthing liked distinction, she had a certain ambition, she had not much attacking in her for winning but she had a certain kind of certainty of successful doing; she had impatient being, she had a certain gayety in her being. Mabel Linker had not any sense in her to keep any one else with her from doing anything foolish, not that she would of herself have made such a beginning but she had not the energy in her for beginning, she had not the kind of sense in her for judging, she could never have any judgment of any way of beginning. Then they had trouble in their living. As I was saying Mary Maxworthing had gayety in being, she had very little almost

not any anxious being; she had independent dependent being and attacking was her natural way of fighting but there was very little fighting in her being, she had in her as a bottom a little but not very much sensitive being; she had in her as a bottom almost not any stupid being. She had in her some impatient being, she could have in her a little injured being, she could have in her angry feeling, but mostly it was the impatient being that sometimes was nervous impatient being that made her interfering, that made her always sure of knowing, that was the stupid side to her being, that made the trouble between her and Mabel Linker when they were then working together. Mabel Linker had very little common sense, she had little twittering flighty ways in her but she was a good sewer, she was a good cutter and fitter, she was almost a brilliant dress-maker, but she had very little stability in her character. Mary Maxworthing began with almost an idolising of her and then there came trouble when they began living together. Then the money was all gone and they both had become a little bitter. Mary had then almost a despairing feeling in her. Mabel took it all as a thing that had happened to her and now there would be some other thing to happen to her. She took it not so much lightly as as a thing that was over and that was all there was about it to her.

This was only the beginning of trouble for her but she always took it as it came to her, not lightly but simply and flightily as it happened to her.

Mary Maxworthing had in her something of a despairing feeling at the failure of her undertaking, at her return to nursery governessing. At first she did not even get a position so she lived on with Mabel Linker who did enough work to support her. Mary Maxworthing had a miserable feeling then in her, she had not an anxious feeling in her because a living for her was always around her, she could always find people to employ her she had this always in her, but she had for the first time in her living in her a discouraged sense of failure.

Mary Maxworthing then had, for her, a very helpless dreary

feeling at the failure of her undertaking. As I was saying it was not in her anxious being for she knew very well she never would have any real trouble earning a living but there was then for her no freedom in living, no distinction for her in the future. So she had in her, for her, really a despairing feeling. It was not a desperately despairing feeling but it was really, for her, a despairing feeling. She and Mabel Linker still continued to live together. Mabel Linker went to work right away for another dress-maker, it was hard work for her but this did not make really any very great difference to her. For a little while then Mary depended on Mabel Linker to support her, after a little while some one employed her to help out in a little store near her. She stayed there all of that summer. Later she went to a friend of the last person who had employed her as a nursery governess for her, and every one who knew her thought that the future now was settled for her.

Every one who knew her had a certain feeling about her. Every one who knew her had a secure feeling about her. There are many ways every one knowing any one feel in them the character of that one. There are very many ways then for people to feel other people around them. There are some who make almost every one who knows them have the same kind of feeling about them. In a way Mary Maxworthing was such a one. Mabel Linker was not the least bit such a one, almost every one who knew her had a different feeling. With Mary Maxworthing it was a different matter, some liked her and some did not like her, but whether one liked her or did not like her each one had about the same feeling about her, about the same estimate of her. It is a queer thing though with women and with men too like her, they can astonish every one and Mary Maxworthing had this in her. There are always many millions of women and of men being made like her. This is now a history of the feeling about her, the estimate every one who knew her had of her, of the thing in her that was a surprise to every one who knew her. The kind she is will then always come to be clearer. Always

one must remember each one has their own way of feeling other people's nature.

Mary Maxworthing as I was saying was really whatever any one who knew her thought her and yet she now had something happen to her that surprised every one who knew her.

She had as I was saying in her then a kind of a despairing a little an impatient feeling, she had no really anxious or excited or fearful being then in her, she knew she could always get a good place for people always wanted her. She was then as I was saying not a very young woman. For the rest of the summer she finally began working in a store near her, then later she got a good position as nursery governess and everything was satisfactory to her. Mabel Linker was working then in the beginning of winter around in houses sewing but she expected soon to begin again working for herself, it was she now who had a chance in her of a future. Mary Maxworthing said nothing then of working with her. One day Mary Maxworthing took a day off to go to the hospital to see a doctor. She went alone not even Mabel Linker was with her.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing was what every one thought her. Every one had about the same estimate of her. Something happened to her that surprised every one who knew her, surprised them that it should happen to her.

Mary Maxworthing had not any recklessness or wildness in her. She had very little weakness in her. She had a certain ambition a certain desire for freedom and distinction. She had no anxious being or fear in her, she had not very strong desires in her, she had a certain gayety in her, she had a reasonable sense of responsibility inside her, she had a certain delicacy and good sentiment in her, she was what every one who knew her thought her. She had a little impatient feeling in her.

She went in to the doctor, the doctor asked her a few questions and then examined her, "you know what's the matter with you," he said to her. She grew red, she had a little impatient feeling in her, she had no fear in her and no angry feeling in

her. "I don't know what's the matter with me Doctor," was her answer.

She had I was saying never any anxious feeling in her, she never really had any fear in her. She did have a little impatient feeling always in her. She had had after the failure of her undertaking a little of a despairing feeling. Now she did not have this in her. When the doctor said that to her she had no fear or anxious being in her, she grew a little red, she had a little nervous impatience then in her. "You know what's the matter with you!" said the doctor. "I don't know what's the matter with me," was her answer. The doctor was a young man, he grew angry and he told her. She grew redder, she had more impatient feeling in her but she had very little shame or anxious feeling in her, she had a little more impatient feeling in her. "You'd better get him to marry you," said the doctor who was angry with her.

It is very interesting that every one has in them their kind of stupid being. It is very important to know it in each one which part in them; which kind of feelings in them is connected with stupid being in them. Sometime there will be a history of every kind of stupid being in every kind of human being in every part of the history of each one from their beginning to their ending.

There is then stupid being in every one. As I was saying Mary Maxworthing had very little stupid being in the bottom in her being, her stupid being was mostly mixed up with her impatient being with her possible angry or injured feeling. The doctor was angry at her saying that she did not know what was wrong with her, he thought it was stupid bottom being in her or a way of deceiving in her, it was the stupid being in her that went with the impatient being in her. Sometime this will be clear in her. The doctor then was angry with her, "you know what is the matter with you!" he said to her.

She did not then say anything farther, she was not interested in what the doctor had further to say to her. It was of no importance to her. She had then finished the stupid being in her

that went with the impatient being in her. She was through with being stupid in that kind of way of not knowing whether it had really happened to her. Later impatient feeling stupid being would be again in her, this will show in the later history of her but now she knew what was the matter with her; she went home and it got told to Mabel Linker. It was told to Mabel Linker, Mary Maxworthing told it very directly to her, "I don't care I want a baby, so much the worse for me getting it in this way but I want it anyway." Mary said this always after she had told her.

Mary Maxworthing then had a baby in her, it had happened to her and it was a surprise to every one who knew her who learned it about her. It was the very last thing any one would have expected to happen to her. One would have thought surely Mary Maxworthing would make a man marry her before such a thing would happen to her. It was a surprise to every one who knew her. But she was always then the same that every one thought her only, as she said, alright there is nothing to say about it, it had happened to her. That was the end of the fact for her, that was not the end of the trouble for her, that was the end of the fact for her. As I was saying Mary had stupid being in her connected in her with the impatient feeling she had in her, with the injured feeling she could have sometime in her. She had no stupid being as a bottom to her, by and by this will be clearer. Mabel Linker had a hard time taking care of her. Gradually the people who employed her knew what had happened to her. They were surprised too that it could happen to her, she said nothing to explain how it had happened, she said, alright it has happened and she liked children and now she would have one. There was no hardness in her, there was then no really anxious being in her. It had happened and that was the end of that matter to her. Soon every one who knew her had the same feeling about what had happened to her. Every one continued to have the same opinion of her whether they liked her or whether they did not like her as they had had before this

happened to her, then every one who knew her had still the same estimate of her.

She was then without real anxious feeling, the people who employed her were patient with the impatient being then in her. Mabel Linker took good care of her and stood all the impatient being then in her, the impatient being that was stupid being then in her, the impatient being that was irritating then in her to every one near her, the impatient being that made her very interfering and rather nagging.

This is now a history of what now happened to her and how Mabel took care of her, and of Mabel Linker and how they did and did not get along together, and what each one of them felt about the other.

Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker were from the same part of the country. They had always known each other. Mary was the elder. Mabel was about five years younger. Mabel Linker's cousin had married Mary Maxworthing's sister. Mary Maxworthing had always known Mabel Linker and had always been very fond of her. When Mabel came to Gossols to learn dress-making Mary almost idolised her. They were then always together, Mabel then always did what Mary told her. Mabel was then a stranger, Mary Maxworthing had already been in Gossols many years then and she took care of her. They got along very well together. As I was saying Mabel learned cutting and fitting and soon became very clever almost brilliant in dress-making, she had not the sense for fashion, she had not the sense for managing, she had very little sense about anything, she had to have some one to do directing and Mary Maxworthing did this for her in the beginning completely to Mabel's satisfaction. Satisfaction is not the right word for describing Mabel's feeling. In Mabel satisfaction was the not being aroused to escaping or resisting or in fact to any conscious feeling. Anyway they got on then very well in living and dress-making. Mary then had very little impatient being, her impatient being had then nothing nervous in it, not that she ever came to be a nervous person, her impatient being was not then too interfering and then too at that

time she had for Mabel almost an idolising feeling. She liked to write down when she was sitting idling, "Mabel is an angel, angel Mabel," and this showed her feeling. She wrote this down with a pencil whenever she was sitting doing nothing, this was in the beginning when Mabel was learning dress-making, when they were first living together.

It was much harder to know it about Mabel Linker what feeling she had in her about any one around her. It was always very hard to know this about her. Perhaps she did not mostly have any very strong feeling in her. It was very hard to know it about her. When she had a lover it was then certain that she was crazy to have him marry her, she only lived in having him want her. Mostly with every one else around her one never could tell what was the feeling in her. They got along then very well as I was saying when they first began living together.

Mabel then had become a good dress-maker, Mary had put together money enough and they began then their working together. At first things went pretty well and then they had some trouble living together and they had not then enough money to go on waiting for a future. They kept on however for some time living together.

Mary Maxworthing did not have in her really an unpleasant nature, she did not really have in her a nagging temper. She had very little in her of anxious being or attacking feeling that makes unpleasant nature. She had in her very little nervous character, she had in her a little impatient feeling, she had a pleasant gayety in her. Her stupid being and her interfering never came from anxious being in her, they were not really unpleasant nature in her, they came from the little impatient being in her and the fact that she had not a very large bottom in her to her, she had a little sensitive bottom in her, a very little weakness as a bottom to her, almost no stupid being as a bottom to her, she had enough sensitiveness in her to make a pleasant sympathetic sweetness in her, she had very little fighting or attacking in her; all the unpleasant and stupid being in her was with the little impatient feeling always in her, with the angry

and injured feeling sometime in her. This is a history of how she and Mabel Linker did and did not get along together. Mabel had a very different nature.

Mary had for Mabel then at first almost an idolising feeling. Mabel had a quality of brilliant dress-making, and sweetness in enduring, and no certain expression of her feeling, and a certain freedom in doing that looked like courage in her living but was only that she never saw anything except the thing that then filled her, she never had any reflection in her, she had a certain shrinking fear sometimes in her but that was only when somebody stopped her, she had a certain flighty freedom in her, she was almost a brilliant dress-maker. She never had any ideas in her, she had not much sense of fashion in her, she had not such sense in her but that was not necessary for her, Mary Maxworthing would run her, when she first lived with her Mary idolised her. As I was saying the failure of the undertaking was to Mary Maxworthing a loss of freedom, a loss of future distinction. Mabel had very little of this feeling, she had not much more freedom working with Mary Maxworthing than in any other kind of working, not that she did not like it better, she liked it better but the failure did not make all the difference to her. Later it went better because then she had a husband to urge her. But this is all history that will be written later. Always later although they stayed together it was not as it had been earlier, it was not then an idolising of her by Mary and a yielding by her because she had no way to resist her.

Freedom then in Mary Maxworthing was having her own choice in living, having some distinction. Freedom for Mabel Linker was loving one man and marrying him and working only under driving. She was brilliant then in working but she needed urging, she needed always some one else's starting. She had sensitive being in her to the point of creation, she was not of the kind of women that have instrument nature in them, she never did any one else's living, she always did her own living, when she loved her own loving, when she worked her own brilliant working, but always she needed other people to keep her

going, to start her, to arrange for her, to hold her down when flightiness seized her; she always lived her own life in living, she needed other people to start her, to give a beginning idea to her, she needed other people to arrange for her, to hold her when flightiness was in her. She had no fighting in her, she had very little sense of escaping in her, she had some stubborn being in her, when she seized a thing she needed in loving or living nothing could pull it away from her. She needed very few things so much that no one could take them from her, she had no sense in her, generosity had no meaning to her she would give anything to any one even when they did not ask her, she held on only to the thing in living that was life to her, she had not any strong feeling about anything except the man she needed for loving, the man she married and who was everything to her, everything else could slip away as it would from her. This made an ingrate of her, she had no sense of any one ever doing anything for her for she had no need in her, they did it she never felt anything about it in her, that made trouble for her later, that made it later hard for Mary Maxworthing to forgive her, this is a history of the trouble it made for her. She had independent dependent nature in her but the dependent side of it in her to the point of sometimes exquisite creation was the whole of her. She had none of the independent side of it in her, she had no attacking in her. Stupid being in her was a negative thing in her, she had no sense for ordinary living in her, she had no sense of anything that was happening to her, she had not enough of anything in her beside the sensitive creation that was her to make any sense in her, this was the stupid being in her; that which was not in her was the stupid being of her, this made in her a lack of understanding and of living, it made an ingrate of her, it made very often a foolish person of her. Often it not being there made her flightiness control her, those who were not ever much interested really in her always said of her it was foolishness, silliness always in her, those who took a real interest in her said she had craziness in her. She had independent dependent nature in her and the sensitive dependent

side of it in her to the point of exquisite creation was the whole of her. This is now a history of her, of her loving, of her marrying, of her dress-making, of her living with Mary Maxworthing.

When Mary came home from the doctor Mabel was told all that had happened to her. Mabel did everything any one could have done for her in all the trouble that then came to her.

Mary Maxworthing had not a despairing feeling with the baby in her as she had had at the failure of her undertaking at dress-making. She had a little more now of anxious being, she had none of despairing feeling, she had very little anxious feeling, she had none of despairing feeling, she had very little anxious feeling, mostly it was impatient feeling that filled her and injured feeling that so much bad luck should have come to her. A great deal of impatient feeling, considerable injured feeling and a little anxious feeling was what then mostly was in her. She had none of the despairing sense she had had in her after her failure, this would not effect the future for her, so much the worse for her that it had happened to her, she liked children, so much the worse that it should have come so to her, she still loved the man, he loved her, sometime perhaps he would marry her. As it happened he did marry her, he married her when she was thirty-five, when she was making her new beginning with Mabel Linker at dress-making and was succeeding. He was a decent enough man and always wanted to marry her, his family wanted him to marry another girl who was richer, he had been away on business travelling all the time she had the baby and later, when he came back finally and could arrange it he married her. It was a successful enough marriage for her. Living was always successful enough for her.

But all this was much later now she is coming back from the doctor with some impatient feeling, a little anxious feeling and some injured feeling in her. Mabel Linker then did anything any one could do for her, the people who employed her were much surprised at such a thing happening to her, no one who knew ever would have imagined such a thing would happen to her, but it did not change their feeling for her, it did not change

anybody's estimate of her. It had happened to her. Everybody was good to her, everybody except the doctor who had got angry with her. He was young then, he thought she had deceit in her, this was not true of her, she was as honest as most people are.

She was as honest as most people are in living, she was as conscientious as most people are in beginning, to herself she was a little more conscientious than she really was in being, she could have in herself an injured being. She could feel that Mabel should have in her toward her a grateful feeling, she could have in herself an injured feeling, she was to herself more sacrificing, more conscientious, a little perhaps, not much more honest to her in her being than she really was in being or in living, she could have then injured feeling. Mostly, in her, she had more impatient being, more interfering, than she had angry or injured feeling. She could have angry and injured feeling.

She came back then from the doctor and then Mabel Linker and then her employer knew what had happened to her. Everybody then was very good to her. No one then who knew her changed then in their feeling about her, this had happened to her, she was always though what every one always had thought her. The doctor had been angry with her, but he was young and thought it deceit in her, it was impatient being that was the stupid being in her.

Mabel Linker was working for her living, she had commenced again having work to do in her room and in a small way had commenced again a business of dress-making though often she had to go out sewing. Mary Maxworthing, when she would have a bad feeling in her, came to Mabel Linker to have her take care of her.

As I was saying Mabel Linker took care of her. It was not an easy matter. Mary went to Mabel every time she felt badly inside her. She never would go to a doctor. This was the impatient being in her, this was the impatient being in her that was the stupid being in her, this will be clearer later.

Mabel Linker took care of her and it was not an easy matter. She would not go to see a doctor. Finally at six months the baby

passed out of her. She almost died when this happened to her. Mabel Linker had sent then for a doctor. It came very nearly being too late then to save her. This did not scare her until it was all over. She did not really know what was happening to her. She did not like it when she heard it later, she had no desire for dying in her. All that happened to her was from the impatient being in her. Impatient being was the stupid being in her. Every one has in them their own kind of stupid being, every one has in them a stupid part in them, this is a history of stupid being in Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker. This is a history of what happened to each of them, of everything that was in them, of the kind of stupid being in each one of them.

As I was saying, at the beginning of their living together, at the beginning of their dress-making Mary had for Mabel almost an idolising feeling. No one ever thought about the feeling Mabel Linker had about Mary Maxworthing. That was not important to any one. Later every one who knew them came to think about it but this was in their later living; in the beginning of their living together, in the beginning of their dress-making undertaking, the feeling Mabel Linker had about Mary Maxworthing was not important to any one, no one knew whether she had little or much feeling, this was not important then to any one, not even to Mary Maxworthing. This was because of the nature Mabel Linker had in her. Feeling in Mabel Linker for any one was something no one ever stopped to consider, it was enough that Mary Maxworthing liked living with her, it was enough for any one who knew her to know that when Mary needed her Mabel took good care of her. Later, feeling in Mabel became more important to those that knew her. Later there was a question in the mind of every one who knew her what kind of feeling she had in her. Later every one came to feel about her that mostly she had not any feeling in her. Mary Maxworthing later felt this in her. Later every one who knew her accepted this in her. Some were never very certain about her. She was different then from Mary Maxworthing, she was a

very different nature. Every one had the same notion of Mary whether they liked or whether they did not like her, she could surprise them by something happening to her but every one had and always kept about the same estimate of her. This is now more history of her.

There are millions always being made of every kind of men and women. Some kinds of them have it in them to have a being that makes every one who knows one of such of them think that one a singular one but always there are many millions of such of them, as many millions of such of them as of them who have it in them to have every one who sees them think there are always many existing of their kind of them. More and more in living one finds this to be true of people around them. This is now a history of every kind of them of every kind of men and every kind of women who ever were or are or will be living, of every kind of beginning of them as they are babies and children, and now this is a history of these two of them, Mabel Linker and Mary Maxworthing.

There is always then repeating, always everything is repeating, this is a history of every kind of repeating there is in living, this is then a history of every kind of living. There is always then in every one, repeating, there are always being made then millions of every kind of being, there are always then living millions of every kind of men and women, there are and were and will be always existing millions of each kind of them, and the kinds of them from the beginning, and in every nation, are always the same and this is now a history of some of them. There are always then the same kinds of them and millions of them, millions of each kind there are of men and women always existing. Each one of all of them have in them their individual existing, their own history in them, their own living in them, and this is now a writing of the history as it comes out of some of them. There is then always repeating, there is then always individual existing. There is then always repeating, there is then always repeating in each one, in each kind of them, in pairs of them, in pairs of women, in pairs of men, in pairs of men and

women. Always more and more in living it comes out how kinds of them in pairing are always repeating, this is true in loving, in friendly being between men and women. Sometimes in living one sees so many repeating, so many who seem when one knows them to be so individual there can never be any one anything like them, a pair of them with so individual a relation made up of two who are so singular in their being that it never seems that there can be others just like them. Always then one sees another pair of them and sometimes it is almost dizzying, it gives to each one of the pairs of them an unreal being, and then it comes again that one understands then that repeating is the whole of living. Repeating is the whole of living and by repeating comes understanding, and understanding is to some the most important part of living. Repeating is the whole of living, and it makes of living a thing always more familiar to each one and so we have old men's and women's wisdom, and repeating, simple repeating is the whole of them.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker were not altogether successful friends in their living. Later they both were married and then things went a little better for them, also they were succeeding them in their business of dress-making. This was when Mrs. Hersland knew them, when they were again living and dress-making in that part of Gossols where rich people were living.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing when she was having the baby taken, did not know how near she was to dying. All of it came from the impatient being which was her kind of stupid being. She did not know when the baby was passing how near she was to dying, afterwards she had about it almost an anxious feeling.

As I was saying it was hard on Mabel Linker then to take care of her. Not when the baby was passing out of her for then she had a doctor and was in a hospital with a nurse taking care of her, but before, when she would not see a doctor. She would not let a doctor see her, this was impatient being in her, she would not listen to Mabel Linker or to any one else who tried

to advise her, she was full up with impatient feeling. Yes, of course sometimes she was bleeding, but she did not want to pay any attention; she was full up then with impatient feeling. Later after it was over and she knew how near she had been to dying she had for a little while less impatient feeling, she had then in her, some anxious feeling. This was the end of that thing for her. She stayed then a year or two longer with the same employer. During this time Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker saw very little of each other. They had had serious troubles with each other.

As I was saying when Mary Maxworthing first had Mabel Linker live with her she had for her almost an idolising feeling. As I was saying men and women, women and women, men and men do so much repeating, it is almost startling as more and more one comes to know it of them. The repeating is not only of the general kind of combining as to their being men and women, as to their being big and little, alike or contrasting, independent dependent and dependent independent, it is likeness of the type of character combining with another and these two are very individual in their being and their relation and sometimes they have in them a kind of being that makes every one who knows them think there can never have been any one like one or the other of them, surely never any two like the pair of them and then one goes on in one's living and then there is repeating of the pair and then another repeating of them and then another repeating of them and always one has about each pair of them the strong feeling of their having each one of them strongly individual being and sometimes it makes of everything a strange world for living and sometimes it makes to one's feeling the world a pleasant and familiar place for living. Strange-ness has no place then in living, to one's feeling, it is a familiar thing, living, and to some, such a feeling is the pleasantest kind of feeling they can have in their living.

Mary Maxworthing then is very clear now in her being. She is very clear now to every one. There are many millions always living with her kind of being. There are in every country in

every kind of living, they exist with every kind of training. Sometime there will be a history of five of them, sometime there will be a history of all of them. Now this is a history of one of them.

Mary Maxworthing was what every one who knew her, whether they liked her or did not like her, thought her. She had not any recklessness or wildness in her.

There are as I was saying the two kinds of being in women and in men, independent dependent, dependent independent. The first of these have attacking as their natural way of fighting, resisting in such of them is sometimes impatient or dull or scared or stubborn or pig-headed stupid or vacant being, is sometimes a continuing of attacking; resisting to the dependent independent is the natural way of fighting. Those then who have in them independent dependent being as the bottom of them have attacking in them as their natural way of fighting. Many of them have very little fighting in their living. This was true of both of these two who had independent dependent nature in them, Mabel Linker and Mary Maxworthing.

Sooner or later there will be histories of many men and women with independent dependent nature in them. As I was saying there is to be Martha Hersland and Julia Dehning, there is to be a sister of one governess, and one governess with such a nature. Now there are Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker.

As I was saying then, every one has in them their own way of being and this comes out of them in the repeating that is always in every one, in some it does not come to be very clear in them until their middle living, in some not until their later living, but sometime in every one the nature in them comes to be clear to any one who looks well at them, sometimes in their younger living, sometimes in their middle living, sometimes in their later living. As I was saying every one has in them their own way of eating, their own way of drinking, their own way of sleeping, their own way of resting, of loving, of talking, or keeping still, of waking, their own way of working, of having stupid being in them and coming out of them, their own way of having

nasty feeling in them and coming out of them, in short then, every one has in them their own being and in repeating it is all through their living always coming out of them.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing had gayety in living. She had very little fighting in her living but fighting in her was as attacking. She had very little fear in her. She had very little bottom to her, she had a little sensitive bottom to her enough to give a pleasant sweetness to her. She had a little weakness in her enough to make her a little yielding to attacking. She had very little stupid bottom in her, most of the stupid being in her was of the impatient being always in her. This was the disagreeable part in her, the little attacking in her was not enough in her to be an unpleasant being in her, injured and angry feeling in her was part of such attacking living as she had in her but these were not much in her. They were sometimes in her; they were in her when she had the baby, that such bad luck should come to her. They were in her about Mabel Linker, when to her thinking Mabel was ungrateful toward her. This is now a history of Mabel Linker, and of her and Mary Maxworthing living together and their having trouble with one another and of Mabel's loving and then their beginning again dress-making together.

Mabel Linker had a very different nature from the other. She had no impatient being in her, she had sensitive being in her to the point of creation. She had in her independent dependent nature. She had no attacking in her. This is now a history of her.

Every one has in them always their own repeating, always more and more then repeating gives to every one who feels it in them a more certain feeling about them, a more secure feeling in living. Repeating is more and more in every one the whole of that one the whole of every one, the wonder of each one is always more and more complete in each one as the repeating in them makes them a sure thing a thing certainly having being, makes for every one old men's and old women's wisdom, old men's loving and old women's feeling. Always more and more

then repeating is the certain thing in every one. Always more and more then there is contentment in the secure feeling repeating in every one gives to every one. Always then there is excitement for every one in the certainty of repeating in every one. Always the wonder of each one as repeating in them makes a certain whole of them, comes to be a contentment to any one who sees them. Always then repeating is in every one and every one is a whole then and there is a secure feeling in resting in this realisation sometime one can have of every one. Repeating then is always in every one, sometime then there will be a description of all repeating and then there will be contentment in contemplation. Anyhow repeating is always in every one. Anyhow repeating is always in the pairing of two of them. This is now a history of two of them.

Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker had then both of them independent dependent nature in them. Slowly it came out in them. Slowly they had trouble with each other. Later they began again together but that was then a business matter. Mabel had then her husband to urge her. Mabel's marrying made at first great trouble between her and Mary Maxworthing.

As I was saying, until Mabel Linker was full up with loving for the man who later married her no one ever had known what feeling she had in her about any one near her, about anything that happened to her. Perhaps nothing was important to her until loving filled her. Anyway no one ever knew what she had as feeling in her. She had as I was saying almost brilliant quality as a dress-maker. She had not much sense of fashion in her. She needed some one to urge her and start her. When a thing was suggested to her and she was pushed to begin she was almost a brilliant dress-maker. As I was saying no one knew very much what feeling she had in her. People who knew her had very different opinions of her. When Mary Maxworthing first knew her, first had her living with her, she almost idolised her. This feeling lasted in Mary through the beginning of their undertaking of dress-making. It died down in her when she had her trouble in her, her impatient feeling when they were not succeeding,

her despairing feeling at the failure of her undertaking, her impatient troubled nervous feeling when she had her baby in her, her anxious feeling when she knew what had almost happened to her that her baby was dead and that she had almost died with her. And then Mabel Linker had her lover, Mary found ingratitude then in her, things got so that they could no longer live together. Then Mabel got married and much later when Mary had a little money left to her from some relative down in the country and Mabel had her husband to urge her, they began with their undertaking in that part of Gossols where richer people were living. Now they were more successful and things were different between them. Mary had now mostly the business managing and the excuses and the matching and the buying to do for the two of them and Mabel did the dress-making and she had in her with her husband's urging enough decision so Mary was stopped from doing too much interfering. They always did a fair amount of quarrelling but on the whole this time they succeeded fairly well with their undertaking. Then Mary married the man as I was saying, he had always wanted her to marry him and now his family would let him. His mother had not any longer any objection. Mary Maxworthing was succeeding well enough with dress-making, besides she saw that he would do it and it was not any longer any use objecting and resisting. This was about the time when Mrs. Hersland had them to make for her all her best dresses, all those she used for visiting.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing when she had her baby in her had not then in her any despairing feeling but she had in her a troubled impatient nervous being. As I was saying, in their first living together she had for Mabel Linker almost an idolising feeling. She would write when she sat idling, "angel Mabel, Mabel is an angel," and this showed her feeling. She never thought anything about Mabel's feeling. Mabel was everything she wanted and that was enough for her feeling, besides it was almost impossible to know what Mabel had inside her. As I was saying Mary Maxworthing had gayety but never any

wildness or recklessness in living. She had gayety in living, she had in her very little anxious being, she had in her always impatient being, she had some sensitive bottom enough to give with her gayety some attractive sweetness to her. Her gayety and her impatient being and what there was in her of attraction gave her some quality of domination, not so much as there was in her impatient being and interfering. She was then a pleasant enough person all through her living, she was a pleasant enough person with some quality of attraction. She was reasonably honest and conscientious in her living. In the beginning then she had for Mabel Linker an idolising feeling. When she was sitting idling she would often be writing, "Mabel is an angel, angel Mabel." She had for her this feeling, all through the beginning of their first undertaking. Then they had trouble living together, Mary was very interfering, she had a sense for fashion and she had given all the money they had for their beginning and Mabel never had in her any impatient being and she could endure a good deal of directing, but when they were not succeeding they began to have trouble between them. Not that Mabel said much or did much to show any changing in feeling but Mary felt that Mabel had not enough grateful feeling. Mabel never did have grateful feeling, after all she did the dress-making, after all she never thought much about Mary and her feeling, after all she was always willing, after all she never really heard very much of what Mary was always saying.

Mary Maxworthing had a certain gayety in living, she had ambition, she had impatient feeling. She had a certain power of domination, but not as much as she had impatient feeling which made her interfering and in a certain degree nagging. She had just enough domination to keep her from being too irritating.

Mary Maxworthing never had in her any grateful feeling to Mabel Linker for taking care of her, for doing all any one could do for her, while she was having her trouble with a baby. Mary was not like Mabel, she knew people should be grateful, she could have injured feeling in her. It was a little queer that she never felt that Mabel Linker had been good to her, that she

should have any grateful feeling toward her; perhaps it was because then she had so much impatient being in her and impatient being was the stupid being of her, perhaps it was because Mabel Linker had never any feeling in her of doing anything for her. Mary told her to do something and Mabel did it for her, there was no anxious feeling in Mabel Linker ever; there was never any tenderness in her, Mary Maxworthing then had never any grateful feeling to her in her.

The idolising feeling in Mary Maxworthing for Mabel Linker did not change into something else in her. It just died out of her. Later when Mabel had gone away from her and was married Mary wanted to begin again with her but always again, when she got used to her, she had no strong feeling about her, she never had for her at any time, later, an idolising feeling, but she always wanted her more than Mabel wanted her. But Mabel really only needed the man who married her, Mabel never wanted anything else to come to her. Later with her husband to urge her she got to have more feeling for a future, she wanted them for him and for herself too then success in dress-making. She and Mary came together then. Mary had some money then and they began again in that part of Gossols where rich people were living.

Mary Maxworthing had then, when she had the baby in her, nervous impatient being, she had no feeling in her about Mabel Linker or any other person near her, the idolising feeling she had had for Mabel died out of her when freedom and distinction did not come to her, not that she had liked Mabel because Mabel could possibly help her to a future, not at all, but when Mabel was always with her, when Mary was not stirred up with planning for the future, when gayety was a little dead in her, when impatient feeling was in her, she had not any stimulation to have idolising feeling for Mabel Linker. Mary Maxworthing then had for Mabel, as for every one around her then, no feeling, she was full up with impatient being. Later then, when the baby was still-born and Mary knew she had been very near to dying, she had in her then anxious impatient, a little of nervous being,

Mabel then had for her very little meaning, then later when Mary began to be herself again inside her Mabel had begun loving and Mary was disapproving. So there was never again a beginning in Mary of idolising feeling.

Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker were not altogether successful friends in their living. Later they both were married and then things went a little better between them. Mabel Linker had a husband then to make her important and to urge her inside her. Mary Maxworthing did not have a husband until some time after Mabel had one, until after she had begun again with Mabel the undertaking of dress-making.

Every one has then in them their own way of having injured feeling, Mabel Linker had never in her much of this inside her. Later with a husband to urge her to be inside her her important being, she could have such a feeling. Luckily then Mary Maxworthing had not yet her husband and so they got along together.

As I was saying Mary Maxworthing then had for a little time no hope for future freedom, she had just then no prospect for marrying, she was commencing to have again a little gayety in living, she had in her then still impatient being. Mabel Linker had commenced to have work enough at home to keep going. Mary just then had no hope of commencing dress-making with her again. Mabel was flighty then and had no sense in managing. Mary was not taking much interest in what Mabel was doing, she had in her some impatient feeling, she had in her then very little important being of herself inside her to her feeling. She had in her then not much real living, she had in her then negative egotism.

It was alright for Mary Maxworthing to have the feeling she had in her about Mabel Linker. She had good reasons then for the feeling in her. It was the end of interest for her, it was the end of freedom for her, Mabel had no meaning for her when she had no connection with her, this came to her when she had her baby in her from the trouble in her that left her no feeling for any other because she had no live being in her; later when

Mabel was full up with love for the man who later married her there was nothing of her for Mary to feel in her, there had never been anything there really, for her, but when there was nothing else in Mabel Linker it had not made any difference to any one who knew her. Mary Maxworthing had then good reason for the feeling she had in her about Mabel Linker, Mary had had almost an idolising feeling about Mabel when they first lived together when they began their undertaking of dress-making together, when she would sit idling, waiting, dreaming, she would be writing, "Mabel is an angel, angel Mabel," this showed the feeling she had then in her about her. Then came the time when she was no longer hoping for the future, then there was some bitterness in her, then she felt Mabel should have more grateful feeling in her than she showed toward her, then came the despairing being in her and then the thing happened to her that surprised every one who knew her when her weakness and desire were more active in her because gayety and impatient being and ambition were then dead in her. Then she had not feeling about any one around her. Then there came to be in her, troubled impatient feeling, and Mabel took care of her. Mary was then full up with impatient being and Mabel took care of her like any other, neither the one nor the other then felt anything about the other. Then when that was over Mary knew how near she had come to be dying, then she had a little anxious impatient irritable being in her and then she and Mabel still lived together and then they quarrelled more and more with each other for Mabel was beginning then with her lover and so she had then the beginning of wanting to escape, a little, in her. Then Mary was beginning to have her former being, she had begun again taking care of children. Mabel then was beginning to succeed well enough with dress-making to work at home and keep going. She was flighty then and uncertain in her working and Mary was always scolding, not for her own sake for there was nothing in it for her, but for Mabel's sake so Mabel could get along and not have people leave her disgusted with her. Mabel was very flighty then with no one to hold her, she was getting

then fuller and fuller of love for the man who later married her. Mary did not want this marriage for her, he was a young fellow, Mabel's lover, younger than she was and a poor money getter. Mary did not then have for Mabel any idolising feeling, she did not take much interest in her, she always scolded her, she had in her an injured feeling because Mabel had no gratitude in her, no feeling for any one around her. This was true enough about her, Mary always had good reasons for the feelings in her, it was true enough Mabel was flighty and had no gratitude in her and had no feeling for any one ever excepting the man who later married her. And so they did not get along at all together, Mabel always had more and more escaping in her, she had not come yet to have any feeling of herself inside her, this came to her later with a husband to urge her to make her herself inside her, but she had more and more of escaping being in her, she was always getting more and more full of loving and she never had had in her any feeling for any one around her. Before, it had not been important to any one the feeling in her for then there was not in her, loving or escaping to make any one feel any lack in her. Now it was different and Mary Maxworthing had good reason for the feeling she had in her about her. Mabel was working then but flightiness was strongly in her and people who employed her often were disgusted with her. They did not leave her for as I was saying Mabel was almost brilliant in dress-making. Mary had no patience then with her, she had injured feeling in her for she was then not of any importance to Mabel Linker. She had injured and sometimes angry feeling in her then about her. It was all-right for her to have then such a feeling about Mabel Linker, Mabel had flightiness then in her, Mabel had escaping then in her, Mabel was full up with love for a man who was younger and would never earn a living for her. Mabel Linker had then her own living in her. She was full up with love for the man who later married her.

Things then were always getting more and more unpleasant between them. Mary Maxworthing had injured feeling in her,

she had impatient being then in her, she was always scolding, she wanted Mabel not to have such flightiness in her, she wanted to keep her from marrying. Mabel then had escaping being in her and she would then sometimes answer and it was then a continued biting chatter whenever they were together and they were always together, they could not keep away from one another. Finally things got so bitter between them that Mary would have nothing further to do with her. Mabel could marry and then when sickness and trouble would come to her she would know better. Mary Maxworthing would have nothing more to do with her or with her pauper lover. Mary had a hard feeling then in her about her, she had then impatient being and injured being and angry feeling that together were in her as a hard sense of knowing that bad things would come to Mabel Linker to punish her. Mabel did not pay much attention then to her, she was having a little trouble then with the mother of her lover. The mother wanted her to take another flat to live in and Mabel had no money to pay for anything and she did not want to say it to her going to be husband's family. Mary Maxworthing had then always more and more of angry feeling in her about Mabel Linker. She told her then to get another machine to sew on, that one was hers and she needed it now for herself and Mabel could go to her lover's family and get them to give one to her, she thought they were such nice people, let them show her. Then Mabel's lover's mother made Mabel promise not to invite Mary Maxworthing to their wedding and that was for some time the end of any relation between them. Mabel Linker then was married and she and her husband had a happy enough existence. The husband's family had to help them and then his mother died and then when Mabel met Mary they began to say "how do you do," again to one another. Mabel with her husband, who was a nice bright man, to urge her, got on a little better. More and more then she felt herself inside her. She was beginning to have work enough to occupy her. She had even a girl to help her. Later she and Mary got to be friendly again together. Mary had a little money left to her and with

Mabel's husband to urge Mabel they began again a business of dress-making in that part of Gossols where rich people were living. Mary Maxworthing did the managing and the fashion and the excusing and the matching and the arranging for fittings and the arranging for paying and the changing, and Mabel the dress-making. They always had some trouble between them but this time they were successful enough with their undertaking. Later Mary Maxworthing married the man, as I was saying. They all four of them were successful enough in their living.

These then were the dress-makers Mrs. Hersland had in her middle living. The woman with the daughters, to do plain sewing and making over and putting on skirt braids and sometimes mending. Lillian Rosenhagen to make ordinary dresses for Mrs. Hersland and dresses for Martha and sometimes for the governess living in the house with her, and Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker to make her best dresses for her and once to make a dress for the last governess Miss Madeleine Wyman and there is now soon to be a history of this dress for her.

These then made Mrs. Hersland's clothes and clothes for her daughter Martha, sometimes for the governess living with her.

There were, as I was saying, in the middle living of the Hersland family, three governesses, a foreign woman, and a tall blond foreign american who later married a baker, and then Madeleine Wyman who was with them when Mrs. Hersland had in living, her most important feeling. This is now a history of the three of them and then there will be a little more history of Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland and of them with them, and then there will begin a history of the three children, a long history of each one of them.

The first governess then was a foreign woman. She was a good musician.

It is very interesting that every one has in them their kind of stupid being. It is very important to know it in each one which part in them, which kind of feeling in them is connected with stupid being in them. There is then stupid being in every one. It was hard to know it in the foreign woman who was such a

good musician and the first governess the Hersland family had living with them, it was hard to know the stupid being that was surely somewhere in her. It was hard to know her enough to know where to find it in her. She had a sister, in that way perhaps one could find it in her. This is now a history of her, and the sister and the Hersland family with her.

The sister was much younger. She was then in Gossols, then studying to be a teacher. She was always a little afraid of her sister. She always addressed her as sister Martha. It was very hard to find the stupid being in the governess even when she was with her sister. It was very hard to find stupid being in her then even when her sister was with her. She was then a woman nearly forty. She had been a governess ever since she was twenty. She had been, the last ten years, in America. She had brought her young sister with her, she wanted her to be educated to be a teacher, she wanted her to live in America where life would be easier. She herself did not like it in America, she wanted to go back to her old living where people spoke french and german and where it was natural for her to be a musician. It was not to her, natural to be musical in Gossols. She did not stay very long with the Herslands, her sister soon got a position as teacher and then the elder sister left her, she wanted them to leave America, this did not come to her, she got as far as Cincinnati and then somehow she never got farther. She stayed there and she gave music lessons and she never got any further and she stayed there always until she died there, and she never had left America. As I was saying it was not easy to know it in her the stupid being in her. As I was saying every one has in them their kind of stupid being. In almost every one sometime to every one it is clear in them which kind of feeling in them is connected with stupid being in them. There is stupid being in every one. It was not easy to know the stupid being in this first governess of the Herslands. As I was saying she was a good musician. As I was saying she had been then almost twenty years in the occupation of governessing. She had been ten years

in America, she had not much gayety in living, she had not in her anything of dreary being.

The first governess, then, did not stay a long time with the Herslands. It was not that any one of them wanted she should leave them. She did not make much of any impression on any of them. It made no difference to any of them her leaving or staying. She knew some funny foreign songs and the children liked to hear them and she was a good musician and that was all the meaning she had for them. As I was saying she had a little queerness in her but not enough to make her important to those near her. She had queerness enough to keep her together. As I was saying her sister was always a little afraid of her but she was twenty years younger and they did not live a long time together, her sister never came to know the meaning of queerness in her. She was to her, sister Martha, who gave the money to make her a teacher, who had given money so she had been kept at school after the father and mother had died and left her with no one to support her. Later when she had gotten a position and was earning her own living, she, sister Martha left Gossols and went to Cincinnati. They never again came together.

As I was saying she was a good musician. They liked her well enough, the Herslands, when she was governess to them but she made no impression on any of them. She did not give to Mrs. Hersland any important feeling of herself to herself inside her, to her feeling. Mr. Hersland had a theory of her in the beginning, he wanted to have a real foreign woman, a real governess with concentrated being, with german and french and who was really a musician. She was what he wanted then for his children and he employed her. When he remembered about her, when he saw her, or his wife or children mentioned her he knew she was what he felt they needed to have as governess in the house for the children. Theoretically, she was important to him, really she had no existence for him. What she was was just what he wanted for his children, a foreign woman who knew german and french well and was a good musician. Then he forgot about her for she had never when with them any existence for him. Then when

she left them after a little while with them because her sister had become a teacher and so she could leave her and she wanted to leave America, when she left them Mr. Hersland thought it was better that the children should have american training. They were american, they did not need french and german, they did not need to bother about music then, they could do that later, now they needed strength and gymnastics and out of door living, and swimming and shooting. And that was the end of the first governess for all of them.

They sometimes saw the sister Olga who was a teacher in Gossols but she never talked much about her sister Martha. The children liked Olga, they liked her, they liked to tease her. Mr. Hersland gave her good advice, when Mr. Hersland noticed her he was attracted by her. Olga was very different from her sister Martha.

Later there will be more history of her as Alfred Hersland comes to make fun of her, as Martha Hersland came to know her. Mrs. Hersland always kept track of her and was good to her. Mr. Hersland knew her in his later living when he had trouble. All this will be a history of her. All this will be written later. Everybody called her Olga. It was natural to be familiar to her.

There was then in the Hersland middle living this first governess who did not stay long with them. As I was saying when Mr. Hersland employed her, he was the one who interviewed her, she was the ideal for him. He wanted a real governess, a foreign woman with governess training, one who was a good musician, one who would talk french and german with the children. After she was with them whenever he noticed her he was certain that she was what he wanted to have for the children. When she left he had already in him a new beginning.

Now he wanted the children not to have their english spoiled by french and german. Now he was certain that music was a thing no one could learn when they were children. This was something every one should have in their later living, children should have freedom, should have an out of doors gymnasium,

should have swimming and public school living, should have a governess who would live with them such a life and not teach them french or german, not teach them anything, just be a healthy person with them. And so this next governess was very different from the last one.

She was a tall blond woman. She had no queerness in her. Later she married a baker. She was a healthy person. There was no trouble for any one to know her stupid being. But it made no difference to any one that she had stupid being, that that was almost her whole being, there was nothing that any one wanted of her that made her stupid being a trouble in her. Stupid being was the whole of her. It was alright in her. It was not actively pleasant in her. It was just all of her.

She was not a music teacher, she had no french or german in her, she just knew the ordinary things and not very well either. The children knew the stupid being in her. Every one could see it in her, it was almost the whole of her. She had no evil in her, not much of anything in her, there was a great deal of her, she was tall and blond and stupid being filled her. She did not give it to Mrs. Hersland to have in her much sense of important being in her. They all, all the governesses and servants and seamstresses gave some of it some time to her but it was to come more strongly to her later through the third and last governess, Madeleine Wyman.

Each one then has in them stupid being, every one has in them their own way of eating, drinking, sleeping, resting, waking, wanting things and getting or not getting them. Each one has in them their own way of succeeding in living, or in failing. Each one has in them their own way of being, their own being in them, and sometime there will be a history of all of them.

Mr. Hersland then had his own way of being in him. The governesses had each one their own way of being in them. Each one had a certain effect on him.

Eating and sleeping then and drinking and being loving and working and waking and resting and doctoring and having religion and beginning and ending. Mr. Hersland was now in the

beginning of his middle living. He was beginning then his habits of middle living. He was beginning then his regular country house living and governesses were then part of the regular living he had in him, with his eating and sleeping and talking and beginning. Habits were beginning in him. Repeating is always in every one, it settles in them in the beginning of their middle living to be a steady repetition with very little changing. There may be in them then much beginning and much ending, but it is steady repeating in them and the children with them have in them the pounding of the steady march of repeating the parents of them have in them. Mr. Hersland then was beginning to have in him his repeating of beginning middle living. He had then in him eating and sleeping and hygiene and much beginning and hearty laughing and impatient being and a kind of interest in some people near him and some brushing away of his wife from around him and his regular derangements in his stomach and in his dieting. He had in him then the beginning of his middle living.

There was then the beginning of middle living now in Mr. Hersland. It was in him then already in the beginning of their living in Gossols and having the first governess for the children. For Mrs. Hersland it was not yet in beginning. It came to her later with the governess Madeleine Wyman.

As I was saying he selected the two first governesses for his children, the first was his ideal of a governess for them then, a woman with governess training, a good musician and having a thorough understanding of french and german. She was his ideal then. When he told her what his ideals were for his children, she made an impression on him. Mostly, later, he never noticed her, she made no impression on him, sometimes later when she listened while he told her what he knew about education she made some impression but it was always a reflection, it was only when she was listening that she made an impression and that was only by virtue of her training, the listening of somebody so well-trained in education made an impression on him, it was her training it was never herself that made an impression

on him. When she left the Herslands he had not any longer much interest in talking to her training, he was already then full up then with a new beginning.

He had then a feeling that he wanted a big strong healthy woman to be with his children. They could get enough education from public schools and reading, he had had that kind of education, it would be the best thing for them. He told the governess what he wanted she should do for the children, what his ideas were about them. She listened to him but her listening was not stimulating, but she made an impression, he liked well enough to notice her then and later when she was married to the baker, when she was larger then and a little grimy he still liked to see her, he would stop by at her shop where she was sitting attending to the custom and he would eat a cake there and ask her how she was getting on and he liked that much contact with her. Later there was a third governess Madeleine Wyman.

The kind of loving women and men have in them and the ways it comes out from them makes for them the bottom nature in them, gives to them their kind of thinking, makes the character they have all their living in them, makes them then their kind of women and men and there are always many millions made of each kind of them.

The kind of loving then women have in them and the ways it comes out from them makes for them the bottom nature in them, gives to them their kind of thinking, makes the character they have all their living in them, makes them their kind of women and there are always many millions made of each kind of them.

In the Hersland family during the middle part of the family living when the children were beginning to have in them their individual living, when Mrs. Hersland was beginning to have strongest inside her her own important feeling, when Mr. Hersland was strongest in beginning and making his great fortune, during this middle living they had as governess with

them Madeleine Wyman and this is now part of her history with them.

Many women have sensitive being in them. Many have it as a bottom to them. Some of such of them have attacking as their way of fighting, some of such of them have resisting as their way of winning. Some of such of them have yielding of them as their way of subduing, some of such of them have resisting as their way of subduing. Some have weakening in them from the sensitive being as the bottom of them, some nervous being, some creating, some loving, some suffering, some yielding, some resisting. Mrs. Hersland had sensitive being as the bottom to her being, sometimes this was in her as suffering, sometimes as loving, sometimes as resisting.

Mrs. Hersland to herself was never cut off from rich right living. She was to herself cut off from Bridgepoint living, from eastern travelling, from southern feeling, she was not to herself cut off from rich living, she was to herself part of this being, in her Gossols living. She did not do much visiting but she was to herself always part of such living. She was to herself cut off from her family living, she was cut off from Bridgepoint living, she was in the west and eastern living was natural to her being. She had done travelling when she was younger, travelling with a cousin and a sister, she was now to her feeling cut off from such living. She was never to her dying, to herself, cut off from right rich being. She did not do much visiting, she was part of right rich being. This was herself in her feeling.

She was cut off from Bridgepoint living, from travelling, from eastern living, she had this to herself in her feeling, later she went to Bridgepoint and she was a princess to them, she was a rich woman, Mr. Hersland had then just made his great fortune. She was a princess to them, she was not of them, she never was to herself ever after the beginning of her Gossols living, ever again part of Bridgepoint living. She was always to herself cut off from eastern living, from her family being. As I was saying when she went much later on a visit to Bridgepoint she was a princess to them. Earlier her early eastern

living was a romance to her feeling. Always it was a romance to her feeling. Always even after she had visited them and been like a princess to them, for them, with them, eastern living was a romance to her feeling. Always she was cut off from eastern living, she never was to herself cut off from ordinary right rich being.

Mrs. Hersland had then all through her living her feeling of being always a right part of right rich ordinary being. Her children then were more of them the poor people living near them than they were of their mother's living then, though they were all of their mother's being then, all of her daily living then. Her husband was beginning then to be more then of the daily living around him than she was of him, of the men and women near them, not so much as the children were then but more than she ever could be in her feeling. He was then in the beginning of the middle part of his middle living, soon then he would begin to be more full up with impatient being. The children then as I was saying were more then of the living of the, for her, poor queer people around them than they were of their mother's living then. Her husband Mr. Hersland was beginning to have in him more feeling of brushing people away from around him, of being of them whoever it was that was at the moment near him. It was then, Mrs. Hersland had in her, strongest inside her, her feeling of herself to herself in her, she had then her strongest feeling of important being in her of herself inside her and she had this with Madeleine Wyman living in the house with her.

There are many ways of being, there are many ways of loving. Some subdue the ones they need for their loving. There are many ways of subduing. There are many ways of owning other ones around one. This is a history of some of them. This is a history of two of them.

The Hersland family, then, had three governesses living with them. There was the first one, the good musician with a regular governess training, there was the second one without too much education, there was a third one and this is now a history of her.

This is now a history of her with her family, with Mr. Hersland, with Mrs. Hersland, with every one she ever knew in her living from its beginning to its ending.

This is now a beginning of the history of her, Mrs. Hersland talked a great deal to her. Madeleine always listened to her. This is now a history of their talking to each other. This is now a history of how they owned each other.

It is very interesting that every one has in them their kind of stupid being. It is very important to know it in each one which part in them which kind of feeling in them is connected with stupid being in them. There is then stupid being in every one.

Mrs. Hersland was never important to her children excepting to begin them. She was never, even to them, important to their being, they had later a sore feeling in them because Madeleine Wyman owned their mother and a little their father, entirely their mother later to them, they had a sore feeling in them, not because their mother was ever important to them, but she had made them, she so belonged to them, she was so part of the personal being of each one of them. Madeleine Wyman owning their mother, was to them, not an owning of them, but a cutting off a piece from each one of them. Their mother then was of them, they were not of her then excepting, as she was making them, Mrs. Hersland was never important to her children excepting to begin them.

Later there will be more history of the little sore feeling the children had in them because of Madeleine Wyman, who was married then, and their mother was no longer living, of Madeleine Wyman owning the mother of them. Later then in the history of each one of them there will be a description of the sore feeling they each one had in them at Madeleine Wyman's owning the mother of them and a little the father of them. Not that Madeleine Wyman had any influence over any of them, over the mother or the father or any one of the children. It was nothing of such a thing that happened to them. It was that she owned the mother of them by living in her feeling their mother's

early living, by being the reason of their mother having in her then when Madeleine Wyman was with them the being herself to herself more inside her in her being than at any other time in all her living. So Madeleine Wyman owned Mrs. Hersland, to her children. She a little owned Mr. Hersland for them but that was mostly in so much as he belonged to the mother of them. Madeleine Wyman to them, to the children, never owned them, it was only the parents of them that she held in her possession. It was not a sore feeling ever in any one of the three of them that owning their mother and a little their father that she ever the least bit owned any one of the three of them. It was that in owning their mother's early living, in her feeling, owning their mother's moment of being most herself to herself in her feeling, owning their father's early living and their mother's feeling for their father then in her important being and their father's feeling for their mother then, it was by such owning that they felt something cut off from them. A part that should have been them Madeleine Wyman held in possession. It was not of them then, it was cut off from them. It should have been then as a piece of the whole of each one of the three of them. Madeleine Wyman held it in possession. In their very later living they each one had it again in them. They came again to own their mother and their father in them. In their early living they had about Madeleine Wyman a very sore feeling. They hated to hear her talking. Their mother and a little their father were really more important to Madeleine Wyman than they were to any of the three of them except as to having made them, to them, in their early living. They could not deny this to Madeleine Wyman. She had by her feeling of the importance of their mother in the world of beings, she had then by this a right to her owning, to her possession, they could not deny this any one of the three of them, it was not the importance of their mother as a being that counted for any of the three of them, it was that she was part of them, having made them. They were not any, any one of the three of them ever very much of her in their feeling. She was of them to their feeling. Not a lively

feeling in them, it was important to them only when this possession was cut off from them by Madeleine Wyman's owning of her and her early living and her important being. She was then, Mrs. Hersland, important to her children, only to being them. She belonged to them then not by her important being in her feeling; Madeleine Wyman then had a right to her possession. The children all three of them by her possession of the mother of them and a little of the father of them had cut off from them in their later younger living a part of them and they had then a right to their sore feeling at her possession of their mother and a little of the father of them. There will be now more history of Madeleine Wyman in this possession.

There is then stupid being in every one. In many, one has to have a whole history of all their living from their beginning to their ending to know it in them. Mrs. Hersland was such a one.

So then to begin again with the Hersland family's living with the third governess Madeleine Wyman with them and with a history of her and every one who came to know her and of the Hersland family with her. To begin again then with Mr. Hersland and his ideas about education.

To begin again with Mr. Hersland and his choosing of the governess for the education of his children. To begin again with Mr. Hersland and his theories of education.

As I said the first governess was a real governess and knew french and german and was a good musician. She was theoretically satisfying to him in the beginning but personally after she began living in the house with them she made no impression on him. Then his theories changed in him and he wanted a woman who was strong and used to farming and he got one and she was pleasanter for him for she had a physical meaning for him and then she married the baker and they all sometimes saw her after but that was the end of her governessing and for some time then they had no one. Then they heard of Madeleine Wyman who was everything. They needed a governess then so the father thought because the children had forgotten all their

french and german and the daughter Martha that year had missed annual promotion. Besides in their half country living they needed some one to keep the family living apart from the living around them. Anyway in Madeleine Wyman they had everything, she knew french and german, she was an american, she had had good american schooling, she was a fair musician, she was intelligent and could talk as well as listen to Mr. Hersland about education, she wanted to listen always to Mrs. Hersland's Bridgepoint living, she felt always the gentle fine being in Mrs. Hersland's country house living, she was good looking, she liked walking and wanted to learn swimming. She had everything, every one was content then, her parents were glad to have her in such a good situation, every one was suited then and then there was a beginning. Madeleine Wyman was the third governess the Herslands had living with them.

Madeleine Wyman's father and mother were both living. There were in all, four children. Madeleine was the oldest of them, then Louise, then Frank, and then Helen. The Hersland children later knew all of them. Later there will be a history of them in the history of the three children. There will then also be a history of Mr. and Mrs. Wyman and the later living of Madeleine. Now there is a history of her, when she was a governess, and the feeling about her all through her living with them in Mr. and Mrs. Hersland. First then to begin again with Mr. Hersland and his feelings about education.

There are many ways then for women to like men, there are many ways for men to like women. Some like the other one for the health in them, for the life in them, some for other things in them, some need many kinds of things to content them in those they want to have near them, some need very little in them. For some health in another one, for some youth in another one is enough to content them. Some women want a man to be florid and have a reddish beard when he has one, some want him brown with a black one, some then want health, some want youth in those near them, for some one thing for some other things mean health in those near them. There are many men

and many women who want to see people having lots of health, near them. For some men one kind for some men quite a different kind is to them a fine figure of a woman. Many men and many women want those near them to have strongly in them the feeling and appearance of healthy being, many men say it of women and of trees and other things near them, that's a healthy looking one, that is in such of them the highest kind of commendation. Mr. Hersland was such a one. Not in the woman he needed for a wife for him, she was pretty and dark, and healthy enough looking but that was not in her a striking thing. Mr. Hersland wanted his children to be healthy looking, in choosing the second governess he chose her for this being in her. In his middle living he needed this kind of fine healthiness in women to content him, later he needed a more active being in them, they had then to be energetic enough around him to fill him in where he had been shrunk away then from the outside of him. In his middle living then he wanted a woman to have a good figure and to be healthy looking. The second governess had been such a one and Mr. Hersland always had a certain pleasure in having her in the house with them. Later when she had married the baker he sometimes on his way home would stop to eat a cake and talk to her, tell her about what was the best way to give milk to the baby, to keep strong and not to need a doctor, what kind of a doctor she should have to take care of her, what was the right way for her to do to content her husband and save money and never have any trouble to come to her. He always gave advice to her; he ate a cake, he told her whether she was getting fatter or thinner, how to get thinner when she was getting fatter and later after she had had another baby and was always looking dragged and getting thinner, he would tell her what she should do to get fatter. He always gave advice to her, later always about her doctor and that she had a good man to be a husband to her a good baker and later when she was getting thinner what she should do to get fatter. He always gave advice to her. When she was beginning to be a governess to them he had talked to her about education and his

children, later he mostly talked to her about eating and marrying, and gave advice to her about how to keep in condition.

With Madeleine Wyman it was a different matter. She was not a healthy woman to give pleasure simply by having health in her, and a fine figure. She was healthy but not the kind to make one feel it in her. She had a trim figure, she was not pretty, nor ugly either, she was pleasant and bright and had some energy. With her Mr. Hersland could always talk about education in a different way from that in which he talked with the second governess who had married the baker. Madeleine Wyman was young and had understanding in her, she was young and ready to try to carry out his theories in the way he wanted from her. She wanted to educate the three children in music, french and german, gymnastics, swimming, and with at the same time good american public school training. With the first governess it had been different. She always had listened to Mr. Hersland but she had a real governess being in her and she did what this governess being in her demanded from her. She was polite and intelligent but she had real governess being in her. After Mr. Hersland had gotten through telling her all the advantages of european education over american and she had politely agreed with him, there was nothing for him to say to her. He became indifferent later about telling this to her and so she had no existence for him although whenever he was conscious of her he had respect for the genuine governess being in her, for her being a thorough musician, for her really knowing french and german.

Madeleine Wyman then was a good person to listen to him. Better than the other two to him. Personally she was pleasant to him, she was not so large as an impression personally on him of agreeable healthy feeling as the second governess had been. She was more satisfying as a listener to him. Not so satisfying for advising, really she was more important to Mrs. Hersland than she was to him. She really had more advice from Mrs. Hersland than from him. He liked to talk to her but it was not a personal feeling. She had understanding in her, she was young

and ready to carry out his feeling about education but really she was not very personal for him, she was very personal for Mrs. Hersland, she was to Mrs. Hersland a part of Mrs. Hersland's most important living. They had then for each other these two women very important being. This is now a history of them.

Madeleine Wyman made Mrs. Hersland really an attacking being and this was the most stupid being she had in her in her living. Mrs. Hersland then, was important to Madeleine Wyman to give to her individual being, with her feeling and living in her being to make for herself a being. Mrs. Hersland then had from Madeleine Wyman individual being, from Madeleine Wyman's living her early being. This is now again a history of them.

The Wyman family was foreign american. The mother was always pretty foreign. No one of their children excepting perhaps the second one Louise ever knew very much what their father had in him. Their children did not really know much about what was in either of them, the father or the mother in the house with them. The old people were too foreign to them for them ever to really know anything about them. The second one Louise, Madeleine was the eldest of the children, the second one Louise was not foreign in her being but she was in some way nearer in understanding to the old folks who were very foreign perhaps not understanding to her feeling, but understanding to anyone to every one who saw her with them. There seemed more connection between her and her father and her mother, there was not any connection to anybody's feeling between the foreign old woman and the old man, and anything in their living, there was not much connection to anybody's feeling between the old man and the old woman, perhaps they were not so very old then, they lived a long time after and so they could not have been so very old then, there was then to everybody who saw them not much connection between the foreign woman and the foreign man who was a little vague to every one, there was only the connection between that neither of them

seemed to be connected with any other one. Later when one knew the children better and still later when no one any longer saw any of them and only remembered them, one then could reconstruct the foreign father and mother out of the children and so could come to an understanding of them, a realisation that they had been alive then and human. Later then there will be a reconstruction of them, not from any impression from them but from what their children had in them as nature in them and so the parents will come to be made soon to us out of the memory of the children as later one remembered them, the children when one no longer saw them. The mother and the father then were to every one then disconnected from every one, a little less from the second daughter Louise, she had some connection with them then to every one who knew them. Later there will be more description of this connection of hers with them. The Herslands had never then very much impression of them, not indeed then or even later in their living, of any of the Wyman family except Madeleine, although they later, especially the three children and Mr. Hersland some too then, Mrs. Hersland was weakening then and less then in everybody's living, came to know the others of them the two sisters Louise and Helen and the brother Frank very well in their later living. They never however any one of them, the three Hersland children came to any realisation of them until later they remembered them and reconstructed them and realised them and then reconstructed and realised the foreign parents from a reconstruction from their reconstructed children. Every one had then when they knew them an impression that the daughter Louise knew then what kind of woman her mother the old foreign woman was and what a kind of a man she had as a husband but no one ever knew how they came to have this feeling that this Louise had such a knowledge of them, that she had such understanding. This is now a history of the Wyman family and the living and the being in all of the six of them, the mother and the father and the four children, Madeleine, Louise, Frank, and Helen. Now there will be a history of Mrs. Hersland

to them. Later there will be new history of them in the history of each one of the three Hersland children. Now then for the six of them, the mother and the father and the four children Madeleine and Louise and Frank and Helen, and Mrs. Hersland and a little Mr. Hersland to them. First there will be the impression every one had of them then and the history of their living and then there will be a reconstruction of the four of them from the memory of the impression of them and then a reconstruction of the father and the mother out of the reconstructed four children. This is now then a history of them and of Mrs. Hersland and a little of Mr. Hersland to them. Later there will be a history of the three Hersland children with them.

Madeleine Wyman stayed with the Herslands about three years and then there was a struggle for her by her family who wanted her to marry John Summer who wanted to marry her but was not very anxious to have her, and she had not about it any very strong feeling but she liked it with the Herslands as she was then living and she did not care very much about marrying. Later she married him and he was later then a more or less sick man with his own ways in him of eating and doctoring. He was a rich man and her family wanted she should marry him. She had no objection then, only she liked it so very well being with the Herslands then, she did not want any changing. There was no way to really convince her family that she was very well content to stay with the Herslands then, Mrs. Hersland tried to convince them. Once to convince them she paid double wages to Madeleine Wyman and had Madeleine a dress made then by Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker who made Mrs. Hersland's dresses for visiting, to convince the Wyman family that Madeleine was best off with the Herslands then and should stay with them. There was then about three months of sharp struggle between the Wymans and Mrs. Hersland and Madeleine and a little Mr. Hersland with them. Then Madeleine had to leave them, the parents, that is the whole family of them, the Wyman family, would not listen to reason or to higher wages even or to a dress in the most fashionable way

of dress-making. John Summer was content to have Madeleine stay where she was then. Sometime he wanted to marry her but there was no hurry about it for him. He had plenty of life before him to be married in. Later Madeleine went home and later then she married him and later then they adopted a little girl, they could not have any children, and later then they gave up this one, and later then he took to ways of eating and ways of doctoring and then he was no longer working and they were rich enough then to try every kind of way of eating and travelling and doctoring and she was faithful to him and he died then and this was many years after and Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland had long been dead then, but Mrs. Wyman was still living, and now there is a history of all the Wyman family, of the six of them of the father and mother and Madeleine and Louise and Frank and Helen and of Mrs. Hersland to them and a little of Mr. Hersland to them. This is now the beginning of the knowing of the Herslands and the Wymans, this is now the beginning of Madeleine Wyman and her governessing.

The mother and the father, Mr. and Mrs. Wyman were not so old then as they seemed to be to every one who knew them then. They were very foreign, that made them then with grown up children a very old man and a very old woman. They were not so very old then for they lived a long time after, longer than Mr. and Mrs. Hersland who were young then to them. Mr. and Mrs. Wyman were old then to every one and mostly no one knew much about them. They were foreign now in one's later living by remembering their children one can reconstruct them and know what they were then. Mr. Wyman then had a nature in him a dependent independent earthy instrument nature in him and all being was vague in him, Mrs. Wyman had independent dependent being and it was concentrated being but not very efficient being, it was enough to make some attacking in her being, it was enough to make such attacking pretty persistent and sometimes insinuating, rarely winning but very often annoying. She was not efficient in her being but she was fairly insistent in attacking, sometimes insinuating almost hypocriti-

cal in her kind of attacking but on the whole not very efficient in her living, on the whole not very often winning. She could be persistent, insinuating, and annoying. She had some winning in persisting with Mrs. Hersland, her daughter for six months had double wages given to her and a new dress made by Mabel Linker and Mary Maxworthing and then after all she got her daughter to leave the Herslands so that later she would marry John Summer. But all this was not really winning, for Madeleine always intended to marry John Summer and Summer always intended to marry her, so really all that Mrs. Wyman had as winning in her was to be annoying to Mrs. Hersland and to give to her a sense of struggling, and to have had her daughter Madeleine get for six months more money than she was earning and a dress made by Mabel Linker and Mary Maxworthing. As I was saying Mr. Wyman had earthy dependent independent instrument nature. He was very vague in his nature. His son Frank was like him. Madeleine in efficiency was like her mother, in her kind of nature like her father. Louise was like her mother altogether excepting that there was less to her nature, less insinuating attacking in her being. Later there will be a history of her. She had some connection, to those who knew her, with her father and her mother. The son Frank was vague like his father and like him in his nature, only he was younger and had more beginning in him and more chance of later keeping going than his father had had who was foreign. Helen was even more spread and vague than her father ever had been, with her mother's nature in her. Later in her living queer things happened to her.

There is always then repeating, there is always then in every one beginning and ending, there is always then in every one stupid being, there is always then sometime some one to every one who ever was or is or will be living who knows the being in that one. There was then once a whole family of them the Wyman family, the six of them, Mrs. Wyman and Mr. Wyman and Madeleine and Louise and Frank and Helen Wyman. There is always then sometime some one who has it in them to

envise the whole life and being of every one. This is now then one who remembering can reconstruct the being in Madeleine and Louise and Frank and Helen and from them can reconstruct the being in Mrs. Wyman and Mr. Wyman and so now there is a history of them. There is always then as I was saying some one to know the being in every one. Mostly every one knows the being in some one, some in many others around them, some not in any one. There are then many ways of knowing being in other people and this reconstruction is one of them. There will be now then a history of the Wyman family, of all six of them.

As I was saying Mrs. Hersland never had any real connection with them, any real feeling about any one of them excepting Madeleine. Mr. Hersland had less understanding, less connection with her being, the Hersland children had their connection with her mostly from remembering, from their sore feeling that their parent's early living had been cut away from them, not that any one of the three of them had a tender feeling for their parent's early living, it was only that it was part of their existing and not something for a stranger to be owning. Mrs. Hersland then of all the Hersland family had the most personal relation to Madeleine Wyman, Mr. Hersland as I was saying liked to talk to her liked her intelligence and her trim neat figure, liked the way she listened when he talked, and the way she was ready to carry out ideas he explained to her, to the three children then she was mostly then a governess to be in the house with them. Each of them had a different feeling about her then and that will be clearer in the history of each one of them. They were all three then as I was saying more of them then the poorer people living in small houses near them than they were of their mother's or their father's living then, than they were of rich country house living with a governess in the house with them. What each one of them felt in their being then about this governess living with them will come out later in the history of each one of them. In their later early living they came to know more of the three others Louise and Frank and Helen. Madeleine had been married then to John Summer, the three Hersland chil-

dren never knew very certainly what then to call him or her. They then called Louise and Frank and Helen by their first names but they never were at ease then about what they should call John Summer or Madeleine. They never to the end felt very certain what was the right thing to call them. But this is all later history, the being in Louise and Frank and Helen is all later history, no one then in the Hersland family knew them, later the three Hersland children knew them, Mr. and Mrs. Hersland never knew much of the brother and sisters of Madeleine Wyman. They knew a little more of her father and mother. Not very much though, to Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland Madeleine was apart from her family, to them her family had really no part in her, no right to interfere with them and with her, her marrying John Summer was to Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland more their affair than the affair of Mrs. or Mr. Wyman. This is now a history of the trouble they all had together.

Mrs. Wyman and Mr. Wyman then to almost every one who saw them then, hardly any one knew them then, to almost every one then they were very foreign, they were not part of any living, they were not part of their children's living, the children were another generation and american. To every one there was some connection between Louise and them, not that she was foreign but she was so clearly connected in kind with her mother's being that being young and of another generation and a part of american and not foreign being and a part of her sister's and her brother's living was not enough to cut her off from being part of the being her mother and her father too had in them. This was always true in her being and every one who knew them the Wyman family at any time felt this in them, though always to every one Louise was part of the younger american generation.

Madeleine Wyman was the last one of the three governesses the Herslands had had in the house with them in their middle living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. When Madeleine Wyman was with them, then in the

middle living of Mr. Hersland and Mrs. Hersland, Mrs. Hersland had in her her most important being, she had in her then her completest feeling of being herself inside her to her being. She had this in her from her relation to Madeleine Wyman. Madeleine was twenty-four then. She stayed with the Herslands two years, two years after, she married John Summer. Then she went away to another town with him and she came to Gossols sometimes and then she would see Mrs. Hersland. Later then she went travelling to live again the early being of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland which was her possession. Travelling, eastern living had for her this meaning, she was then again living the early life of Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland then. Later Mrs. Hersland was weakening and later she died and then when Madeleine Summer met the young Hersland people she told them what their mother had been, she told them what travelling and eastern living had meant to her, Madeleine, it had meant the re-living of their mother's early living, of their mother's and their father's early being. Then later John Summer had queer notions of eating and much later he died and Madeleine went to live with her sisters and her brother, and mother who was not dead yet then. Sometime there will be a complete history of Madeleine Wyman's married living, it will be very interesting. Sometime there will be then a complete history of her being and her living and the living and being of all six of them, the Wyman family. This will be such a history in the long histories of each one of the three Hersland children. Now there is to be only a little suggesting of the being in each one. Now Madeleine has just come to be a governess to the Hersland family to live with them in that part of Gossols where no rich people were living.

Madeleine Wyman had had a pretty good education. She knew french and german, not as the first governess the Herslands had had knew them, but well enough to teach them. She was not a musician but she knew enough music to oversee the Hersland children's practising, she knew enough music to teach music when there were music lessons to be given. She had a good enough english education, she had a good enough american

governess training. She and her younger sister Helen were the only ones of her family who had had much education. Helen was more modern than Madeleine in her feeling. She was more modern in using her education in her living and in her feeling, later when Helen Wyman came to know the Hersland young people she was more of them than any of her family had been for she was more modern, not more american perhaps but really more modern, anyway more of them, the Hersland children then at the ending of their first beginning living, than Madeleine or Louise or Frank even ever were of their generation. They had not many friends then the Wyman family. Frank and Helen Wyman were the first of their family to have friends of people around them. The others of the Wyman family had never been of any generation and so they had not friends of any of them who were of their generation.

There were then in the Wyman family, six of them; the mother and father and Madeleine and Louise and Frank and Helen. The mother Mrs. Wyman had her nature in her. The second daughter Louise and the youngest daughter Helen were of her. The father Mr. Wyman had his nature, the son Frank and the eldest daughter Madeleine were of this nature.

The youngest daughter Helen was all spread and all vague in her nature. She had a good education for she was interested in studying, she was almost interested in writing. She was not so much interested in teaching but teaching was to be her occupation. As a matter of fact she never did much teaching. She did a little teaching but somehow the Wyman family always managed to have enough money to go on living, the father with his book-keeping, the daughter Madeleine first with governessing and then with marrying a rich man always could help them, later, much later, after trying many things Frank Wyman became a nurseryman and with Louise to help him and much later with Madeleine to help him he always kept going, he even took to marrying and having children and with plenty of help around him he always managed to keep going. So as I was saying Helen really never did much teaching although this was intended to be

her occupation. There was no opening then for a girl like Helen except teaching, as I was saying she was almost interested in writing but this was never active enough inside her to start her going, just active enough inside her to make her more modern than her sister Madeleine who was the other one in the family who had had education. So then Helen was all spread and all vague in her independent dependent nature, but people who knew her had a friendly feeling for her. She was more of them the people who came to know them the Wyman family, than any other one of them. The son Frank was in that respect a little like her. The two youngest then Frank and Helen were more of their generation than Louise and Madeleine ever had been of the generation around them. So then Helen had vagueness in her like her father, she was spread out more inside her than any other of the Wyman family, she had independent dependent being in her, it was mostly as dependent being in her, it was all spread and all vague in her this being in her. As I was saying she never did much teaching though this was to be the end of her education. As I was saying she came almost to the point of being interested in writing but it remained as vague and spread out as her being, it never came to any thing. Later there was marrying in her living and that was a very strange proceeding. Later in the history of the Hersland children there will be a history of the marrying of Helen which as I was saying was a very strange proceeding.

Mrs. Wyman then had her nature in her. The second daughter Louise and the youngest daughter Helen were of her. The father Mr. Wyman had his nature, the son Frank and the eldest daughter Madeleine were of this nature.

Madeleine Wyman had had a pretty good education. She knew french and german well enough to teach them. She knew enough music to teach music when there were music lessons to be given. She had had a good enough education. She had intelligence to listen with understanding to Mr. Hersland's talking. She had a kind of interest in his theories of education. She

tried to put them into execution. This is now a little description of them.

She was then different from the first governess who was a real european governess and a musician, she was different from the second governess who had known nothing. She came to the Herslands in answer to an advertisement and Mr. Hersland had been pleased with her.

As I was saying Madeleine was like her father in her nature but this was much more concentrated in her than it was in her father or her brother, it was almost as concentrated as their kind of nature was in her mother and her sister Louise. It did not make her a really efficient nature but it gave real resistance inside her and it gave her a certain power with those whose ideas she tried to realise for them. This was the case with Mr. Hersland. It gave her power when she was part of some one's living as with Mrs. Hersland. It did not give her power in teaching because in educating she tried attacking and with this, for her, there was no succeeding so she had never any real power with any one of the three children.

Mrs. Hersland then had in her her time of being most herself to herself in her feeling. Her important being was then existing from Madeleine Wyman's living in her being, being in her early living, later needing protection against her parents' nagging, needing to be held against them by extra wages which Mrs. Hersland induced Mr. Hersland to give her and a dress made by Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker.

Madeleine Wyman then as I was saying had come to be governess to the Herslands because a governess in the house with them had come to be a habit in the family living. They had had two of them, the first had left them to leave America, the second had married, and now it was natural to have a third one. This third one was the first one who was really important to Mrs. Hersland. Mr. Hersland found some important being in all three of them, they were like everything around him, part of him, part of the world around him, part of the beginning always in him. The second one had made more impression on him, she was

a healthy woman, he liked to have a feeling of having her in the house with them. The first one had been mostly an ideal to him. The last one Madeleine, was pleasant to have listening to him, she had a neat figure, she was intelligent in listening, he had less active impression from her than he had from the one before her. None of them then, the first or second or third governess were really important then to the three Hersland children, they had existence for them, sometimes they interfered with them, sometimes they were pleasant to have in the house with them, but mostly they were not then any one of the three of them very important to the three children. Later this will come clearer, later in the long histories of each one of the three Hersland children which will now soon be commencing. First there will be a long history of Martha, then of Alfred, and then of young David, and of all of them together and of every one who ever came to know them. Before then there must be some more history of Mrs. Hersland and the important feeling in her that came to her from having Madeleine Wyman as governess in the house with her.

Mrs. Hersland as I was saying had in her then completely in her being the feeling of rich country house living, with servants and a governess and a seamstress in the house with them and not cut off from right rich living, although really doing very little visiting. To herself then, she and her husband and her children were part of right rich being, not doing much visiting, not needing to see much of richer people but always of them. To herself she was cut off from her family being and from accustomed living, to herself the other rich people in Gos-sols who were living there rich right living were too cut off from their family living, from their accustomed being. She was to herself leading rich country house living, it was a natural living to her being, it was all of her middle living, it was all her important living and her children's being, it was the natural living to her, to herself then she was leading rich right living, to herself then she was cut off from her family living, from eastern

travelling. Madeleine Wyman then lived in Mrs. Hersland's feeling.

Madeleine Wyman then had in her the feeling of the early living of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and this all her later life was an important part of her being and her feeling. She had this in her always as a possession, she had it in her more than Mr. or Mrs. Hersland had it in them, she had it in her as much as Mrs. Hersland had it in her talking, she had it in her more than Mrs. Hersland had it as a feeling, her having it in her gave to Mrs. Hersland her important feeling of herself inside her. Mrs. Hersland could never have had this in her from her own feeling, from her own talking of her early living, she would only have it in her from Madeleine Wyman having this as a possession.

It is clear then, Mr. Hersland had not in him any feeling of his early living, it was part of him because it had happened to him, it came out of him sometimes as bragging, sometimes as illustration, sometimes as moralising, but it was not really ever then in him in his middle or in his later living as feeling. It was in him only as having happened to him.

As I was saying his early living sometimes came out of Mr. Hersland as talking. Mrs. Hersland's early living and her early living with her husband sometimes came out of her as talking, very often, to Madeleine Wyman in the house with her. It was very different in the two of them, in Mr. and in Mrs. Hersland.

She had always talked some about her early living, when she was living at the hotel sometimes with Sophie Shilling, sometimes when she was visiting she would speak of eastern living to other ones in right rich living who had back of them too early eastern living, sometimes she told stories of it to her children, it was in her a little then as feeling, in the beginning in the hotel living it was in her fairly strongly as a feeling, not really a lonesome feeling, her children, her husband, Sophie Shilling, and Sophie's sister, Sophie's mother were then all the feeling really in her but she had then still a little in her a feeling of her early living and eastern travelling. As I was saying she would speak then of it but it did not then make her even a little

important to herself inside her. This came to her later, this came to her when she told it over and over to Madeleine Wyman who was living then the complete being of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland in their early living. It came then to be in Mrs. Hersland her feeling of herself to herself in her feeling. This was not in her resisting or yielding, it was not like her being with her husband or her having anger in her or being a part of the children around her, it was in her like her being with the servants and seamstresses and poor people near her, being of them and above them, it was being herself inside her to her. It was the important being of herself to herself inside her it was not really the important being in her, important being in her really was herself as part of her family, as resisting to her husband or yielding in him, as being part of her children, as being part of rich right living.

As I was saying those having in them dependent independent being have in them resisting as their way of winning fighting. Resisting though is not their only way of fighting they can have yielding winning in them. Resisting and yielding then are not in them stupid being. Mrs. Hersland had in her dependent independent being. Madeleine Wyman had in her dependent independent being. Mrs. Hersland then had in her resisting and yielding to give her winning. Madeleine Wyman then had in her resisting and yielding to give her winning. Resisting and yielding then in both of them was not stupid being in them. Attacking then for both of them was stupid being. This is now a description of the different ways these things came out in them.

There is as I was saying two kinds of being, independent dependent, dependent independent. Resisting is to the dependent independent the natural way of fighting. Those then who have in them dependent independent being as the bottom of them have resisting in them as their natural way of fighting. Many of them have very little fighting in their living. This was true of both of them, Mrs. Hersland and Madeleine who both had dependent independent nature in them.

Mrs. Hersland and Madeleine Wyman were then for a while

then closely in each other's living, Madeleine always then all the rest of her living was in her being in Mrs. Hersland's living. In Mrs. Hersland later there was weakening, she had never had Madeleine Wyman in her as real being. In Mrs. Hersland, real being was rich right living, her Bridgepoint family living and her marrying, and her country house living and her children. Later in her living she was weakening inside her, she was scared then, her children were big around her and outside her, trouble was coming then, the country house living was ending and often then Mr. Hersland forgot her as being and later then she died away from among them and they soon, all of them then, lost remembering her among them. So then this was real being in her this was really being herself inside her. This was a real history in her. Her early living, later when she talked so much about it to Madeleine Wyman it was real in her but it was important to her then more than it really was as being in her. It was sentimental feeling and romantic feeling in her, it was not real being in her. To Madeleine Wyman, this early living of Mrs. Hersland was being, it was real being inside her, inside in Madeleine Wyman, it was not sentimental and romantic in her, it was real being in her. It was a little too then real being in Mrs. Hersland but in talking it came to be to her feeling more important than it was then in her being. This was the difference then between them. Mrs. Hersland then had a real being from her early living but it was not, later then, so important to her being or her feeling as in her talking of it to Madeleine Wyman she made it come to be in her Mrs. Hersland's feeling. Later more and more when she was weakening, it was all fainter and fainter in her. In Madeleine Wyman, Mrs. Hersland and Mrs. Hersland's early living was real being. It came to be always stronger in Madeleine Wyman always more and more a part of her being, Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland and their early living. Later the Hersland children had a sore feeling at her having such possession.

It is interesting in each one, the success and failure, that one has in living. Every one has their own nature in them. This comes out of them as repeating. This comes out of them as mak-

ing success or failure in their living. Mrs. Hersland and Madeleine Wyman had not in them either of them very efficient being, they had not success or failure in living, they went on well enough both of them from their beginning to their ending. This is now to be a history of each one of them.

All four of the Wyman children were born and brought up american. Madeleine had had a governess training. It was really a little more foreign than the training of the other three children. Louise in her training was between Madeleine, and Frank and Helen, these last two being entirely american, being entirely of their american generation in education and feeling. Madeleine was still a little foreign, Louise was between them but education was not really important in her being. She was to be all through her living important in running the family living, in helping and protecting Frank, and then Helen, then Madeleine in her marrying, then Frank in his business of being a nurseryman, then Helen after she came back out of her strange marriage experience back to them, and then Madeleine when she too came back to them with John Summer after their travelling when John Summer was dying of queer ways in eating. Always then she was of the living her brother and sisters had in them. She was not an instrument nature for she was an under-pinning always to them but all her living was her brother's and sisters' living and being.

Madeleine then had lingering in her a little, being foreign. She was american, her brother and sisters were american and her father and mother, in their feeling. They were all of them american, the mother and father were very foreign to every one that came to know them, Madeleine had lingering in her, a little, being foreign, Louise was very american in her feeling, Frank and Helen were simply american. Madeleine and Helen had most of the education, Helen was almost literary in her feeling, Madeleine had had a pretty good education for american governessing. She knew french and german, not as the first governess the Herslands had had knew them but well enough to teach them and talk french and german with the children when

parents insisted that there should be talking of french or german. She knew then enough french to teach it to children, enough german to teach it and talk it and to listen with intelligence to Mr. Hersland's explanation of the fine qualities in foreign education. She was not a musician, she knew enough music to oversee the Hersland children's practising, for they had then, that was their father's theory for them, real musicians to teach them, she knew enough music to teach music when there were music lessons to be given, when parents had notions not so completed about education as the Herslands had then. She had a good enough english education, she was not like her sister Helen literary in her feeling, she had in short a good enough american governess training.

Madeleine Wyman came to be a governess to the Herslands, for the Herslands had not come yet to the understanding that for their then family living a governess was not any particular use to them. The children were having then their regular public school living, they had then all the feeling of country children, they had freedom in coming and going, they were then as I was saying more of them the people around them than they were of the family living then though they were then the large part of the family being. They had then their regular public school living, they had then too every kind of fancy education that their father could think would be good for them, they had out of door living and swimming and shooting and horse back riding and perfect freedom, they had not any need then in living for a governess in the house with them. More and more then this last governess became important in their mother's living, more and more then in the children's living she had no meaning, sometimes she would be interfering but mostly she had not even so much importance for them, this will be clearer in the long histories of each one of them.

More and more then this last governess was really then only in Mrs. Hersland's living. She was pleasant enough at moments in Mr. Hersland's living, but she was prominent only in Mrs. Hersland's living. Mrs. Hersland and Mr. Hersland never

thought about her not being important in their children's living, she kept on being in the house with them and then came her people's nagging and then the arousing in Mrs. Hersland of attacking resisting and Mr. Hersland had not then about it any very strong feeling. He went, in her action, along with Mrs. Hersland but it was not then important to him. The children then had completely drifted away from governess training, they had then perfect freedom in living, the governess then was not existing for them. This was the last governess the Hersland children had living with them.

John Summer's father had come from the same part of the country as Mr. Wyman. They had known each other in Europe. The old Mr. Summer was dead then and his wife John Summer's mother did not like Mr. and Mrs. Wyman and never came to see them. She did not want to know that they were still living in Gossols in the same town with her. John Summer was not a young man now when he wanted to marry Madeleine Wyman, he was much older than she was, about fifteen years older. This match was not the work of Mrs. Wyman, it was only that Summer was used to Madeleine Wyman and he came to want to marry her. Madeleine was willing enough to marry John Summer, he was pretty rich and could go out of business after marrying and go travelling or any thing that would please her. Mr. Hersland thought it a good match for her, Mr. Hersland always wanted girls to use their sense in marrying and Madeleine Wyman certainly ought to marry John Summer. Mr. Hersland always believed girls should have common sense in them, he always gave them advice about saving money and marrying and cooking. He always gave advice to the second governess who was married to the baker, how she should act so that her husband would be contented with her. In his later living he was strong in sensible advice to women in their living. Now he said it would be the best thing Madeleine could be doing, marrying John Summer. Mr. Hersland always gave advice to the second governess who had married the baker, he would stop there and eat a cake and look at her and give her a lecture. He liked the

feeling of women and he wanted them to have sense in them.

Mrs. Hersland always wanted Madeleine some time to marry Summer but she wanted it to be put off a little longer so that their feeling would be tenderer, so that there should not be any forcing from Mrs. Wyman. Then too she wanted Madeleine to stay in the house with her for the important feeling in her through her, though she did not know this in her. Now her children were drifting away from being a part in her. Now Mr. Hersland was beginning to have more and more in him impatient feeling and brushing her away from around him. Mrs. Hersland did not know it inside her but she wanted Madeleine in the house with her, she wanted to have from her important being of herself to herself inside her. Now Mrs. Hersland had less and less in her the feeling of her children being in her as inside her, they were getting big then around her and were coming more and more then to be apart from her. She was beginning then more to have her husband forget her, country house living then was an old story to her, they never had visitors any more then and though to herself then she still always had inside her the feeling of rich right country house living, still then it was not lively to her feeling, there was nothing to make it strong then inside her, in her feeling. She had then her early living, her Bridgepoint family being, she had the talking of this to make for her of it to her then a stronger thing in her feeling than it really was in her being. This was then in those years in the middle of her middle living her important being in her talking, and her important feeling; her early living, her marrying and her eastern travelling, Madeleine Wyman was then the important part of her important feeling. Her children were then not living by her being, her husband was then not living by her being, Madeleine Wyman was living by her being, from Madeleine Mrs. Hersland had then all her active important being and this is interesting.

To some beginning is always in their living, to some ending is always in them to their feeling, in them and in every one, to them. To some, it is different in their beginning, their middle

living and their ending, the sense of beginning or of ending always being in them. In many there is always all through their living either beginning or ending always in their feeling, in themselves, in everything that happens to them, in everything that happens to every one.

Sometimes then to one all the world is full of beginning to them, to some then sometimes, all the world is filled up full with ending. To some then sometimes all the world is filled up full with beginning, to some then sometimes all the world is filled up full with ending, to some then sometimes all the world is filled up full with continuing. To some the world always is filled up full with beginning, to some everything and every one is always filled up full with continuing, to some always all their living every one they ever see around them, everything, is ending. There are then many kinds of ways of feeling. Every one has sometime some kind of feeling in them of every one and everything, as always beginning, always continuing or always ending, many have a mixture in them.

Repeating then is in every one, in every one their being and their feeling and their way of realising everything and every one comes out of them in repeating. More and more then every one comes to be clear to some one.

Slowly every one in continuous repeating, to their minutest variation, comes to be clearer to some one. Every one who ever was or is or will be living sometimes will be clearly realised by some one. Sometime there will be an ordered history of every one. Slowly every kind of one comes into ordered recognition. More and more then it is wonderful in living the subtle variations coming clear into ordered recognition, coming to make every one a part of some kind of them, some kind of men and women. Repeating then is in every one, every one then comes sometime to be clearer to some one, sometime there will be then an orderly history of every one who ever was or is or will be living.

Repeating then is in every one, repeating then makes a complete history in every one for some one sometime to realise in

that one. Repeating is in them of the most delicate shades in them of being and of feeling and so it comes to be clear in each one the complete nature in each one, it comes to be clear in each one the connection between that one and others to make a kind of them, a kind of men and women. Repeating is a wonderful thing in being, everything, every one is repeating then always the whole of them and so sometime there surely will be an ordered history of every one. More and more then this is a clear thing. Every one has their own being in them, every one has repeating always in them always of the whole of them, always the kinds of them come to be clearer and the division again into kinds of them. Sometime then there will be an orderly history of every kind of men and women and that will be very interesting.

There is now then coming to be an ending of the beginning of the history of the Hersland family. There are then now living in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and the three Hersland children. There will now come to be a history of each one of the three children and in the history of each one of them more history of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and more history of the governesses and the seamstresses and servants in the house with them and more history of the families in the small houses near them, and histories of every one they ever came to know in their living, all three of the Hersland children. There is then to be a history of each one of the children, there is then to be a history of the later living of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland, there is then to be more and more a history of every one who ever was or is or will be living. Sometime there will be written a long book that is a real history of every one who ever were or are or will be living, from their beginning to their ending, now there is a history of the Hersland and the Dehning families and every one who ever came to know them.

This is now a history of the Hersland family being and of the being of the people they came to know in their living. There has now been some description of the Hersland family and their

living in the beginning and middle living of Mr. David Hersland and his wife Fanny Hersland. There has been already a little description of them. There will be later more description of them. There is now to be a beginning of the description of the being and the living in each of the three Hersland children. There is now to be a beginning of description of the being of the oldest of them, there is now to be a beginning of a description of the being of Martha Hersland and a beginning of a description of the being in every one she ever came to know in her living. Later there will be a description of the being in all three of the Hersland children and a description of every one they ever came to know in their living. Now there is a beginning of description of the being in the oldest of the three children, now there is a commencing a beginning of a description of the being and the living in Martha Hersland the oldest of the children and of every one she ever knew in her living. To begin then.

M A R T H A H E R S L A N D

T

AM writing for myself and strangers. This is the only way that I can do it. Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me. No one of them that I know can want to know it and so I write for myself and strangers.

Every one is always busy with it, no one of them then ever want to know it that every one looks like some one else and they see it. Mostly every one dislikes to hear it. It is very important to me to always know it, to always see it which one looks like others and to tell it. I write for myself and strangers. I do this for my own sake and for the sake of those who know I know it that they look like other ones, that they are separate and yet always repeated. There are some who like it that I know they are like many others and repeat it, there are many who never can really like it.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it, I love it and now I will write it. This is now the history of the way some of them are it.

I write for myself and strangers. No one who knows me can like it. At least they mostly do not like it that every one is of a kind of men and women and I see it. I love it and I write it.

I want readers so strangers must do it. Mostly no one knowing me can like it that I love it that every one is of a kind of men and women, that always I am looking and comparing and classifying of them, always I am seeing their repeating. Always more and more I love repeating, it may be irritating to hear from them but always more and more I love it of them. More and more I love it of them, the being in them, the mixing in them, the repeating in them, the deciding the kind of them every one is who has human being.

This is now a little of what I love and how I write it. Later there will be much more of it.

There are many ways of making kinds of men and women. Now there will be descriptions of every kind of way every one can be a kind of men and women.

This is now a history of Martha Hersland. This is now a history of Martha and of every one who came to be of her living.

There will then be soon much description of every way one can think of men and women, in their beginning, in their middle living, and their ending.

Every one then is an individual being. Every one then is like many others always living, there are many ways of thinking of every one, this is now a description of all of them. There must then be a whole history of each one of them. There must then now be a description of all repeating. Now I will tell all the meaning to me in repeating, the loving there is in me for repeating.

Every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one who is or was or will be living. Every one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say of each one she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. So it goes on always in living, every one is always remembering some one who is resembling to the one at whom they are then looking. So they go on repeating, every one is themselves inside them and every one is resembling to others, and that is always interesting. There are many ways of making kinds of men and women. In each way of making kinds of them there is a different system of finding them resembling. Sometime there will be here every way there can be of seeing kinds of men and women. Sometime there will be then a complete history of each one. Every one always is repeating the whole of them and so sometime some one who sees them will have a complete history of every one. Sometime some one will know all the ways there are for people to be resembling, some one sometime then will have a completed history of every one.

Soon now there will be a history of the way repeating comes

out of them comes out of men and women when they are young, when they are children, they have then their own system of being resembling; this will soon be a description of the men and women in beginning, the being young in them, the being children.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now a history of my love of it. I hear it and I love it and I write it. They repeat it. They live it and I see it and I hear it. They live it and I hear it and I see it and I love it and now and always I will write it. There are many kinds of men and women and I know it. They repeat it and I hear it and I love it. This is now a history of the way they do it. This is now a history of the way I love it.

Now I will tell of the meaning to me in repeating, of the loving there is in me for repeating.

Sometime every one becomes a whole one to me. Sometime every one has a completed history for me. Slowly each one is a whole one to me, with some, all there living is passing before they are a whole one to me. There is a completed history of them to me then when there is of them a completed understanding of the bottom nature in them of the nature or natures mixed up in them with the bottom nature of them or separated in them. There is then a history of the things they say and do and feel, and happen to them. There is then a history of the living in them. Repeating is always in all of them. Repeating in them comes out of them, slowly making clear to any one that looks closely at them the nature and the natures mixed up in them. This sometime comes to be clear in every one.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. Many have mixed up in them some kind of many kinds of men and women. Slowly this comes clearly out from them in the repeating that is always in all living. Slowly it comes out from them to the most delicate gradation, to the gentlest flavor of them. Always it comes out as repeating from them. Always it comes out as repeating, out of them. Then to

the complete understanding they keep on repeating this, the whole of them and any one seeing them then can understand them. This is a joy to any one loving repeating when in any one repeating steadily tells over and over again the history of the complete being in them. This is a solid happy satisfaction to any one who has it in them to love repeating and completed understanding.

As I was saying often for many years some one is baffling. The repeated hearing of them does not make the completed being they have in them to any one. Sometimes many years pass in listening to repeating in such a one and the being of them is not a completed history to any one then listening to them. Sometimes then it comes out of them a louder repeating that before was not clear to anybody's hearing and then it is a completed being to some one listening to the repeating coming out of such a one.

Every one always is repeating the whole of them. Every one is repeating the whole of them, such repeating is then always in them and so sometime some one who sees them will have a complete understanding of the whole of each one of them, will have a completed history of every man and every woman they ever come to know in their living, every man and every woman who were or are or will be living whom such a one can come to know in living.

This then is a history of many men and women, sometime there will be a history of every one.

Always from the beginning there was to me all living as repeating. This is now a description of loving repeating as a being. This is now a history of learning to listen to repeating to come to a completed understanding.

To go on now giving all of the description of how repeating comes to have meaning, how it forms itself, how one must distinguish the different meanings in repeating. Sometimes it is very hard to understand the meaning of repeating. Sometime there will be a complete history of some one having loving re-

peating as being, to a completed understanding. Now there will be a little description of such a one.

Sometime then there will be a complete history of all repeating to completed understanding. Sometime then there will be a complete history of every one who ever was or is or will be living.

More and more then there will be a history of many men and many women from their beginning to their ending, as being babies and children and growing young men and growing young women and young grown men and young grown women and men and women in their middle living and growing old men and growing old women and old men and old women.

More and more then there will be histories of all the kinds there are of men and women.

There is then always repeating in all living. There is then in each one always repeating their whole being, the whole nature in them. Much loving repeating has to be in a being so that that one can listen to all the repeating in every one. Almost every one loves all repeating in some one. This is now some description of loving repeating, all repeating, in every one.

Many men and many women never have it in them the conscious feeling of loving repeating. Many men and many women never have it in them until old age weakening is in them, a consciousness of repeating. Many have it in them all their living as a conscious feeling as a humorous way of being in them. Some have it in them, the consciousness of always repeating the whole of them as a serious obligation. There are many many ways then of having repeating as conscious feeling, of having loving repeating as a bottom being, of having loving repeating being as a conscious feeling.

As I was saying mostly all children have in them loving repeating being as important in them to them and to every one around them. Mostly growing young men and growing young women have to themselves very little loving repeating being, they do not have it to each other then most of them, they have it to older ones then as older ones have it to them loving repeat-

ing being, not loving repeating being but repeating as the way of being in them, repeating of the whole of them as coming every minute from them.

In the middle living of men and women there are very different ways of feeling to repeating, some have more and more in them loving repeating as a conscious feeling, some have less and less liking in them for the repeating in, to them, of mostly every one. Mostly every one has a loving feeling for repeating in some one. Some have not any such loving even in the repeating going on inside themselves then, not even for any one they are loving.

Some then have always growing in them more and more loving feeling for the repeating in every one. Many have not any loving for repeating in many of those around them.

There are then many ways of feeling in one about repeating. There are many ways of knowing repeating when one sees and hears and feels it in every one.

Loving repeating then is important being in some. This is now some description of the importance of loving repeating being in one.

Some find it interesting to find inside them repeating in them of some one they have known or some relation to them coming out in them, some never have any such feeling in them, some have not any liking for such being in them. Some like to see such being in others around them but not in themselves inside them. There are many ways of feeling in one about all these kinds of repeating. Sometime there will be written the history of all of them.

To begin again then with some description of the meaning of loving repeating being when it is strongly in a man or in a woman, when it is in them their way of understanding everything in living and there are very many always living of such being. This is now again a beginning of a little description of it in one.

The kinds and ways of repeating, of attacking and resisting in different kinds of men and women, the practical, the emo-

tional, the sensitive, the every kind of being in every one who ever was or is or will be living, I know so much about all of them, many of them are very clear in kinds of men and women, in individual men and women, I know them so well inside them, repeating in them has so much meaning to knowing, more and more I know all there is of all being, more and more I know it in all the ways it is in them and comes out of them, sometime there will be a history of every one, sometime all history of all men and women will be inside some one.

Now there will be a little description of the coming to be history of all men and women, in some one. This is then to be a little history of such a one. This is then now to be a little description of loving repeating being in one.

This is then a beginning of the way of knowing everything in every one, of knowing the complete history of each one who ever is or was or will be living. This is then a little description of the winning of so much wisdom.

Many have loving repeating being in them, many never come to know it of them, many never have it as a conscious feeling, many have in it a restful satisfaction. Some have in it always more and more understanding, many have in it very little enlarging understanding. There is every kind of way of having loving repeating being as a bottom. It is very clear to me and to my feeling, it is very slow in developing, it is very important to make it clear now in writing, it must be done now with a slow description. To begin again then with it in my feeling, to begin again then to tell of the meaning to me in all repeating, of the loving there is in me for repeating.

There are many that I know and always more and more I know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. They are all of them living and I know it. More and more I understand it, always more and more it has completed history in it.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. Always more and more I know the whole history of each one. This is now a little a description of

such knowing in me. This is now a little a description of beginning of hearing repeating all around me.

As I was saying learning, thinking, living in the beginning of being men and women often has in it very little of real being. Real being, the bottom nature, often does not then in the beginning do very loud repeating. Learning, thinking, talking, living, often then is not of the real bottom being. Some are this way all their living. Some slowly come to be repeating louder and more clearly the bottom being that makes them. Listening to repeating, knowing being in every one who ever was or is or will be living slowly came to be in me a louder and louder pounding. Now I have it to my feeling to feel all living, to be always listening to the slightest changing, to have each one come to be a whole one to me from the repeating in each one that sometime I come to be understanding. Listening to repeating is often irritating, listening to repeating can be dulling, always repeating is all of living, everything in a being is always repeating, always more and more listening to repeating gives to me completed understanding. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one to me. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one in me.

Now this is the way I hear repeating. This is the way slowly some men and some women, each one, comes to be a whole one to me.

There are many that I know and always more and more I know it. They are always all of them always repeating themselves and I hear it. Always I stop myself from being too quickly sure that I have heard all of it. Always I begin again to listen to it. Always I remember all the times I thought I had heard all of it all the repeating in some one and then there was much more to it. Always I remember every way one can hear only a part of it, the repeating that is the whole history of any one and so always I begin again as if I had never heard it.

Always I love it, sometimes I get a little tired of it, mostly I am always ready to do it, always I love it. Listening up to completed understanding of the repeating that sometime is a completed history of each one is all my life and always I live it. I

love it and I live it. Sometimes I am tired in it, mostly I am always ready for it.

Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me. Every one always is repeating the whole of them. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one to me. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one in me.

This is now a description of learning to listen to all repeating that every one always is making of the whole of them. This is now some description of learning to hear, see and feel all repeating that each one always is making of the whole of them. Each one as I was saying sometime comes to be a whole one in me, each one sometime comes to be a complete being to me. Sometimes after they are this to me I keep on knowing it inside me, sometimes I lose it, sometimes I doubt it, it is too clear or too vague or too confused inside me. Sometime then I have it all to do again. Always I keep on hearing, feeling, seeing all repeating in each one for always it has more and more being to my feeling.

This is now then some description of my learning. Then there will be a beginning again of Martha Hersland and her being and her living. This is now then first a little studying and then later Martha Hersland will begin living. Now then to do this little studying.

There is a certain feeling one has in one when some one is not a whole one to one even though one seems to know all the nature of that one. Such a one then is very puzzling and when sometimes such a one is a whole one to one all the repeating coming out of them has meaning as part of a whole one. When some one is not a clear one to one, repeating coming out of them has not this clear relation. Then such a one is puzzling until they come to be a whole one. Then repeating coming out of them has clear meaning.

Always then I am hearing, feeling, seeing the repeating always coming out of every one. Loving repeating being is in me always every moment in my living. Sometimes as I was saying hearing repeating is very irritating. Always sometime it comes

to be to me a completed history of each one I am ever knowing.

Sometimes I know and hear and feel and see all the repeating in some one, all the repeating that is the whole of some one but it always comes as pieces to me, it is never there to make a whole one to me. Some people have it in them to be in pieces in repeating the whole of them, such of them almost come never to be a whole one to me, some come almost all their living in repeating to be succession not a whole one inside me. Sometimes sometime such a one has a way of loving which makes a whole one of such a one long enough to hear the whole repeating in such a one as a complete one by some one. Such a one comes then sometime to be a whole one and then one loses the whole one repeating of them and they are pieces then of repeating and always it is changing back to pieces of repeating from the little time of loving that a little time makes of them a whole one. There are very many of them and this is now a little a description of the nature in this kind of them, this is now a little a description of learning to know them to make of them a complete one.

There are then a kind of them, a kind of men and women, there are very many of them always living who have it in them to be inside them to be mostly to every one, to be always to mostly every one pieces coming out of them, pieces that never make of them a whole one, not because of complication in them, not because of difficulty of envisaging them but because really such of them are in pieces inside them, always in their living. This kind then of men and women have it to have it to be true of them that nothing in them dominates them, not mind, nor bottom nature in them, nor other nature or natures in them, nor emotion, nor sensitiveness, nor suggestibility, nor practicalness, nor weakness, nor selfishness, nor nervousness, nor egotism, nor desire, nor whimsicalness, nor cleverness, nor ideals, nor stimulation, nor vices, nor indifference, nor beauty, nor eating, nor drinking, nor laziness, nor energy, nor emulation, nor envy, nor malice, nor pleasure, nor skepticism. It is not as it is in some that there is contradictory being in them, there is not in such of these of them domination of anything in them to

make contradiction, to make changing of one thing to another in them. Always they are in pieces then but pieces are not disconcerting to them or any one, hardly not puzzling. Some of such of them sometimes then make melodrama of themselves to themselves to hold themselves together to them. Some of such of them make of themselves to themselves and sometimes to other ones that know them a melodrama of themselves to make to themselves each one of themselves a whole one to themselves and sometimes to make of themselves a whole one to others around them. This is a very interesting thing, this is sometimes the explanation of melodrama in some one.

Some then some men and some women are not whole ones inside me for long times together. Sometime one of such a one was a whole one in me and then it was clear to me why such a kind of one was not for long times continually a whole one in me.

This is now then a little a description of my telling of it. As I was saying mostly always when some one is entirely and completely a whole one to me, I know it and I tell it, sometimes I tell it to that one that is then entirely and completely a whole one inside me to me, sometimes I tell it to any one who will listen to it.

As I was saying each one is sometimes a whole one to me, is a whole one inside me, each one then sometimes gives to me a sense of being filled up inside me with that one, then a whole one inside me. Each one then is sometime a whole one in me, I know it and I tell it, I am filled up then with that whole one inside me and I tell it and then it settles down inside me to always hearing it repeating in such a one, filling in and changing and being a completer and completer history of that one and always then it is quietly there in me and I like it. Sometimes it is disturbed in me and again completely fills me and then again it settles down in me. Then again it is quietly there in me and I always like it. Always I am then learning more and more the history of that one, always more and more there is then meaning in all the repeating coming out of that one but there is then

not so much need in me to tell it, it is then steady pleasant, sometimes exciting, learning in me and always I enjoy it but then it is quieter inside me and I am then not all filled up with it and so then though always often I tell it, all of it, pieces of it to any one who will listen to it, I am not then all filled up with it and I can then really be without really needing to tell it, I can then get along without really then ever telling it.

As I was saying each one sometime is a whole one to me. As I was saying mostly when it is complete to me and I first really know it, really and completely and filled up with it then I tell it. Mostly then I have to tell it. Mostly then I am filled up with it and it comes out of me then as telling it, sometimes to the one that is then a whole one to me, sometimes then to any one who will then listen to me.

As I was saying I know many women and many men. I know many of them as babies, as children as growing men and growing women as grown men and grown women as growing old men and growing old women, as grown old men and grown old women, and every kind of being they ever have in them. I know many then of them very many of them and sometime each one is a whole one to me, each one is a whole one inside me, each one then has real meaning for me. Sometime then each one is a whole one to me, sometime then each one of them has a whole history of each one for me. Everything then they do in living is clear then to me, their living, loving, eating, pleasing, smoking, scolding, drinking, dancing, thinking, working, walking, talking, laughing, sleeping, suffering, joking, everything in them. There are whole beings then, they are themselves inside them to me. They are then, each one, a whole one inside me. Repeating of the whole of them always coming out of each one of them makes a history always of each one of them always to me.

There are many then that I know, and I know it, I know it and mostly always sometime I tell it. Each one sometimes is a whole one to me, always sometime I know it, mostly always sometime I tell it. Mostly when I am full up with it I tell it, I know it, I am full up with it and I tell it.

Being filled up with some one who then is a whole one inside one is to some a natural way of being. Knowing and telling is to some their natural way of complete being. This is now some description of one of such of them.

Kinds and ways of being, kinds and ways of having being coming out in repeating, many of them are very clear in kinds of men and women, in individual men and women. Realising kinds and ways in being, learning in being, thinking to feeling, realising meaning in being, realising way and kinds of sensitiveness and emotion, meaning of stupidness in being, ways of knowing, ways of telling, ways of being resembling, all these always are in me filling me with seeing, feeling, learning understanding, filling me sometime to telling.

Sometimes perhaps it will be clear to every one the whole being of some one. Sometime perhaps it will be clear to some one the being in any one. This is then a beginning.

This is then a beginning, always then there is some winning knowing. Sometime perhaps it will be clear in some one the being in any one, always then there is some winning knowing, always then there is some one keeping going learning, sometime perhaps it will be clear to some one the whole being of some one. This is then again a beginning.

Mostly every one is resembling some how to some one, every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one. Each one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say of each one she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. Every one is always remembering some one who is resembling to some one. Every one is themselves inside them and every one is resembling to others.

Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me.

Everybody has their own being in them. Every one is a kind of men and women.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. There are many very many kinds of

men and women, there are many very many kinds of men, there are many very many kinds of women. There are many ways of making kinds of them, this is now a description of all the kinds of ways there are of making kinds of them, all the kinds of ways there are of making kinds of women, all the kinds of ways there are of making kinds of men, all the kinds of ways there are of making kinds in men and women, all the kinds of ways there are of making kinds of them in all the stages of each of them in them all from their beginning to their complete ending, all the kinds of ways there is in them of being and having being coming out from them, all their kinds of ways of being themselves inside them all of them and all the kinds of ways the being in them comes out from them, all the kinds of ways they ever effect any others any other one ever in any kind of way ever connected with them. To know all the kinds of ways then to make kinds of men and women one must know all the ways some are like others of them, are different from others of them, so then there come to be kinds of them. So then to some one each one must be a real one and each one must be like other ones in some ways and like other ones in other ways and some must know all the ways some one is resembling to or different from some other one and other ones and so sometime there will be a completed system of kinds of men and women, of kinds of men and kinds of women.

Mostly this is all always confusing every one in talking, feeling, thinking, using, seeing any one, always each one has their own way of feeling kinds in them, always each kind of them has their kind of way of knowing men and women. Making each one a kind of men and women in enough kinds of ways to have everything included in the kinds of them, everything that is in the being of that one, that is understanding that one. That one is then a completed whole one then to that one, the one having that understanding of that one. That is very exciting, that is very interesting, that completed understanding is to some all the meaning in their living.

Always then each one one is ever hearing talking, knowing

feeling, thinking, seeing, each one has their way of seeing each one they are ever knowing, each one has their way of feeling kinds in men and women. Always then that one that has it to want to have understanding of any one, that one always must have a feeling always of the ways all the ways, the many ways of knowing, feeling kinds in men and women. This then as I was saying is very exciting. This then is now some description of one way of learning to know kinds in men and women. Always I am telling of learning kinds in men and in women. Always then everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me. Always then sometime each one comes to be a whole one in me.

Now then there will be a little description of the learning of men and women as kinds of them, of the resemblances that are there in the nature in them, in the bottom nature in them that makes one kind of a way of making kinds of them.

Now this is the way resemblances among men and women have meaning to me to make kinds of them. Now this is the way I am learning men and women, knowing kinds in them.

Every one then has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. Always then I see resemblances in each one to another one to other ones and always I come back again and again to looking at that one and always I am seeing something, and always I am having a confusion inside me about that one and always I am beginning again and again and again and then sometime that one is a whole one to me, that one is of a kind of men and women from the bottom nature in that one and always then sometime it is clear about that one to me the nature or natures in that one with the bottom nature in that one and then sometime I know of that one all the kinds of being in that one, all the kinds of ways that one is of kinds of men and women.

There are many ways of making kinds in men and women. Each way of making kinds of them comes from a different way of feeling knowing them as resembling. There are many ways then of feeling knowing kinds in men and women. Sometime

some one will know all the ways there are for people to be resembling, some one some time then will have a completed history of every one, every one who ever is or was or will be living. There are many ways then of knowing kinds in men and women, there are many ways then, there is a way of feeling them as kinds of them by ways of doing that come from education and tradition, kinds of them that come from the ways that make a nation, there are ways of seeing kinds of them by the kind of learning in them, tastes, beliefs, fondness for walking, working, doing nothing, there are ways of feeling kinds in them in color resemblances and gentlenesses in them, and courage, and ways of showing angry feeling, there are ways of knowing resemblances in them from occupation giving certain habits to them, there are ways of seeing kinds in them from their being always young, always old in them, bright all of some of them, dull all of some of them, moral all of some of them, immoral all of some of them, lazy all of some of them, very energetic always some of them, then there are samenesses in the looks of many of them that makes kinds of them to some and sometime some one will know all the ways there are for people to be resembling, some one sometime then will have a completed history of all of them.

Kinds in men and women then are to many always in men and women and in many different ways of feeling and thinking. Mostly to every one there are kinds in men, kinds in women, kinds in men and women.

Everybody then is mostly a real one to me, everybody is now like some one and like some other one and then again like some other one and each one sometimes is a whole one to me.

This being resembling, this seeing resemblances between those one is knowing is interesting, defining, confusing, uncertain and certain. You see one, the way of looking at any one in that one that is like some one, the way of listening, a sudden expression, a way of walking, a sound in laughing, a number of expressions that are passing over the face of that one, it is confusing, too many people have pieces in them like pieces in this one, it began as a clear resemblance to some one, it goes on to be a con-

fusing number of resemblances to many then, some resemblance that is very clear one is not remembering then it is baffling, more and more resemblances come out in that one, perhaps that one is not independent dependent and yet that was so clear in the beginning, more and more then with knowing resemblances are multiplying and being baffling and confusing and always each one of all these resemblances one who sometime wants to have this one as a whole one, wants to really know kinds in men and women must completely feel, admit, remember and consider and realise as having meaning. This is then a beginning of learning to make kinds of men and women. Slowly then all the resemblances between one and all the others that have something, different things in common with that one, all these fall into an ordered system sometime then that one is a whole one, sometimes that one is very different to what was in the beginning the important resemblance in that one but always everything, all resemblances in that one must be counted in, nothing must ever be thrown out, everything in each one must be included to know that one and then sometime that one is to some one a whole one and that is then very satisfying.

I think of each one I am ever knowing. Each one sometime is a whole one to me. Each one has a bottom nature in them of one kind of men and women. Each one may have in them other nature or natures in them mixed with each other or separate together in them. This is the way I think of men and women. Later I will tell more of them. Now I must begin again with the resisting, the dependent independent the kind I have been beginning describing in a way that may mean nothing to any other one, in the way I feel bottom being in men and women, in the way I make kinds in them, in the way each one comes to be a whole one to me seeing that one.

Resisting being is one way of being. This is now a description. As I was saying there are kinds of them kinds in men and women and there are kinds of kinds of them kinds in kinds in men and women. First then there are large groupings of them, the grouping into two kinds of them those having resisting,

those having attacking as their natural way of winning fighting, dependent independent, independent dependent, these two kinds of them. Each group then has in a way the same way of hand-writing, the same way of succeeding, the same way of beginning, the same way of loving. Many of them are very baffling, many in each group of them, for there are in many of them other nature or natures in them, sometimes then they are very baffling, sometime to some one the bottom nature in them is certain, the kind the bottom nature in them is, and then, though it may take a long time to know the complete being in them, they are not any longer baffling. Soon a few short histories will be given of learning the bottom being in some and so clearing up the problem of them which for a long time was confusing, which always is confusing to any one not knowing the bottom being in that one.

This is clear then, bottom being is the natural way of winning, loving, fighting, working, thinking, writing in each one. This is not anything about good or bad in them, in each one, about more or less brains in them but the kind of brains, the kind of good, the kind of bad, the kind of loving, the kind of fighting, the way of working, being in them at the bottom of them.

This is a very certain way of knowing, grouping men and women, understanding, seeing the kind of natures in them, making certain of the resemblances between them. This is then a universal grouping, always everywhere with every education there are these same kinds of them, some are a complete thing of one kind of them, some are very little just at the bottom one kind of them and all the rest of them are other kinds of them, there are in them every degree of mixing, every degree of emphasising, some are the whole of their kind of them, some are only part of their kind of them; to commence again then with my way of seeing them and then the way of knowing the resemblances between them and so the making groups of them. To begin again then with my feeling of bottom nature in each one.

I know it and I want to tell it. I see it the bottom nature in

each one I am ever knowing, sometimes, in each one. I see it, I see it and know it, its likeness and unlikeness to bottom nature in another one, I know and I want to tell it. I know it and I want to tell it and sometime some one else too will know it. I know it and I want to tell it and sometimes some one, some will know it. This is then the way I see it.

I am all unhappy in this writing. I know very much of the meaning of the being in men and women. I know it and feel it and I am always learning more of it and now I am telling it and I am nervous and driving and unhappy in it. Sometimes I will be all happy in it.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind in men and women. Each one has a bottom nature in them, this nature is of a kind of nature that makes a kind in men and women.

More and more then there will be histories of all the kinds there are of men and women.

As I was saying there is a bottom nature in every one, the other nature or natures in them may be of this kind of men and women that is of the same kind as the bottom nature of them, they may not be of the same kind of them. If the bottom nature of them is resisting the other nature or natures in them may be all resisting, some kinds of resisting and some attacking, all of the other natures in them may be of kinds of attacking, if the bottom nature in them is a kind of attacking being the other nature or natures in them may be of kinds of resisting, of kinds of attacking, some of kinds of resisting, some of kinds of attacking, some may have only a bottom nature to them, some may have almost nothing of bottom nature to them, there is every kind of mixing, mostly in each one it is very confusing, often each one one is ever knowing is for a long time baffling.

Some are puzzling a long time, almost every one is more or less puzzling to every one, mostly every one is puzzling to me, sometime mostly every one comes to be a whole one to me.

Always then I am learning some one. Mostly every one comes very slowly to be a whole one to me. Mostly every one is some-

times and mostly for a very long time a puzzle to me, sometimes some one only after a long time of learning that one comes to be a conscious puzzle to me.

Each one then is of a kind of men and women. Each one then has a bottom nature of a kind of men and women in them, many have other nature or natures in them.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. Each one is a separate one and yet always repeated.

There are then many kinds in men and women. There are two kinds of them, there are many kinds of these kinds of them, there are many kinds in each one of the many kinds of each kind of them.

More and more I would like to make it clear to some one how I see men and women, how I see kinds in men and women. I know a good deal of it now though always I am puzzling, beginning again and again and again, feeling it all is fabrication and always I am knowing that really I see a very certain thing in my way of seeing kinds in men and women, that I am really understanding the meaning of the being in them. I know a great deal then and I tell it now when I am still puzzling.

Now then to begin again the history of Martha Hersland and of every one she ever knew in living. Always there will be here writing a description of all the kinds of ways there can be seen to be kinds of men and women. There will be here then written the complete history of every one Martha Hersland ever came to know in her living, the fundamental character of every one, the bottom natures in them, the other natures in them, the mixtures in them, the strength and weakness of everything they have inside them.

This is now a beginning of a description of the being in Martha Hersland as beginning.

In some the nature in them is clearer when they are very young, in some when they are young, in some when they are not so young, in some when they are old ones. Always in each one it is there repeating, sometime some one knows it in each one,

sometime some one will know it in every one that one is ever knowing.

One little boy does something to another little boy who does not like it, he shows no sign of reacting to it the little boy who does not like it. He seems not to know and then not to remember to be angry with it, his reaction is so slow to it. Then he hits out and often the first little boy is surprised at it. This often happens when one little boy does something to another little boy who does not like it.

This is the way many little boys do it and they are of many kinds the little boys who do this when some other little boy, some little girl, some one does something and they do not like it.

This is then the way many little boys do it, this is the way that some little girls do it.

One little girl, one little boy, some one, many do something to a little girl who does not like it, she shows just then no sign of reacting to it, the little girl who does not like it. She is not angry, she seems not to remember then to be angry, her reaction is not there then to it. Then she does something violent to show it and often then the one that did something to that little girl is surprised at it, that one then has forgotten all about it. This very often happens when a little girl, when a little boy, when some one does something to a little girl who does not like it.

As I was saying this is often happening. As I was saying there are many little ones who have this way of acting when any one has done something they have not been liking.

So then there are many kinds who can have this way of acting when they are little ones, many kinds of men and women.

As I was saying some have their real being in young living, some do not have it then in them. As I was saying in some the nature in them is clearer when they are very young, in some when they are young, in some when they are not so young, in some when they are older or ending. Always in each one it is there and repeating.

As I was saying this way of acting that I have been just describing can be in various kinds of men and women when they

are little ones, when they are in beginning. There are very many little ones that have such a way of acting when some one has been doing something they have not been liking. In some it is from the being in them, in some it is from being being in beginning then in them.

Some have their real being in them in young living, some do not have it then in them. Now there will be some description of young living in some.

Some have their real being in them in very young living, some do not have it then in them. Now there will be a little description of very young living in one.

This one, and the one I am now beginning describing is Martha Hersland and this is a little story of the acting in her of her being in her very young living, this one was a very little one then and she was running and she was in the street and it was a muddy one and she had an umbrella that she was dragging and she was crying. "I will throw the umbrella in the mud," she was saying, she was very little then, she was just beginning her schooling, "I will throw the umbrella in the mud," she said and no one was near her and she was dragging the umbrella and bitterness possessed her, "I will throw the umbrella in the mud," she was saying and nobody heard her, the others had run ahead to get home and they had left her, "I will throw the umbrella in the mud," and there was desperate anger in her; "I have throwed the umbrella in the mud," burst from her, she had thrown the umbrella in the mud and that was the end of it all in her. She had thrown the umbrella in the mud and no one heard her as it burst from her, "I have throwed the umbrella in the mud," it was the end of all that to her.

Some have the real being in their living in their young living, some do not have it then in them. Now there will be some description of young living in some.

Sometime there will be a history of all young living, feeling, talking, thinking, being. Some have their real being mostly in their young living, some do not have it then at all in them. Later there will be a history of all these, of every one.

There are many ways of making kinds in men and women when they are in their beginning when they are children. They are then each one of them like some others, like some other children, they are each one of them something of themselves then, always somehow a little, some much very much, themselves inside them, each one, and each one are like many other ones, many other children. There are many ways of making kinds in men and women in their beginning, there are many ways of making kinds in children. In each way of making kinds of them there is a different system, a different way of feeling, a different way of thinking them as being resembling one to others of them. Martha Hersland as I was saying was of the independent dependent kind of them. Martha knew in her early living a certain number of children, some I have already been describing, now there will be more history of some, more history of others of them. As I was saying Martha was throwing the umbrella in the mud with angry feeling as she was telling and nobody was hearing. As I was saying no one knowing this as having been Martha's way of acting then when she a little one was filled full of angry feeling, with despairing feeling, with responsible feeling, with frightened feeling, no one then could be very certain of the kind of being Martha had in her. Not any one could know then whether Martha was of the kind of them having attacking as their natural being, the kind of them having resisting as their natural being. Some have their real being in young living, some do not have it then in them. In those having it then strongly in them sometime some one watching them can know it in them. Mostly it is harder to know it in them then in their beginning than in their later young living. Always it is a difficult thing, in some it is almost impossible in their beginning living to know the being in them, in some it is easy then. Now there will be a little description of young living in some.

Knowing a map and then seeing the place and knowing then that the roads actually existing are like the map, to some is always astonishing and always then very gratifying. To some there is the same thing in living and to such a one seeing each

one they are knowing as young ones and older ones and very old ones, and seeing them then as having in them the kind of being that hearing others talking, and reading what others have written, makes every one know is the nature of human being knowing this then in every one at each period in them is to some as I was saying astonishing and then gratifying, is to some as I was saying knowing a place after knowing a map of such a place is to some to their feeling an astonishment and then a gratification. This is then always there all their living in some, that is to say these ones come to know in those of them that are of their own generation, not children being, though in some even that is known to them by hearing and reading, in other children around them, they being then children, in some of such of them then there is a self-consciousness then enough to make them know then even when they are children children being, it comes to be more strongly in them then when they are young men and women, it comes to be to them then almost overwhelming as astonishment and gratification in their middle living to find themselves and those of their own age around them looking like men and women in their middle living, acting, living like men and women in their middle living, this is then to them very astonishing, to some it is gratifying, to some of such of them it is terrifying, they are then, they themselves and others around them as they remember their fathers and their mothers when they themselves were children, this is then as I say to many of such of them who have this in them very astonishing, to some very gratifying, to some even terrifying, and there are then all kinds of feeling in between about this thing.

This then, this realising is strongest in men and women of those around them of their own age in living when they themselves are having in them then that living that is to them the thing they have known like a map of living and then they know it in those around them of their own time of living and in themselves then and to many very many it is then astonishing, to some then gratifying, to some then almost terrifying, to some it is overwhelming then to know it really then inside really com-

pletely then inside them, that all living is always repeating, that they are like every one else who has or ever has had or ever will have in them middle living, like them in the way they are then in their looks, in their troubles with their health or happiness or working or children. It is to many then overwhelming that they know then that everything they have been hearing or reading about living is true of them, that they are in their middle living, that all those they are knowing of about the same age as they are themselves then are then also in that middle living that they have known always from reading, from seeing, from hearing and that is to many very astonishing, to some who have it in them to love repeating in living very gratifying, to some who are beginning to be a little weary then very satisfying, to many then almost or completely terrifying. This is then there, the understanding of being in middle living in such a one, and then there is in such a one an understanding of men and women they are remembering who were when they knew them in middle living, there is then in such of them a new realisation of every one, for every one must have sometime in them middle living.

There are then many who have sometime in them the feeling I have been describing with a map and seeing the place and knowing then the roads are really existing like the maps of them. This is to very many always each time astonishing.

Some have their real being in them in young living, some do not have it then in them. Now there will be some description of young living in some.

It is very hard to know of any one the being in them from one or two things they have been doing that some one is telling about them, from many things even that they have been doing and that one knows of them. Knowing real being in men and women is a very slow proceeding and always more and more this is very certain.

As I was saying some have more feeling for kinds in men and women when men and women are in beginning, some have more feeling for kinds in men and women when men and women are babies than in any other time in their living, some have

more feeling for kinds in men and women when men and women are children than at any other time in their existing. As I was saying, to some, being in children is very confusing because the nature in them is in its beginning.

As I was saying Martha Hersland when she was a little one a very little one and the others were running ahead and she had the umbrella for one of them and she was struggling to catch up with the rest of them and they were disappearing and she was being filled fuller always with angry feeling and resentment and desperation and she was crying out, "I will throw the umbrella in the mud," and nobody was hearing and she was repeating again and again and then in a moment of triumphing she did throw the umbrella in the mud and then she went on crying and saying, "I did throw the umbrella in the mud," this is a description of an action that many very different kinds of children could have been doing when they were left behind struggling, Martha Hersland did this and she was a little girl then and slowly now there will come to be a complete description of the nature in her that this I have been just describing does not now help very much to be understanding.

Now there will be some description of Martha Hersland in her young living and the children she knew when she was beginning living.

I was telling of the living of the Hersland family in Gossols on a ten acre place and of people living in small houses near them and it was then that Martha Hersland was a child and was knowing children. She knew some children at the public school near them where she and her brothers had their american education, some children that were living then in the small houses near the ten acre place where the Hersland family were living then as I was telling and some other children who knew these children. She knew some children at the public school. Some children were living near them in the small houses as I was telling and she knew them and knew some other children who knew these children. And then she knew some children who sometimes came to see them, the Hersland children, who

were the kind of children she naturally should have been knowing, from the kind of people Mr. and Mrs. Hersland should naturally be knowing, but these children were never important in her living. Mostly then she was knowing children living near her, and children knowing these children.

Mostly then, Martha, and as I was saying this was mostly true of all three of them of all three of the Hersland children, Martha when she was in the beginning of her living was more of them, the children, the people living in the small houses near them and the friends of these people, of these children, than she was of her family living, of her mother's and father's country house living. She was then not at all of the living that would naturally have been her kind of living, of well-to-do living.

She was then, as a child, as a young girl, almost until she was a young woman of the being of those living in small houses near them.

This is now clear then, by and by there will be much description of the being and the character in many of these people, families, men, women and children that the Hersland children knew when they were children and on from them until they were almost young men and women, in the long history of David Hersland that will be written after there has been written some of the history of Martha Hersland and of Alfred Hersland the two elder Hersland children. There will then be written also the meaning of these men and women to Mr. and Mrs. David Hersland the father and the mother of the three Hersland children. So then all that will happen, all that will be written after there is written some description of living and the being of the two elder Hersland children. First then now there will be written some description of Martha Hersland in her beginning. After there has been written something of the history of her living some description of her being, there will be written a history of her brother Alfred up to the time of his marrying Julia Dehnning. After that will be written the whole long history of the youngest of the three children David Hersland and all through there will be written some history of the father and mother and

of all the governesses and servants living in the house with the Hersland family. So then to begin again. In the history of young David Hersland there will be written much description of the character and living of every one the Hersland family ever came to know in all the time they were living in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. In the history of Alfred Hersland there will be much description of the things Alfred did with and to them, all of them whom the Hersland family came to know then. Now in the history of Martha Hersland there will be much description of how every one knowing the Hersland family then came to feel and know her and them, what every one knowing them felt in her and in the Hersland living, what every one knowing them and knowing her felt about her, knew about her, felt about them, knew about them.

When she was a very little one sometimes she wanted not to be existing. This is a very common thing in every one in the beginning of their living. This is a very common thing in mostly every one in the beginning of their living. Many want then not any longer to be existing, mostly then when they are very little ones they are never thinking I wish I had never come into existing, they have not then any such a feeling, they often say then I wish I had died when I was a little baby and had not any feeling, I would not then have to be always suffering, I would not then now have to think of being frightened by dying, I wish I had been dead when I was a very little one and was not knowing anything. It is very interesting the way anybody feels about dying, about not existing, about everything, about every one. Always more and more this is very interesting.

More and more there will be understanding of these different ways of feeling their own being, feeling anybody else's being, feeling the ending of themselves and the ending of any one, feel their not existing, that makes one kind in men and women, makes that kind different from other kinds of them. There will then be a very little always being made that slowly will make a

great deal of description of the feelings in each kind in men and women about everything.

As I was saying when Martha was a very little one, the Herslands were living in a ten acre place and there were poor people in small houses living near them and the Herslands had a governess and servants then living in the house with them.

Later when Martha was a little bigger, she went to a school near them where the children living in the small houses near them went too to get their instruction and Martha was of them then of all of them the poor people near them; the Hersland children always had then a governess in the house with them. This made two different kinds of living for them, this was more troublesome to Martha than to the two other children who were boys and so not really in actual relation to the family living and the governess in the house with them. To begin now a description of what every one knowing Martha Hersland when she was a little one felt or knew or thought of the being that now every one reading is commencing feeling, knowing.

As I was saying when Martha was a little one, when she first went to school and this was very soon after the Herslands began living in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living for Martha had been born when the Herslands had just come to Gossols and were living in the hotel as I was saying, in the hotel where Mrs. Hersland knew Sophie Shilling and Pauline Shilling and Mrs. Shilling; and so as I was saying when they came, the Hersland family, to live on the ten acre place where they went on living to after the time when Martha a grown woman came back out of her trouble to live again with them, Martha the oldest of the three Hersland children was old enough to begin her schooling, was old enough to begin having living feeling forming in her, to be of them the people living near them.

Some have their real being in young living, some do not have it then in them, all have their real being in young living to some, not any one has their real being in young living to some.

To those knowing Martha Hersland then when she was a

young one when she was beginning her individual being, she was then a whole one, to no one quite entirely pleasing, but most of those knowing her then liked her well enough whenever they thought about her and sometimes then they did not like her.

As I was saying she went to school with the children near them, the for the Hersland children, poorer children near them. As I was saying when the Hersland family moved to the ten acre place Martha was already old enough to begin her schooling. As I was saying then when she was a very little one and she was coming home with them, they went faster than she could then, they left her then and she was running with the umbrella one of them had left with her after saying she would carry it for her and she was saying I will throw the umbrella in the mud and then she was crying, I have thrown the umbrella in the mud, and then later she got home and the umbrella was not with her but one of the other ones one of those who had left her went back that day later and got it for her. Then she was a very little one and just beginning knowing the children near her. When she was a little bigger she was in her living almost entirely of them the people near her. As I was saying they mostly all liked her well enough when they thought about her, they did not think very much about her, sometimes when they thought about her they did not like her. She was for them mostly then as if she had been one of them in her natural way of living, there was nothing in her to make her a different kind of child from the others of them, she was of them and yet a little sometimes it was troublesome to her and for them in her that she was not of them in the living that would have been natural for her. It was more important in her for them when a little they were beginning all of them to have loving in them, for she not being of them a little must not get into a kind of trouble that would be alright for them in the kind of living that was the natural way of living for them. Neither they nor she really knew this inside them ever in their living but it was a little troublesome there to her and for them, troublesome as the governess was in her living, not really ever interfering, sometimes

a little attempting to be interfering, always there as being a thing that had no meaning really in her living but could not ever have been there ever if the living that was then for her real living had been for her her natural way of living. Slowly this came to be in her as something stronger, something slowly making a difference in her as she grew older. Slowly then things happened to these children she knew then as they grew older that would not happen to her as she grew older. She was living very much their life when she was not at all any more of them ; this is now a little more description of the being in her and how they felt her every one who then knew her.

Mr. Hersland to his children when they were old enough to realise him was very full of impatient feeling. They were then afraid of him though they knew it of him that he never would go as far as his anger could drive him. They knew this of him more and more until almost they were not afraid of him.

When Martha was a little one she was a whole one, always she was a whole one. When Martha was a young one she was a whole one. She was not very interesting to her father or to any one who knew her, then in her young living. She was not very interesting ever to her father or ever very interesting really to any one who ever knew her.

Sometimes she was a little interesting to some one. She was never very interesting to her father or to any one knowing her in her young living. She was never really interesting to her father in her living. Later in his living she was always with him. In her young living as I was saying she was really not very interesting to any one. Always as I was saying she was the same whole one. When she was first a young woman she was a little interesting to some. She was never really very interesting to any one. Always, as I was saying, all her living, she was the same whole one.

As I was saying when she was quite a young one there was not any feeling in any of them, not in the parents of these children then any feeling that she was in her feeling cut off from them by not being able to have some things happen to her that

could not happen to any one having the kind of future that was the natural kind of future living for her. As I was saying a little such a feeling came when she was somewhat older, when she was older with them, but in her younger living there was not in herself not in any one of them, a little perhaps in her mother and the governesses and servants then living in the house with her, not any in her father then not anything of such a feeling. And so she was completely of them then to them to all of them the children and the other people living in the small houses near the Hersland family ten acre living place then, she was completely then of their living then always even when the children or the others were conscious of the existing of Mr. or Mrs. Hersland or the governess or the servants living with them.

At this time Martha was completely of the living of these people near her, of the children and the parents of them, then in her younger living. Later as I was saying there was the developing of feeling the natural future for her in her in them and in her father and a very little in her and always a little more and more in all of them. And then it came that she went away to another kind of living. This is now a little history of how they felt her when she was young, when she was a little older, every one who then came to know her. There will be then a little description of the transition to another kind of living that then came to her.

When she was quite a young one, as I was saying, she was then quite completely of the living of the children and the people living near the Hersland family then when the Hersland family were living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living then.

She was completely of their living then. She could have happen to her then what could happen to any of them in their living, in their schooling, in their playing, in their quarrelling, in their liking, in their disliking, in their being interesting one to the other of them.

As I was saying Martha Hersland was not then very interesting to any of them, she was good enough at doing anything, they

were friendly enough with her most of them, they did not most of them think very well of the way she did quarrelling whenever she did any of that with any of them. One little boy wanted her to do loving the little boy who with his sister lived with the father who smoked to help his asthma but this was not very much of a success for Martha then had a nervous feeling and was not very daring and was not very understanding and had a confusion that was a little like wanting, a little like obstinate hesitation, a little like being afraid of everything, a little like a very stupid way of being, and the little boy then forgot about her being existing for really Martha was not then to any one very interesting. Martha was alright then but she was not interesting enough to be successful in quarrelling or in loving then, they all of them forgot her a little when she wanted to be quarrelling or they were quarrelling or they wanted to be loving or she wanted to be loving. Perhaps a very little it was that she was not quite entirely completely, altogether of them, perhaps it was that she was not then really interesting to any one. She was of them then so that she was living their living entirely then with them and they did begin with her then in loving or in quarrelling as they did with each other in their living then but as I was saying she was not interesting then, the being in her as I was saying when it was active was just knocking together in her and that made in her a little confusion and she was not stupid in ordinary living and she was not interesting and that was her younger living.

When she was a little older she was still always with them the people near the Hersland family then in that part of Gos-sols where no rich people were living then. She was with them then living their kind of being, hearing them talking and knowing everything happening to them but not any of them then included her with them in quarrelling or loving, not even as making a beginning. The natural future for her was then separating them. She was still very much with them, with the girls she would help the mothers cooking or setting the table, she knew their daily living, she helped them in wiping the dishes when

they were washing them, and was with them and always then she was not of them even as she had been to them when she was a younger one and she never knew it then and they never knew it then. She was not any more interesting then. Something happened to her then that made her now for a little time more than the whole one she was all her living to herself and perhaps a little to some who then and later knew her, it was really just a little accentuation of being put in motion and of that I will now give a very little description.

No one knew very much what Martha was feeling about anything when she was in her young living. She was not ever telling very much of her feeling then to any one, and never to any one in the family living. Not any of the Hersland family ever were telling each other very much about what feeling they had in them. Martha was really not telling any one very much in her young living the feeling she had in her about anything and then in a way too it was not in her ready for telling. It had not form in her yet, feeling in her, there was really then no way for her to tell any one anything about her feeling.

She was as I was saying in her young living not very interesting to any one who then knew her. She did not then, as I was saying tell very much to any one any feeling she had in her, really then nothing came to be in her clear inside her to tell any one if any one was there to listen to her. This was true of her mostly all her young living as I was saying.

She was then as I was saying all her young living completely of them the people living near the Hersland family then, she was then not of the living of her father and her mother. As I was saying later in her young living she was very annoying to her father, she was not ready enough to be beginning and then there was confusion in her when he was changing to a new beginning and this was often like stubborn resistance and often then her father would begin to have in him very much impatient feeling and some anger. And always then Martha a little was beginning to be beginning and a little so then she had in her her own feeling and a good deal then she was afraid to hear him

when he was beginning with her though always she felt it a little in her that it was really all impatient being in him and that he never would carry it through against her as anger the annoyed impatient angry feeling he had then toward her. As I was saying all this was mostly a trouble to her when the governess Madeleine Wyman was beginning to take charge of her. This was too annoying to be only confusing in her, what right had Miss Wyman to be forcing her, Martha, and resistance was then in Martha a thing having in her a clearer meaning than any time before in her living. Really Martha was afraid of Madeleine Wyman more in a way than she was of her father, Madeleine Wyman was a compacted power that kept going and always was there and there was not really any way of getting away from her when one was in the house with her. This was then the beginning of more concentrated consciousness of feeling in Martha this experience with Madeleine Wyman. This did not last a long time as I was saying earlier. Madeleine Wyman came soon to be only of the living of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland, not at all of the three Hersland children. Always she was sometimes troublesome to them but more and more as I was saying she was only of the living of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and not at all of the three Hersland children. Always as I was saying she was troublesome to them then and later in their living and there will be later more history written of the feeling about her in each one of the three of them. Now there is to be a little description of Martha Hersland and what she knew and saw and heard in her younger living.

As I was saying these children, these people, had in them all of them the feeling of city living and the feeling of country living. Martha Hersland in her younger living was completely of them as I was saying. Martha Hersland had then in her young living the kind of feeling about living that they had in them. There was as I was saying always the difference of her having a different kind of father and mother and way of living from any of them but that was not there in her feeling and was not there in their thinking, it did however make a difference in her

understanding of things that happened among them. As I was saying in her very young living and then a little later in her young living she was completely of them the people living in the small houses there then there where there were no rich people living excepting the Hersland family as I was saying. She was completely of them, of their living, of their way of feeling living in her later younger living and yet already as I was saying there could be in her a little less really being of them even than there had been because already then future living was important in the present living of all of them and her future living was a different thing from their future living. As I was saying she had not been so very interesting to any one in her younger living, to any one of them. As I was saying there would be in them a little beginning with her too in quarrelling one little boy as I was saying tried a little in loving, in things they should not be doing and really she was not resisting but it could not come to anything for there was not in her anything really active inside her then, she was really not even so important to them then any of them than when she had been a very little one but really as I have been saying she never really was interesting to any one in her younger living.

As I was saying in her later younger living she was completely with them and yet then she was the most cut off from them for then future living was beginning to count in the being and feeling and doing of all of them and always her future living more and more certainly was a different thing from that of those she was knowing then. She was then not really then very interesting really to any of them then.

She was completely with them then in her daily living then, then in her later younger living. She was always with them then, then in her later younger living, she would be with them whatever they were doing when she was not at home studying in some one of the ways her father then was thinking was important for her to be doing.

She was with them then, in the day-time, in the evening, all the time she was with them, the people living in small houses

near them. Some of the girls and some of the boys had already commenced to be working. I was saying that there was one family living in a small house near the Hersland family then of a mother a foreign woman who was rather wooden, and a father who was not important to any one, and three daughters who each one sometime came to have real beauty in them. It was the second one of them whom Martha knew very well in the later part of her young living. She had not come yet to have beauty in her this one, she was just beginning to work out to learn dress-making. The older one who was working in the city somewhere had come to have her beauty and there were queer things one heard then about her of her marrying a rich man, a man whose family made much money making chocolate and every one had heard of them from eating the chocolate they were making and the name sounded very Italian and somehow every one knew though no one of them had ever seen him that he was a handsome fierce looking black-moustached man and a very rich one. None of the family of this girl ever said anything, Martha Hersland did not know really where she heard all about the oldest girl for when she thought it over she knew no one had told her. It came to be in her then like something she had dreamed about some one and so it had all of it no real meaning for her. She knew dimly that all of them the three Banks boys one of whom was learning telegraphing, one of whom was learning shoemaking, the other learning nothing and perhaps sometimes stealing something, she knew they knew the three girls and said things to them that Martha was never really hearing but as I was saying Martha was not really interesting then to any one and inside, her feeling was not active to be to herself or to any one a thing possibly having then any expression. The young Rodman boy was to her a little more an active awakening because he said things to make her be understanding. There were two of them, the eldest a big lumbering fellow and this young one who made fun of her whenever he saw her and he just annoyed her and that was not really very active then in her. She was, as I was saying, of them, she was always with

them, all of them, she heard them talking, she knew what they were doing, she would listen to the mothers and the fathers of them talking, she had no other notion of living than that she saw and heard and felt and had when she was with them and always her future would be a different one and so she was not then understanding what all of them were living for to her her future living was unknown and so she had no present living, with all of them then it was a different thing, their present living was their future living and so she was not really ever then of them.

As I was saying Martha was not then really interesting to any one. As I was saying feeling was then in her not very clear to herself or to any one. As I was saying she was annoying then to her father by her not making very good beginnings and not being as he put it really thorough in anything. No one of his children ever were to him in their younger living really thorough in anything. The other two were interested in resisting beginning or in beginning, he had not any such a satisfaction, as I was saying, with his daughter and she was then in her later younger living annoying to him. He wanted her to learn house-keeping then and to him it was a good thing for her to be with them the poorer people living near them so she could do what all those other girls she knew could do as to cooking and dress-making and of course Martha could not really do them and sometimes then he asked her to do some such thing and then of course she could not do it for him and then he would be full up with impatient feeling that she could not do that thing, that always she was not as he put it ever thorough in anything. And always all this time she was studying in one way or another, with tutors or a teacher from the school near her and sometimes by herself and then there came to be a change in her and for her. Always her mother was not very close to her. The mother was there always for all of her children but this was for Martha only when she was a little sick or for dressing or for an occasional visiting. This was the time when Mrs. Hersland was having in her her most important feeling of herself inside her as I was saying. So Martha was not then really very interesting to

any one. Martha always was a whole one as I was saying. Martha was not then really very interesting to any one.

As I was saying Martha Hersland was all through her younger living of the feeling and the living of, for her natural family living, poor people. She was of the daily feeling and the daily living of them more than she was of the daily feeling and the daily living of her family living and feeling. She was then as I was saying of the daily living and the daily feeling of the people near her who had in them as I said of them half city feeling and half country feeling. She was as I was saying as much as there was in her then of feeling and living of their feeling and their living. She was with them often in the evening, she was with them more or less in the day-time, she was of their daily living and their daily feeling more than she was then of any other feeling or living. As I was just saying she was with them often in the evening when she was not any longer a very young one, she was with them then very much of the day-time, she was as I was saying of their daily living and their daily feeling almost all the daily living and the daily feeling there was in her then.

She was with them as I was just saying often in the evening now that she was no longer a very little one and very much of the day-time. Some of them, the younger ones whom she knew then were beginning now to go out working and she saw them when they came back from their working and she was with them then and she was with them then again in the evening. As I have said almost all there was of daily living and daily feeling then in her was of the daily living and the daily feeling of these young people and their friends and relations and this was not very important to any one then that this was the daily living and the daily feeling of Martha Hersland then. Sometimes Mr. Hersland suddenly remembered that Martha should not go out in the evening, mostly he did not pay much attention to the daily feeling and the daily living in her then. Sometimes as I was saying he would suddenly remember she should not go out in the evening alone with these young people near them and

then he would forbid her going and he would tell her that she should stay in the house and be with her mother and then he would lecture her brother that he did not take better care of his sister. "You have to take care of her sometime and you might as well begin, the sooner the better. You will have to do it sooner or later, I tell you." "I'll take mine later" said the brother but he was careful that his father did not hear and he went out that evening as he did many evenings as I will be telling later in the long history of the living of him, but on that evening Martha Hersland could not go out to be with the others. Mr. Hersland's remembering that she should not go out in the evening did not happen very often. Mostly she went out in the evening and the day-time. Sometimes her father coming home from the city and seeing Martha standing in the yard of some of the small houses talking would get very angry that she was not at home studying. He could often get very angry and be full up with impatient feeling as I was saying whenever he remembered that Martha was his daughter and was not just what he would have her. At this time they had not any governess living in the house with them. Madeleine Wyman had left them and they had no governess after this one. Mrs. Hersland then did not have much meaning in the family living. She was weakening a little inside her then as I said when I was describing the living in her, she was lost then between her big children and the father of them as I was then saying then when I was describing the being in Mrs. Hersland. So then as I was just saying Martha was in her daily living and her daily feeling more of them the people in small houses near the Hersland family then than she was of any other daily living or daily feeling then. As I was saying she was with them often in the evening, as I was saying she was not then very interesting to any of them then. As I was saying the future which would be different for her in kind than the future of them made a separation between them in the things she was knowing with them and the things they were knowing among them, in the things she was feeling with them and the things they were feeling among

them, in the things she was doing with them and the things they were doing among them, in the way she was interesting to them and the way they were interesting to each other among themselves then. As I was saying all there was of daily living and daily feeling in her then was of the daily feeling and daily living they had among them. As I was saying in a way she was separated from them, though all the living and feeling she had in her then was the living and feeling she had from them, by the future living that would be different in her living from the future living any of them would naturally be having.

As I was saying she was then not really very interesting to any one. She might have been a little interesting a couple of evenings to Harry Brenner but she never really was interesting to him.

As I was saying she was then of their daily living and their daily feeling, the poorer people near them, and she was with them a good deal in the day-time and she was with them very often in the evening. As I was saying sometimes her father remembered that she should not be out with them in the evening and he would forbid her going out that evening and he would lecture her brother Alfred because he did not take care of his sister who should not go out in the evenings in the way she was doing and the father was full up then as I was saying with impatient feeling and then that would be the end of his interfering with Martha's daily living and daily feeling and Martha's going out in the evening. The mother Mrs. Hersland was then as I was saying in the history of her living lost then among her children and the father of them. Always then in her young living Martha was of them the people near them and this was of her until she was almost a young woman.

As I was saying she was of them the poorer people in her daily living and in her daily feeling, as I was saying she was not so interesting to any of them as they were to each other then and this was mostly because of the future living there was for her in her and a little perhaps from the way being was in her but mostly it was from the future living of her that

was naturally to be different from that of those she was then knowing. As I was saying she was not so interesting to any of them as they were to each other then and she was not feeling and living and understanding anything really in the way they were doing then. As I was saying she almost might have been interesting to them from her almost being interesting a couple of evenings to Harry Brenner who was one of them but she did not come to be really interesting to him. Perhaps it was the future living in her that made her not come to be really interesting to Harry Brenner then although there was almost a beginning of being interested in him. That was the end of it though then, she never as I was saying was really interesting to any of them then.

So then as I was saying Martha Hersland in her daily feeling, in her daily living was of the daily living and the daily feeling of the people living in small houses near the Hersland family then living in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Her father as I was saying was of their daily living and their daily feeling too somewhat then and on Sundays when he walked and stopped to talk to them and sat down in the houses with the women when they were cooking and ate something there in the kitchen with them and felt inside him a feeling that they were women there in a room with him. Then it was to him a good thing, then when he had this kind of feeling of them the women in him, then he thought and said it was a good thing Martha should learn how to do things, cooking and sewing and living and feeling like the women he was seeing then having as women in him to him, then when he was sitting with them in the kitchen or sometimes in their little gardens. Then he said Martha should learn the living they had in them, and he said it to them and then he said it to Martha when he saw her. This was one way he had of feeling about her being of the daily living and the daily feeling of these people living near them. Then sometimes of an evening as I was saying he would see Martha leaving the house and he would suddenly remember then she should not go out of an evening, that was no

way a daughter of his in his position should be acting and then he would tell her he would see to it that she should stay home and he would employ some one to look after her and make of her the kind of educated person that it was right he should have for a daughter. And so as I was saying Martha Hersland until she was almost a young woman was in her daily living and in her daily feeling of them the people living in the small houses near the ten acre place where the Hersland family were living then and she was with them and in the houses of them a good deal in the day-time and she was a good deal with all of them in the evenings in the later part of her young living and as I was saying she was not really then interesting to any of them and as I was saying she was not then really feeling and really living and really understanding the living and the feeling that they had together then amongst them. This was the daily living and the daily feeling in Martha Hersland and the being in Martha Hersland this that I have been just describing when it came that she had an awakening into realler feeling and then she came to have a real attacking moment and it lasted to her beginning her university education. This is now a little description of this in her.

This was the way she was then when one day when she was alone in another part of the town where she had gone to take a lesson in singing she saw a man hit a woman with an umbrella, and the woman had a red face partly in anger and partly in asking and the man wanted the woman to know then that he wanted her to leave him alone then in a public street where people were passing and Martha saw this and this man was for her the ending of the living I have been describing that she had been living. She would go to college, she knew it then and understand everything and know the meaning of the living and the feeling in men and in women. She would go to college and she told it then to her father and her mother and they had no objection, no one was paying very much attention and she began her preparation and she came to know some other young girls and young boys, not rich ones like those it was natural she

should then be knowing but more of her natural kind than any she had known before in her living. One of them John Davidson she knew very well then and he and she played music and sang together and then she was ready and then she went to college for more education. This is to be now more history of, in her, the ending of her older young living and her subsequent going to college and of the man she met there and who there married her.

As I was saying Martha then was once a very little one a baby, and then a little one and then a young girl and then a woman and then she was older and then later there was an ending to her and always all through this living in her she was the same whole one inside her and to every one who knew her.

In the description of her that I have been writing so far Martha has been a very little one, a baby, and then a little one and then a young girl and then about to become a young woman and always then in a way to herself inside her and to every one knowing her she had been the same whole one.

This was then as I was saying in a way always true she was always the same whole one inside her and to every one ever knowing her.

In some the nature in them is clearer when they are very young, in some when they are young, in some when they are not so young, in some when they are getting older, in some when they are old ones. Martha was mostly always to every one who knew her the same whole one, when she was a very little one, a little one, an older one, a very old one, mostly always she was to every one about the same kind of a whole one.

This then that I have been describing is the being in Martha and now there will be more history of her.

As I was saying she started then her preparation to get for herself a college education. As I was saying no one was objecting. Her father Mr. Hersland was not very much interested just then in his children. She had teachers and she could be taught enough by them to pass her entrance examination. She began a little then to know other kinds of young girls and boys than those that she had until then been knowing. She played duets in

the evening and sang with John Davidson who was preparing to go away to get an eastern education. She was less and less and then almost not at all with them the people living near the Hersland family then, and then as I was saying she went to get her college education. This is now to be more history of her and how she came to have a lover and how he came to marry her and how he came then to leave her and what happened then to him and what happened then to her. In short this is now to be a history of all the living there ever was in her, all the being in her.

As I was saying there was not then very much change in the being in her, she was always then the same whole one, at first there was a little more movement in her, she learned a little at first how to have definite feeling in her, she learned that in the college life around her but it was not really the being in her and all this will come out in the history of her. This is now then more history of her. Now then there will begin to be a little history of another, of one of those who came to know her, who came to the same college where she was learning to do the things I have just been describing. This is now the beginning of the history of him as I am saying. This is now a little description of the living there had been in Phillip Redfern.

There was then in the living of Martha Hersland the being born in the hotel where the Hersland family was living when Mr. David Hersland came to Gossols to make for himself a great fortune and brought with him his wife little Fanny Hissen who was to know there the Shilling family who were to make in her the beginning of the feeling of herself inside her. There was then in the living of Martha Hersland that her father Mr. David Hersland and her mother Fanny Hersland came together to make her and she was born in the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Hersland were living when they first came to Gossols where Mr. Hersland was to make for himself a great fortune and where Mrs. Hersland was to have mostly a living that was not the way of living that it would have been natural for her to be having. Martha was born then in the hotel and Mr. Hersland

was just beginning then to succeed in winning fighting and Mrs. Hersland was beginning then through knowing the Shilling family, Sophie Shilling, Pauline Shilling and the mother of them to have a little in her to herself inside the feeling of herself to herself in her that it was not really natural for her to have ever really in her. Then in the living of Martha Hersland she was a little one in the ten acre place where the Hersland family lived a little later and there it was that Mr. Hersland was winning fighting and then having impatient feeling in him and then being full up with impatient feeling and then having in him beginning failing in winning and then having in him only beginning and there Mrs. Hersland had always more and more in her from the for her queer poor people near her and the servants and governesses in the house with her the feeling of importance of herself to herself inside her and then she had there in her the beginning of the weakening in her the being lost among her children and her husband living in the house with her. In the living of Martha Hersland she was a little one in the ten acre place and she was then living there the half-city half-country living of the people around her and she went to school then and she was healthy enough then and happy enough then and she was always then getting older and getting bigger and she had some troubles then and always she was of them the people in the small houses near the ten acre place where she was living then and she had always the living in her and the being in her I was describing and sometimes she got a little fatter and sometimes a little thinner and sometimes she was happy enough and often she was not so happy and mostly always she was healthy and sometimes she had uneasy feelings in her and often her father was a trouble to her and often the governess was troublesome to her and mostly her mother was not very important for her and she went on and the family living of the Hersland family was changing some as I was saying and a little Martha was changing in her as the family living was changing around her and when it came to her to want her own education no one was paying much attention to her, each one of the Hersland

family had then themselves inside them to themselves each one, the father as I was saying and the mother as I was saying and Alfred Hersland and his brother David as I will be saying in the history of the two of them. Always a little then Martha had trouble with each one of them, the family living in the house together, her father and her mother and her brother Alfred and David the younger brother but mostly then they none of them were really important to her, she was all taken up then with the being in her, mostly each one of them then the family living together were taken up then by themselves then each one by the being in them and that was the history of the Hersland family, then when Martha went to college for more education. This was then the living of the Hersland family when Martha was having it in her that she was a young woman, this was the history of all of them then, that they were each one of them taken up with the being inside of them then, the father Mr. Hersland with much impatient feeling then in him, the mother with important being in her from the governess Madeleine Wyman who came often to see her and from having weakening commencing then in her, Martha from the having seen the man hit the woman with the umbrella and so then having in her the need of a college education for her, the brother Alfred who was then beginning to do things that were full of interesting feeling for him, the younger brother David who was beginning then and always from then it went on in him to find the meaning for him of something in each day of living that would make living have meaning for him, each one of them then the Hersland family then were each one of them all taken up with themselves inside them and this was the history of them as I was saying when Martha went away from them to get a college education. Each one of the Hersland family was then each one of them too much taken up with the being inside themselves then to pay much attention to another one. Martha went away to college then, as I was saying, and there she was learning to be like them the young men and women of her generation and there as I was saying she came to know Phillip Redfern.

Phillip Redfern was born in a small city and in the south-western part of this country. He was the son of a consciously ill-assorted pair of parents and his earliest intellectual concept so in his later living he was always saying as I will soon be telling, was the realisation of the quality of these two decisive and unharmonised elements in his child life. He remembered too very well his first definite realisation of the quality of women when the inherent contradictions in the claims made for that sex awoke in him much confused thought. He often said that he had often puzzled over the fact that he must give up his chair to and be careful of little girls while at the same time he was taught that the little girl was quite as strong as he and quite as able to use liberty and to perfect action. In his later living he said that when he was a very little one this had been so much a puzzle to him, little girls then, to him, had everything, he wished then when he was a little one and this was a puzzle to him, he wished he had been a little girl so and so have everything.

Many children who are always in the society of older men and women have their elder's feelings in them and these older men and women in their talking and their feeling if they have very decided quality in them to give to them the children always with them a knowledge of life quite out of relation to the reality of the children's experiencing and sometimes such a one one of such children while knowing and accepting many facts that his elders would have listened to in astonished horror from him often will be really ignorant of the meaning of the simplest things that happen to every one living which other children have in them as natural things for them to be knowing then. Phillip Redfern then had in him then when he was a young one and was living with his mother and his father as the only people then for him in him, his own living where there was much knowledge from reading and thinking, wonderful dreams, keen analysis, much real emotion of sympathising and very little experiencing of beginning living.

From his father then and from his mother too then, then

when he was a little one Phillip Redfern learned careful and scrupulous courtesy to women and to himself and to every one he was ever seeing or feeling or meeting in books or in living or in his hearing talking or in his dreaming, and from his father then power of reserve and these were in him without the determined standards that governed the elder Redfern. Phillip learned his principles from his mother and these were in her longings and aspirations rather than reasoned settled purposes and experiencing and they were real in him though really then he did not believe in them though then and longer he lived by them.

When Phillip was beginning to be a young man he went to college as I was saying in my describing the living of Martha Hersland. He had never been to a school, his learning had been gathered from his father and largely by himself in reading. Now for the first time in his living he with his brilliant personality for he had that then to himself and to every one, keen intellect, ardent desires, moral aspirations and principles that he knew he could know by analysing them were not well reasoned principles for him to have in him but were to him as his mother's being was in him as a dear dear friend inside him, was to be thrown into familiar relations with young men and women.

The college of which Redfern became a member was the typical coeducational college of the west, a completely democratic institution. Mostly no one there was conscious of a grandfather unless as remembering one as an old man living in the house with them or as living in another place and being written to sometimes by them and then having died and that was the end of grand-fathers to them. No one among them was held responsible for the father they had unless by some particular notoriety that had come to the father of some one. It was then a democratic western institution, this college where Redfern went to have his college education. This democracy was too simple and genuine to be discussed by any one then. No one was really interested how any man or woman of them came by the money that was educating them, whether it came through several gen-

erations of gentlemen to them, whether it came through two generations or one, whether one of them earned it for herself or for himself by working, or teaching, or working on a farm or at book-selling or at anything else that would bring money to them in the summer or whether they earned a little by being a janitor to a school building in the winter or had it given them by some one interested in them. This democracy was then almost complete among them and was the same between the men and women as between the men, as between the women. This democracy was really almost complete among all of them and included very simple comradeship among them all, all of the men and women there together then. The men mostly were simple, direct and earnest in their relations with the women there being educated with them, the men, most of them treating them with generosity and kindness enough and never really doubting even for a moment their right to any learning or occupation the women, any of them were able to acquire then. The students were many of them earnest experienced men and women who had already struggled solidly with poverty and education. Many of them were interested in the sciences and the practical application of them but also there was among them a kind of feeling and yearning for beauty and this then often showed itself in them in much out of door wandering, and was beginning a little with some of them to realise itself in attempting making pictures and sculpture.

It was of such a sober minded, earnest, moral, democratic community that Redfern was now become a part. His moral aspirations found full satisfaction in the serious life of the place and his interest in emotional enthusiasm found a new and delightful exercise in the problem of woman that presented itself so strangely here. At this time the return to honest nature to him, was complete delight in him for elaboration was then not so necessary in his conviction but that vigor and force unadorned then made him forgetful of subtlety and refinement. The free simple comradeship of the men and women at first filled him with astonishment and then with delight. He could

not feel himself a part of it, he could not love the sense of danger in the presence and companionship of women, his instincts bade him be on guard but his ideal he felt to be here realised.

Among the many vigorous young women in the place there was Martha Hersland. She was a blond good-looking young woman full of moral purpose and educational desires. She had an eager earnest intelligence, fixed convictions and principles by then, and restless energy. She and Redfern were students in the same studies in the same class and soon singled themselves out from the crowd, it was all new, strange and dangerous for the south-western man and all perfectly simple and matter of course for the western girl. They had long talks on the meanings of things, he discoursing of his life and aims, she listening, understanding and sympathising. This intercourse steadily grew more constant and familiar. Redfern's instincts were dangerous was always there as a conviction in him, his ideals simple and pure was almost always real inside him, slowly he realised in this constant companion the existence of instincts as simple and pure as his ideals.

They were going through the country one wintry day, plunging vigorously through the snow and liking the cold air and rapid walking and excited with their own health and their youth and the freedom. "You are a comrade and a woman," he cried out in his pleasure, "It is the new world," "Surely, there is no difference our being together only it is pleasanter and we go faster," was her eager answer. "I know it," said Redfern, "I know it, it is the new world." This comradeship continued through the three years. They spent much time in explaining to each other what neither quite understood. He never quite felt the reality of her simple convictions, she never quite realised what it was he did not understand.

One spring day a boy friend came to see her a younger brother of John Davidson who used to play duets with her and all three went out in the country. It was a soft warm day, the ground was warm and wet and they were healthy and they did not mind that. They found a fairly dry hill-side and sat down

all three too indolent to wander further. The young fellow, a boy of eighteen, threw himself on the ground and rested his head on Martha Hersland's lap. Redfern did not stop a start of surprise and Martha Hersland smiled. The next day Redfern frankly came to her with his perplexity. "I don't understand," he said. "Was it alright for Davidson to do so yesterday. I almost believed it was my duty to knock him off." "Yes I saw you were surprised," she said and she looked uneasy and then she resolutely tried to make him see. "Do you know that to me a western woman it seems very strange that any one should see any wrong in his action. Yes I will say it, I have never understood before why you always seemed on guard." She ended pretty steadily, he flushed and looked uneasy. He looked at her earnestly, whatever was there, he certainly could not doubt her honesty. It could not be a new form of deliberate enticement even though it made a new danger.

After two years of marriage Redfern's realisation of her was almost complete. Martha was all that she had promised him to be, all that he had thought her, but that all proved sufficiently inadequate to his needs. She was moral, strenuous and pure and sought earnestly after higher things in life and art but her mind was narrow and in its way insistent, her intelligence quick but without grace and harsh and Redfern loved a gentle intelligence. Redfern was a hard man to hold, he had no tender fibre to make him gentle to discordant suffering and when once he was certain that this woman had no message for him there was no way in which she could make to him an appeal. Her narrow eager mind was helpless.

It was part of him elaborate chivalry and she though harsh and crude should never cease to receive from him this respect. He knew she must suffer but what could he do. They were man and wife, their minds and natures were separated by great gulfs, it must be again an armed neutrality but this time it was not as with his parents an armed neutrality between equals but with an inferior who could not learn the rules of the game. It was just so much the more unhappy.

Mrs. Redfern never understood what had happened to her. In a dazed blind way she tried all ways of breaking through the walls that confined her. She threw herself against them with impatient energy and again she tried to destroy them piece by piece. She was always thrown back bruised and dazed and never quite certain whence came the blow, how it was dealt or why. It was a long agony, she never became wiser or more indifferent, she struggled on always in the same dazed eager way.

Such was the relation between Redfern and his wife when Redfern having made some reputation for himself in philosophy was called to Farnham college to fill the chair of philosophy there.

There was then a dean presiding over the college of Farnham who in common with many of her generation believed wholly in the essential sameness of sex and who had devoted her life to the development of this doctrine. The Dean of Farnham had had great influence in the lives of many women. She was possessed of a strong purpose and vast energy. She had an extraordinary instinct for the qualities of men and rarely failed to choose the best of the young teachers as they came from the universities. She rarely kept them many years for either they attained such distinction that the great universities claimed them or they were dismissed as not being able enough to be called away.

Phillip Redfern had taken his doctor's degree in philosophy, had married and presently then he came to hold the chair of philosophy at Farnham college. Two very interesting personalities in the place were the dean Miss Charles and her friend Miss Dounor.

Redfern had previously had no experience of women's colleges, he knew some thing of the character of the dean but had heard nothing of any other member of the institution and went to make his bow to his fellow instructors in some wonder of anticipation and excitement of mind.

The new professor of philosophy was invited by the dean to meet the assembled faculty at a tea at her house two days after

his arrival in the place. He entered alone and was met by the dean who was then just about beginning the ending of her middle living. She was a dignified figure with a noble head and a preoccupied abrupt manner. She was a member of a family which was proud of having had in three successive generations three remarkable women.

Miss Dounor was a graduate of an eastern college and had made some reputation. She was utterly unattached, being an only child whose parents died just before she entered college and was equally detached by her nature from all affairs of the world and was always quite content to remain where she was so long as some took from her all management of practical affairs and left her in peace with her work and her dreams. She was possessed of a sort of transfigured innocence which made a deep impression on the vigorous practical mind of Miss Charles who while keeping her completely under her control was nevertheless in awe of her blindness of worldly things and of the intellectual power of her clear sensitive mind.

Though Miss Dounor was detached by the quality of her nature from worldly affairs it was not because she loved best dreams and abstract thought, for her deepest interest was in the varieties of human experience and her constant desire was to partake of all human relations but by some quality of her nature she never succeeded in really touching any human creature she knew. Her transfigured innocence, too, was not an ignorance of the facts of life nor a puritan's instinct indeed her desire was to experience the extreme forms of sensuous life and to make even immoral experiences of her own. Her detachment was due to an abstracted spirit that could not do what it would and which was evident in her reserved body, her shy eyes and gentle face.

As I was saying Phillip Redfern had been invited by the dean to meet the assembled faculty at a tea at her house. He entered in some wonder of anticipation and excitement of mind and was met by the dean Miss Charles, "You must meet Miss Dounor," she said to him breaking abruptly through the polite-

ness of the new instructor who was as I said south-western. Redfern looked with interest at this new presentment of gentleness and intelligence who greeted him with awkward shyness. Her talk was serious pleasant and intense, her point of view clear, her arguments just, and her opinions sensitive. Her self-consciousness disappeared during this eager discussion but her manner did not lose its awkward restraint, her voice its gentleness or her eyes their shyness.

While the two were still in the height of the discussion there came up to them a blond, eager, good-looking young woman whom Redfern observing presented as his wife to his new acquaintance. Miss Dounor checked in her talk was thrown into even more than her original shy awkwardness and looking with distress at this new arrival after several efforts to bring her mind to understand said, "Mrs. Redfern yes yes, of course, your wife I had forgotten." She made another attempt to begin to speak and then suddenly giving it up gazed at them quite helpless.

"Pray go on as I am very anxious to hear what you think," said Mrs. Redfern nervously and Redfern bowing to his wife turned again to Miss Dounor and went on with the talk.

An observer would have found it difficult to tell from the mere appearance of these three what their relation toward each other was. Miss Dounor was absorbed in her talk and thought and oblivious of everything except the discussion, her shy eyes fixed on Redfern's face and her tall constrained body filled with eagerness, Redfern was listening and answering showing the same degree of courteous deference to both his companions, turned first toward one and then toward the other one with impartial attention and Mrs. Redfern her blond good-looking face filled with eager anxiety to understand listened to one and then the other with the same anxious care.

Later Redfern wandered to a window where Miss Hannah Charles, Miss Dounor and Mrs. Redfern were standing looking out at a fine prospect of sunset and a long line of elms defining a road that led back through the town of Farnham to the wooded

hills behind. Redfern stood with them looking out at the scene. Mrs. Redfern was listening intently to each one's thinking. "Ah of course you know Greek," she said with eager admiration to Miss Dounor who made no reply.

It happens often about the twenty-ninth year of a life that all the forces that have been engaged through the years of childhood, adolescence and youth in confused and sometimes angry combat range themselves in ordered ranks, one is uncertain of one's aims, meaning and power during these years of tumultuous growth when aspiration has no relation to fulfillment and one plunges here and there with energy and misdirection during the strain and stress of the making of a personality until at last we reach the twenty-ninth year, the straight and narrow gateway of maturity and life which was all uproar and confusion narrows down to form and purpose and we exchange a dim possibility for a big or small reality.

Also in our american life where there is no coercion in custom and it is our right to change our vocation as often as we have desire and opportunity, it is a common experience that our youth extends through the whole first twenty-nine years of our life and it is not till we reach thirty that we find at last that vocation for which we feel ourselves fit and to which we willingly devote continued labor. It must be owned that while much labor is lost to the world in these efforts to secure one's true vocation, nevertheless it makes more completeness in individual life and perhaps in the end will prove as useful to the world, and if we believe that there is more meaning in the choice of love than plain propinquity so we may well believe that there is more meaning in vocations than that it is the thing we can first learn about and win an income with.

Redfern had now come to this fateful twenty-ninth year. He had been a public preacher for women's rights, he had been a mathematician, a psychologist and a philosopher, he had married and earned a living and yet the world was to him without worth or meaning and he longed for a more vital human life than to be an instructor of youth, his theme was humanity, his

desire was to be in the great world and of it, he wished for active life among his equals not to pass his days as a guide to the immature and he preferred the criticism of life in fiction to the analysis of the mind in philosophy and now the time was come in this his twenty-ninth year for the decisive influence in his career.

Cora Dounor had on her side too her ideals which in this world she had not found complete. She too longed for the real world while wrapped away from it by the perverse reserve of her mind and the awkward shyness of her body. Such friendship as she had yet realised she felt for the dean Miss Hannah Charles but it was not a nearness of affection, it was a recognition of the power of doing and working, and a deference to the representative of effective action and the habitual dependence of years of protection. What ever Miss Charles advised or undertook seemed always to Miss Dounor the best that could be done or affected. She sustained her end of the relation in being a learned mind, a brilliant teacher and a docile subject. She pursued her way expounding philosophy, imbibing beauty, desiring life, never questioning the things nearest her, interested only in abstract ideas and concrete desire and all her life was arranged to leave her untouched and unattached but in this shy abstracted, learned creature there was a desire for sordid life and the common lot.

It was interesting to see the slow growth of interest to admiration and then to love in this awkward reserved woman, unconscious of her meanings and the world's attention and who made no attempt to disguise or conceal the strength of her feeling.

Redfern's life experience had been to learn that where there was woman there was for him danger not through his own affections but by the demand that this sex made upon him. By this extreme chivalry he was always bound to more than fulfill the expectations he gave rise to in the mind of his companion. Indeed this man loved the problem of woman so much that he willingly endured all pain to seek and find the ideal that filled

him with such deep unrest and he never tired of meeting and knowing and devoting himself to any woman who promised to fulfill for him his desire and here in Cora Dounor he had found a spirit so delicate so free so gentle and intelligent that no severity of suffering could deter him from seeking the exquisite knowledge that this companionship could give him. And he knew that she too would willingly pay high for the fresh vision that he brought her.

It is the french habit in thinking to consider that in the grouping of two and an extra it is the two that get something from it all who are of importance and whose claim should be considered; the american mind accustomed to waste happiness and be reckless of joy finds morality more important than ecstasy and the lonely extra of more value than the happy two. To our new world feeling the sadness of pain has more dignity than the beauty of joy. It takes time to learn the value of happiness. Truly a single moment snatched out of a distracted existence is hardly worth the trouble it takes to seize it and to obtain such it is wasteful to inflict pain, it is only the cultivators of leisure who have time to feel the gentle approach the slow rise, the deep ecstasy and the full flow of joy and for these pain is of little value, a thing not to be remembered, and it is only the lack of joy that counts.

Martha Redfern eager, anxious and moral had little understanding of the sanctity of joy and hardly a realisation of the misery of pain. She understood little now what it was that had come upon her and she tried to arrange and explain it by her western morality and her new world humanity. She could not escape the knowledge that something stronger than community of interest bound her husband and Miss Dounor together. She tried resolutely to interpret it all in terms of comradeship and great equality of intellectual interests never admitting to herself for a moment the conception of a possible marital disloyalty. But in spite of these standards and convictions she was filled with a vague uneasiness that had a different meaning than

the habitual struggle against the hard wall of courtesy that Redfern had erected before her.

Miss Charles was of the kind of them the kind of men and women I know very well in living. I know very well all the varieties of this kind of them. Some of each kind there is of men and women are very nice ones of their kind of them, some of each kind there is of men and women are not nice ones at all of their kind of them. Miss Charles was not a very nice one, she was not a not nice one at all of her kind of them. Being nice or not a nice kind of one, a pleasant or unpleasant kind of one was not in her an important thing. This is a very certain thing. She was in her younger living aggressive in her detailed and generalised conviction of morality and reformation and equalisation. Later in her living she went on in the direction she had been going but her methods then were from the being in her and that then mostly entirely filled her. That made her control everything, every one near her by steady resisting pressure and that was then the way of winning in her. Everything near her, every one near her, every detail of everything was then more or less completely owned by her. She was of the kind of them who own the thing they need for loving. Later Miss Dounor left her, Miss Charles had a little owned Redfern almost and Miss Dounor many years later left her and Miss Charles went on always to her ending completely owning the college of Farnham.

There has been now enough description of Miss Charles. There has been enough description of Miss Dounor. There has been enough description of Miss Dounor and of Miss Charles. There will be now a very little more description of Mrs. Redfern.

At the time of the ending of the living of the Redferns at Farnham, Alfred Hersland was just coming to his marrying of Julia Dehning. The Redferns after the ending of their living at the college of Farnham never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. Always she was ex-

pecting it to begin again their living together until after the complete ending of being in Redfern. That made her certain then that they would never live together again.

After the ending of their Farnham living the Redferns never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. She never knew that she would not ever again have him. This never could come to be real knowledge in her and she was always working at something to have him again and that was there always in her to the end of him and of her. First she was travelling and studying and then she was working to make some women understand something and many laughed at her and always she was full of desiring and always she was never understanding in desiring. When there was the end of her living with Redfern her brother Alfred was just coming to his marrying Julia Dehning. Martha was then travelling and studying and then she came back to be with her father and her mother was weakening then and later she was dead and Mr. Hersland lost his great fortune and Martha then took care of him. There will be now a little more description of her and then of her with him. There will be a little more description of her written in the history of the ending of the living in her father, in the history of the later living of her brother Alfred Hersland, in the history of her brother David Hersland. More description of her will be part of the history of the ending of the existing of the Hersland family. There will be very much history of this ending of all of them of the Hersland family written later.

There will be now a little more description written of her and of her living with her father when she came back to the family living back out of her trouble after the ending of the living in Phillip Redfern.

After the ending of the Redferns living at Farnham the two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. Always she was expecting it to begin again, their living together and always she was studying and preparing herself to be a companion to him in intellectual living. Always then she was

studying and striving and travelling and working. And then he was dead and then she knew they would not live together again. Then she was certain of this thing.

That was her living then until he was dead and she went back to the ten acre place where then her father and mother were living and her mother was weakening then and a little while later then she died there and Martha finished her living staying with her father who had then lost his great fortune.

No one knowing Mr. Hersland in his middle living could have really been completely certain that he would never bring through to a completed beginning anything in his living. I was saying that he had in his middle living, the need in him, of having people around him, who were not in him in his feeling, who were there around him getting from his beginning the realisation of their being, he was to them life enhancing. This would have been in him, this need in him in the middle of his middle living what ever would have been the power of completion in him, for it is a need in all of them who have in them the being big in a beginning. As I was saying no one knowing him could really be completely certain then in him before the complete ending of his middle living about the completeness of beginning in him, the carrying power in him of a beginning and going on in action.

No one knowing Mr. Hersland before the complete ending of his middle living could have been completely certain that he would never bring through to a completed beginning anything in his living. No one knowing Mr. Hersland in his middle living could have really been completely certain that he would never bring through to a completed beginning anything in his living. Later in the ending of his middle living he was beginning to lose his great fortune. His wife was dying and dead then and Martha was living with him and his sons Alfred and David were in Bridgepoint then. Martha was living with him at the ending of his middle living and from then on. As I was saying no one knowing Mr. Hersland in his middle living could have really been completely certain that he would never bring through

to a completed beginning anything in his living. Later in his middle living he was beginning to lose his great fortune, at the ending of his middle living he had pretty completely no great beginning in him and Martha his daughter was then living with him.

Martha had never in her, as I have been saying understanding in desiring. After the ending of her living with Redfern she went about travelling, studying, working, and some laughed at her then and she went on and always she could never understand this thing.

Martha had not in her any understanding in desiring. She went on as I was saying not hoping but intending to get ready to live again with Phillip Redfern and be intellectually a companion to him. She went about travelling and studying and working and intending to be completely the thing Redfern wished a wife who lived with him to be and she went on intending to be completely this thing, and very many laughed about her then and she never saw Redfern again. She never understood this thing. She had no understanding in desiring. Redfern died young. When he was dead Martha came home to Gossols and it was then the beginning of the ending of her father's middle living. He was beginning then to lose his great fortune. He was full up then pretty nearly with impatient feeling. Martha had no understanding in desiring, she would always after a meal offer him sugar to put in his coffee and he never took sugar in black coffee and she never learned this thing and he was then completely filled up with impatient feeling. He never liked to be helped in putting on anything and always Martha helped him on with his coat and always he would be completely then filled up with impatient feeling. Martha Redfern then lived at home all the time her father was losing his great fortune and then he was needing attacking women to fill him where he was shrunk away from the outside of him but he did not want to be filled so with Martha then, not then or later in his living, she was never inside him to him, she offered him sugar and he never took sugar in black coffee, never and she

tried to help him on with his over coat when he was leaving and he never had wanted such a kind of attention and Martha always commenced again and again for Martha was always full up with desiring beginning, and he then he was full up then with impatient feeling only he was not really completely full up then with anything, he was then shrunk away from the outside of him, at least this was then beginning in him.

As I was saying no one knowing Mr. Hersland in his middle living could have really been completely certain that he would never bring through to a completed beginning anything in his living. In the ending of his middle living he was beginning to lose his great fortune. He had then still beginning in him, mostly then he was full up with impatient feeling, later he was shrunk away from the outside of him.

No one knowing Mr. Hersland in his middle living could have really been completely certain that he would never bring through to a completed beginning anything in his living. I was saying that he had in his middle living the need in him, of having people around him, who were not in him in his feeling, who were there around him getting from his being strong in beginning, big as all the world in his feeling, getting so a realisation of their own being, getting from him the enhancing of being in them. This would have been in him, this need of having men around him who received then from him the enhancing of the being in them, this would have been in him then in his middle living, whatever would have been the power of completion of him, whatever strength he could have in him much or little in him of carrying a beginning through to a complete winning, for it is a need in very many men and very many women in their middle living, it is a need in all of them who have in them the being big in a beginning. As I was saying no one knowing him could really be completely certain then about the power in him to be completely succeeding to be completely failing, to be succeeding or failing in his living no one who knew him before the ending of the middle living in him, not those men who were around him and got in them from hearing, feeling,

seeing, hearing about the big beginning always in him got in them the enhancing of the being in them, not these then in his middle living could know it in them of him whether he would have succeeding as the complete being in him, failing as the complete being in him. These could not know it then of him. Those men who began beginning with him and then left him to do their own ending, being afraid of the way of going on with a beginning in him, wanting to be doing their own ending, these could not be certain in his middle living whether he would be ending his beginning in success or in failing. These then up to the ending of his middle living could not be certain of it about him. Those men who were fighting against him, those whom he was brushing away from around him, those whom when he was not succeeding in brushing them away from before him, he went another way then and he was full up with beginning action and he did not then really know it in him, these could not know it certainly in them of him, later they might think they had been certain about him, they were not then certain about him not any of them completely certain then, this is a certain thing, none of them of any of them he was brushing away from before him, he was not succeeding in brushing away from before him, those he was fighting against or those who were fighting around him, none of them had in them to be certain then in them whether he would be succeeding or failing in his completed living. It is a most difficult thing to tell about very many men whether they will be succeeding or failing, it is a most difficult thing to know it about them. No one can be certain of them, of very many of them before the complete ending of their middle living whether they will be succeeding or failing in their living. In many men and in many women, the character in them comes completely to be repeating and one can know it completely in them as in repeating it comes out of them, one can come to know of them the complete limits of the variation of all repeating in them and yet one, no one can yet be completely certain of them whether they will be succeeding or failing in the whole living of them. And this is always and always a certain thing and

always and always it is more exciting the knowing in one completely the character of them, the whole repeating in them, the whole range of being in them and yet not then being completely certain of them whether they will be succeeding or failing in living.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing in very many women and in very many men to know it of them whether they will be succeeding or failing in living. I have been saying it very often about Mr. David Hersland, it is true about very many women and very many men of all the kinds there are of men and women. It was as I have been repeating what no one could tell for certain about Mr. David Hersland. No one could tell it about him before the ending of his middle living for certain, not any one, whether he would be succeeding or failing in living. At the ending of his middle living he was beginning not succeeding in living, he was beginning losing his great fortune.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing to know it of any one whether they will be succeeding or failing in living. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to know it of any one. It is a very difficult thing to know the complete being in any one but always more and more it comes to be certain in each one one is knowing the complete being in them, sometime too it almost comes to be certain about them whether they will be succeeding or failing in living. In some it comes to be certain to some, to some one the complete being in them and still it is not a certain thing whether they will be succeeding or failing in living, Mr. Hersland as I have been saying again and again was one of such of them. There are always many of such of them in all the kinds there are of men and women. Mr. Hersland then was very completely such a one, Martha, his daughter, Mrs. Redfern was less completely such a one, it came very nearly being certain that she would not be succeeding in living but she might have been succeeding in living. It was not a certain thing, not completely a certain thing and it was not a certain thing that she was not succeeding in living not succeeding in living before the ending of her living.

There will be more description of Martha Hersland, Mrs. Redfern, written in the history of the ending of the living of Mr. David Hersland, her father, in the history of the living and the later living of her brother Alfred Hersland, in the history of her brother David Hersland and in the history of the ending of his living. There will be always more history of her and it will later come to be part of the history of the ending of the existing of the Hersland family. There will be very much history written of the ending of all of them of the Hersland family written later.

ALFRED HERSLAND

IHAVE been giving the history of a very great many men and women. Sometime I will give a history of every kind of men and women, every kind there is of men and women. Already I have given a history of many men and women. Sometime I will be giving a history of all the rest of them. This is now pretty nearly certain. I have been already giving the history of a very great many men and women, I will be now giving the history of a number of more of them and then of a number more still of them and then still of some more of them and then this will be the end of this history of very many men and women. Sometime then I will give a history of all of them and that will be a long book and when I am finished with this one then I will begin that one. I have already begun that one but now I am still writing on this one and now I am beginning this portion of this one which is the complete history of Alfred Hersland and of every one he ever came to know in living and of many other ones I will be describing now in this beginning.

Many have a very certain feeling a sure feeling, about something inside them. Many have a certain feeling about something inside them. Many need company for it, this is very very common. Many need a measure for it, this will need explaining. Some need drama to support it, some need lying to help it, some love it, some hate it, some never are very certain they really have it. Certain feeling in men and women is very common.

Some as I am saying have sure feeling in them, have honor in them and religion from the nature of them when this is strong enough in them to make it their own inside them. Some can make their own honor, some their own loving, some their own religion, some are weak and can do one thing, make one

thing their own, some are strong enough and all of it, loving, honor, certainty and religion in them, all of it is some one else's, of some one else's making, some can just resist and not make their own anything, there are many of them. Some out of their own virtue make a god who sometimes later is a terror to them. Out of their own virtue they make a god who sometimes later is a terror to them. Some make some things like laws out of the nature of them, out of the nature of some other one. Some are controlled by other people's virtue, and then it scares them. Listen to each one telling about their own virtue and that grows to make a god for them, grows to be a law for them and often afterwards scares them, some afterwards like it, some forget it, some are it. Some honor what is right to them for them to be doing. Some separate honor from the doing of the thing, have it as a feeling.

I want to know sometime all about sentimental feeling. I want to know sometime all the different kinds of ways people have it in them to be certain of anything. These and virtuous feelings in each one, of themselves to themselves having virtue inside them, is to me very interesting. Always more and more I want to know it of each one what certainty means to them, how they come to be certain of anything, what certainty means to them and how contradiction does not worry them and how it does worry them and how much they have in them of remembering and how much they have in them of forgetting, and how different any one is from any other one and what any one and every one means by anything they are saying. All these things are to me very interesting.

More and more in living each one is certain that other ones have believing something in them that is almost an impossible thing for each one to believe that any other one can really be believing, any other one who is not a crazy one. Always more and more in living each one, every one is learning that other ones are believing something thinking something, that one thinks another one is doing something that one only would be doing if he is a crazy one and the other one is not a crazy one

and the other one is believing a thing that to some one is not possible that any one not a crazy one could really be believing. This is a very common thing. This is a very common thing and very many more and more in their living come to a realising that other ones are believing things and it is more and more interesting and sometimes very depressing to any one of such of them that wants to be understanding the being in men and women. This then is as I am saying a very common thing that others are believing things that it seems absolutely impossible those ones should be believing and often it is altogether puzzling and more and more in living if any one is listening to other one's thinking and believing, more and more this is borne in on that one. Always it is very interesting, sometimes it is surprising, sometimes puzzling, sometimes depressing, sometimes a very funny thing and in every kind of a way always to one listening to other's repeating always more and more it is borne in on such a one.

This is then complete disillusionment in living, the complete realisation that no one can believe as you do about anything, so not really any single one and to some as I am saying this is a sad thing, to mostly every one it is sometime a shocking thing, sometimes a shocking thing, sometime a real shock to them, to mostly every one a thing that only very slowly with constant repetition is really a complete certain thing inside to give to them the being that is no longer in them really young being. This is then the real meaning of not being any longer a young one in living, the complete realising that not any one really can believe what any other one is believing and some there are, enough of them, who never have completely such a realisation, they are always hoping to find her or him, they are always changing her or him to fit them, they are always looking, they are always forgetting failing or explaining it by something, they are always going on and on in trying. There are a very great many of them who are this way to their ending. There are a very great many who are this way almost to their very

ending, there are a great many men and women who have some time in them in their living complete disillusion.

This is then a very little description of feeling disillusionment in living. There is this thing then there is the moment and a very complete moment to those that have had it when something they have bought or made or loved or are is a thing that they are afraid, almost certain, very fearful that no one will think it a nice thing and then some one likes that thing and this then is a very wonderful feeling to know that some one really appreciates the thing. This is a very wonderful thing, this is a thing which I will now be illustrating.

Disillusionment in living is the finding out nobody agrees with you not those that are and were fighting with you. Disillusionment in living is the finding out nobody agrees with you not those that are fighting for you. Complete disillusionment is when you realise that no one can for they can't change. The amount they agree is important to you until the amount they do not agree with you is completely realised by you. Then you say you will write for yourself and strangers, you will be for yourself and strangers and this then makes an old man or an old woman of you.

It is a very strange feeling when one is loving a clock that is to every one of your class of living an ugly and a foolish one and one really likes such a thing and likes it very much and liking it is a serious thing, or one likes a colored handkerchief that is very gay and every one of your kind of living thinks it a very ugly or a foolish thing and thinks you like it because it is a funny thing to like it and you like it with a serious feeling, or you like eating something and liking it is a childish thing to every one or you like something that is a dirty thing and no one can really like that thing or you write a book and while you write it you are ashamed for every one must think you are a silly or a crazy one and yet you write it and you are ashamed, you know you will be laughed at or pitied by every one and you have a queer feeling and you are not very certain and you go on writing. Then some one says yes to it, to something you

are liking, or doing or making and then never again can you have completely such a feeling of being afraid and ashamed that you had then when you were writing or liking the thing and not any one had said yes about the thing. In a way it is a very difficult thing to like anything, to do anything. You can never have again either about something you have done or about something any one else has done the same complete feeling if some one else besides the first one sees it, some other one if you have made it, yourself if you have understood something, you can never again have the complete feeling of recognition that you have then. You can have very many kinds of feelings you can only alone and with the first one have the perfect feeling of not being almost completely filled with being ashamed and afraid to show something to like something with a really serious feeling.

It is a very queer thing this not agreeing with any one. It would seem that where we are each of us always telling and repeating and explaining and doing it again and again that some one would really understand what the other one is always repeating. But in loving, in working, in everything it is always the same thing. In loving some one is jealous, really jealous and it would seem an impossible thing to the one not understanding that the other one could have about such a thing a jealous feeling and they have it and they suffer and they weep and sorrow in it and the other one cannot believe it, they cannot believe the other one can really mean it and sometime the other one perhaps comes to realise it that the other one can really suffer in it and then later that one tries to reassure the other one the one that is then suffering about that thing and the other one the one that is receiving such reassuring says then, did you think I ever could believe this thing, no I have no fear of such a thing, and it is all puzzling, to have one kind of feeling, a jealous feeling, and not have a fear in them that the other one does not want them, it is a very mixing thing and over and over again when you are certain it is a whole one some one, one must begin again and again and the only thing that is a help to one

is that there is really so little fundamental changing in any one and always every one is repeating big pieces of them and so sometime perhaps some one will know something and I certainly would like very much to be that one and so now to begin.

It happens very often that a man has it in him, that a man does something, that he does it very often that he does many things, when he is a young man when he is an old man, when he is an older man. Some kind of young men do things because they are so good then they want every one to be wise enough to take care of themselves and so they do some things to them. This is very common and these then are very often good enough kind of young men who are very good men in their living. There will soon be a little description of one of them. There are then very many men and there is then from the generalised virtue and concrete action that is from the nature of them that might make one think they were hypocrites in living but they are not although certainly there are in living some men wanting to deceive other men but this is not true of this kind of them. One of such of these kind of them had a little boy and this one, the little son wanted to make a collection of butterflies and beetles and it was all exciting to him and it was all arranged then and then the father said to the son you are certain this is not a cruel thing that you are wanting to be doing, killing things to make collections of them, and the son was very disturbed then and they talked about it together the two of them and more and more they talked about it then and then at last the boy was convinced it was a cruel thing and he said he would not do it and his father said the little boy was a noble boy to give up pleasure when it was a cruel one. The boy went to bed then and then the father when he got up in the early morning saw a wonderfully beautiful moth in the room and he caught him and he killed him and he pinned him and he woke up his son then and showed it to him and he said to him "see what a good father I am to have caught and killed this one," the boy was all mixed up inside him and then he said he would go on with his collecting and that was all there was then of discussing and this is a

little description of something that happened once and it is very interesting.

It happens very often that a man has it in him, that he does things, that he does something, that he does many things when he is a young man and an older man and an old man, that he feels always in a way about everything, that he is a good enough man in living, that he is a very good man.

The thing that is the important thing now in this part of the long history of a family's being is the kind of being in Alfred Hersland and in Mr. Henry Dehning. The thing that is the important thing to be understanding is being good in being and in living. To begin then now about being a good one, about all the kinds of ways of being a good one men and women have in them, all the kinds of ways I can think about them now in writing and the funny ways it can come out of many of them.

Being good in living is something, it is in some way mostly in every one, it is a very peculiar thing sometimes, and sometimes not a very peculiar thing. Being good in living is certainly a very important thing, it is in some way mostly in every one, in some way in very many women and in very many men it makes them what they are in living, it makes very many what they are to every one and to themselves in all their living. Being in some ways a good one is very common, it is a very common thing, it is in some way in very many men and in very many women.

There are many then believing thinking knowing feeling doing things, mostly every one is feeling knowing thinking doing something, doing feeling believing knowing thinking a very great many things that if any one really knew it about them any one knowing them would be thinking that one a crazy one, would be afraid of such a one, and no one knowing that one is thinking such a one really a seriously crazy one and that is because mostly every one does not really believe any other one really believes thinks knows feels does the thing, the many things that one really does do, think, feel, believe, know in living. Sometimes it is a funny thing to know it about some one

the things they really can know and feel and believe and do and think in them, sometimes it is a very puzzling sometimes it is a very frightening thing, sometimes it is an impossible thing and mostly every one is contenting themselves with feeling that that other one is not really feeling thinking doing knowing believing the thing the things they are doing knowing believing or thinking that they never did have such things in them that they are just talking that it is really all different in them. One once who was a very intelligent active bright well-read fairly well experienced woman thought that what happens every month to all women, she thought it only happened to Plymouth Brethren, women having that religion. She was a child of Plymouth Brethren and had only known very intimately Plymouth Brethren women. She had known other women but it had not happened to her to have known about this thing. She was a child of Plymouth Brethren and she thought that what happens to all women every month only happened to Plymouth Brethren women, women having that religion, she was twenty eight years old when she learned that it happened to every kind of women. This is not an astonishing thing that she should have believed this thing. Every one mostly always is thinking feeling believing knowing something that is to every one else when they know it about them a thing no one that was not a crazy one would be thinking feeling believing or knowing. Mostly every one can be content with being certain that the other one never did believe that thing.

There are a very great men and women and they are very well educated intelligent ones who are very certain that a river can not flow north because water can never be going up hill in a natural way of flowing. They are very certain of this thing and when one understands it about them, some of them, it is astonishing that they can really be thinking such a thing and sometimes it takes almost a quarrelling to make them realise that a river can flow north and that north is not going up hill. They are knowing then that north is not going up hill when they think of it as travelling, they think of north as up hill when they

think of it as water flowing and this is very common. Such things then are very common, every kind of way there ever can be of thinking feeling believing knowing doing is common and the way mostly every one has it in them the way one has it in them of knowing feeling, believing thinking doing is a thing that every one knowing that one if they really thought that one was really believing feeling thinking knowing doing as that one really is, was and will be thinking feeling doing believing knowing would be thinking that one a crazy one, that one a fool, that one a liar and a bad one, would be afraid or hating or despising or pitying that one or completely puzzled by that one. Mostly then no one really is every believing any other one really can be believing feeling thinking doing knowing, the things the other one really is feeling believing thinking doing knowing.

Kinds of being in women and in men is a peculiar thing, that there are always the same kinds of them existing is a peculiar thing. That there are so very many always existing of each kind of them is a peculiar thing. That there are so very many always existing of every kind of them is a peculiar thing. When one sees a very great many of any thing, if it is jewels, or exotic fruits or old furniture or any precious thing in any place then always one is thinking they must be cheap there, they have so many of them it must be that they are selling them cheap they have so many of them and one mostly always has this feeling and this is the kind of feeling very many men and women have about men and women, there are so many they must be cheap things and one can use them any way one can be wanting them without any thinking about them and this is a very natural thing and then when it is a store and one wants to buy the rare thing or something where they have so many of them and then one finds out one has to pay them the same as in the stores where there are only a few of these things that they have for selling and that is always astonishing, that is to some always a certain shock to them and this is now beginning to be very true of men and women everywhere where men and women are living, they come just as high where there are a great many of them as where

there are a few of them. But this is another thing, always to my feeling there are a very great many men and women always existing, always to my feeling there are a very great many of each kind of them always existing, always to my feeling each one of them is an expensive thing to be learning to be understanding and now I begin again.

There are a very great many then that have as a concrete realisation always in them that dead is dead, that things are as they see them, that they are doing things when they are doing them and these then can have it in them that they realise as a generalisation that to be dead is not to be so very really dead, that things are not perhaps what they are to them, that they are living with other men around them who have it in them to have religion in them which is certain that to be dead is not to be a really dead one and these then have it in them to equilibrate themselves to this opinion, the opinion the conviction of being not dead when they are dead of having virtue in them when they are not doing any good thing of never doing anything any good man cannot be doing when really they are doing that thing very often and this is a generalised sense in them all through their living and always then they are really living the dead is dead living as a concrete living. To some having this equilibrating, this generalised conception is only sentimental in them, in some it is a way of being important to themselves inside them to make it strongly in them this generalised equilibration in them, to very many it is a very simple thing of being like every one for every one to mostly any one is like this in their living is being of a conviction that dead is not really dead, that good is progressing, that every one is a good one in some way of endeavoring. This is a very common thing then and always and always it will in its simple in its complicated forms will be interesting, will be illuminating in the being and the living of Alfred Hersland and Mr. Herman Dehning and his son George Dehning.

There are many ways of being and of loving and of winning and of losing, and having honor in them, and horror of some-

thing, and religion in them and virtuous feeling being believing and thinking in them from the nature of them when this is strong enough in them to make their own in men and women. Sometimes some one to every one is strong enough to make his own or her own living thinking feeling being loving, horror, working and religion and virtuous feeling and this is not then true of that one, this one is one having anticipating suggestion and then being like a resounding board to the suggestion they were anticipating and so giving it forth then so that to themselves then and mostly to every one they are strong to do their own living, to make their own opinion and virtue and working and thinking and loving and religion and this will soon now be some description of such a one. Some then can make their own honor, and virtue and work and thinking and loving and religion. Some can make their own horror, some their own loving, some their own religion, some are weak and can do one thing their own, some are strong enough and all of it is some one else's thinking, feeling, doing, religion, virtue in them, they are strong enough men and women. There are some can just resist and not make their own anything. Some out of their own virtue make a god who sometimes later is a nuisance to them, a terror perhaps to them, a difficult thing to be forgetting. Some are controlled by other's virtue and religion and that scares them, it is a superstition to them and always after it is a scared part of them. Some like religion, some forget it, some are it, some have a prejudice against it. There are many who love themselves enough to not want to lose themselves from living, to not want other people, existence to lose them, to very many women, to very many men this comes to be as a religion in them, this makes religion a real thing to them. Some love themselves so much immortality can have no meaning for them, the younger David Hersland was such a one, there will be a long history of him sometime written. Some love themselves negatively and they like thinking about immortal living. Some love themselves or other ones so forcibly in them that death can have no meaning as an ending, these are then certain of existing, these then are

made to have religion, that is certain, some do not have it then in them, really they are certain that every one is continuing, they may not know it as religion, they mostly all of them sometime know it in them. Some love themselves so completely or some other one that they think they exist when they don't, will exist when they won't, are in communication with them when they certainly are not, some of these do not make it as a religion, they have it as a conviction as a certainty in them, these have a future life feeling in their present living. This is pretty common. Some have fervent loving in them for themselves or some one with very much fear in them and some of such of them have religion in them and very many of such of them have none.

There must be much alternating all through in this writing of preparing to be describing Alfred Hersland and the living in him and Julia Dehning who came later to be marrying him. These two then will be mostly all of them in this part of this writing and always I am alternating between them and always a little preparing understanding one and a little preparing understanding the other one and so sometime perhaps everything will come to be showing something and that will be then a happy ending of all this beginning.

All this describing then of virtuous being, feeling, knowing, thinking, in men and in women makes it right now to begin the complete understanding and description of the living and the being in Alfred Hersland and every one important in his living.

There have been then now, been in this description, the three generations of men and women. There was then Mr. and Mrs. Hissen and the old Mr. and Mrs. Hersland, there was then Mr. and Mrs. David Hersland and these then had three children Martha and Alfred and David and the history of Martha has been now already mostly written, not completely altogether written but a good deal written and now there will be beginning to be written the history of Alfred Hersland and every

one he ever came to know in his early living, in his marrying and in his later living.

There was then Mr. Hissen and Mrs. Hissen and Alfred Hersland had it in him to have a good deal in him Mr. Hissen being but it was a very different thing in him this being in him than it was in Mr. Hissen. Alfred never had in him at any time in him religion, he was a mixture then of old Mr. Hissen and old Mr. Hersland who was a butcher when he was a young man working and who was a man who had important feeling in him from having been a little important then in religion. Alfred Hersland then, to be certain of the being in him, was of the resisting kind of them in men and women and now then I will wait again and soon then I will be full up with him, I am now then not completely full up with him. Now I am again beginning waiting to be full up completely full up with him. I am very considerably full up now with the kind of being in him, I will be waiting and then I will be full up with all the being in him, that is certain, and so then now a little again once more then I am waiting waiting to be filled up full completely with him with all the being ever in him.

There are then some living who are saying that to be a dead one is to be really a dead one and these then are not very certain that to be a dead one is to be really a dead one. They are then some who have it in them that dead is dead and these then are not very certain that to be dead is to be a dead one. There are then very many who in living have it in them that dead is dead and these then are not certain that to be a dead one is to be a really entirely completely certainly altogether dead one. There are very many then of these always living, perhaps Alfred Hersland was one of this kind of them. Perhaps he is of this kind of men. Perhaps he is not this kind of a one, not one of this kind of them of women and men. Anyway this much is certain, he was of the resisting kind of them, he is of the resisting kind of men, of the dependent independent kind of them. He is certainly of the engulfing resisting kind in men and women.

I am very nearly full up with him with Alfred Hersland and his kind in men and women. It is all filling in me now to over flowing. Alfred Hersland was a very little one and then a child and then a boy then. He learned to understand talking and answering and it was surprising when he began this thing as it is with every one. Once one sees a little one and he is not understanding anything any one says to him and he is not trying to do anything and then in a very little while a couple of months of living and he is understanding and answering and is trying to have things, that he can have a liking for then and that is a very certain thing and Alfred Hersland had this in him and later then he was a boy in his living and then he was coming to be a very young man and he had it then in him to be wanting to be helping his sister to have freedom so then he was very certain and he wanted to be helping and to be instructing and to be a good deal an example to his brother who was a younger one and he was then beginning resisting for every one to his father then, and his mother then had about him a strong feeling of worrying when he was a little late for dinner in the evening and later to be missing him when he had left them to go to Bridgepoint for his college education and he was then certain he was a man devoted to everything and every one and he always wrote to every one then to be good ones and he was a man then and then very much later he was marrying Julia Dehning and all this then was in him as much later living and in the beginning he was a little baby and then beginning understanding and talking and then a boy then and then a boy coming to be going to be a very young man and then he was full up with public feeling for every one living in the house with him, his sister, his brother, his father, his mother, every one, in the beginning then he was a very little one, this is now then the beginning of the complete history of the being and the living of him.

It is a nice thing, it is mostly pleasant for every one when the eldest son is the eldest of the children, in family living. This was not the case with Alfred Hersland, he was the eldest son, he

was not the oldest of the three Hersland children, Martha was the oldest of them, it is very certain that mostly in family living it is a pleasanter thing when the oldest one of the children is the oldest son, this most generally is pleasanter for every one, for that one who is the oldest one, it is not such a pleasant thing for that one when a woman a girl a sister is the older one when he is the oldest son, this mostly then makes it a little a difficult thing when he is a son and not the oldest one of the children, in family living. Very often in family living when one is not the oldest of the three children but is the oldest son, very often then he is such a one as I am soon going to be describing as Alfred Hersland. Very often in family living when one is not the oldest of the children but is the oldest son, very often then that one is such a one as Alfred Hersland was in his living. I know now three of such of them who have it in them to be of the kind of them that Alfred Hersland is and who have it in their living that they were the oldest son and that they had a sister who was a few years older and that put them in a position that I will now soon be describing in the early living, in the beginning of being a young man in the living of Alfred Hersland.

Alfred Hersland then is now to every one a young one, this is now a history of him. He was a good enough looking one, many said he was a very good looking one.

Sometimes in reading, sometimes in thinking, sometimes in realising, sometimes in a kind of a way in feeling, knowing repeating knowing always everything is repeating, knowing that there will be going on living is saddening. Sometime then in reading, in realising anything, a little sometimes in feeling something it is saddening to be thinking, feeling, realising that always everything, is repeating, that sometime some one is a young one and that now some one is in their middle living and that now some one is an old one and sometimes it is a queer feeling in one this and then not anything, not writing, reading, dying, being a dead one, living, being a young one, being one is a real thing inside in one then and always then it is certain that

always every one is living and every one has their being in them and every one is feeling thinking knowing something and always then it is certain that every one is like some other one and everything is existing and it is saddening then and existing is not a real thing then to some one feeling then every one as existing and being themselves inside them and some one being like some one and each one being either a young one or a middle aged one or an old one and sometimes then this is a little a dreary thing and sometimes then it is a very queer thing and mostly then it is all then something and mostly then it is certain that everything is existing and mostly then it is inside in some one that not anything is a real thing, that it is dreary to be writing.

Always then Alfred Hersland had a being in him that now I am beginning describing. Always Alfred Hersland was living to his ending. This is the being then that is in every one, they are existing until there is an end of them. Each one has their own being in them, each one is of a kind in men and women. Alfred Hersland was of a kind of men and women as I was saying, he was the eldest son but not the eldest child as I was saying and that had some effect on him as I was saying it does have on those that are eldest sons but not the eldest child in family living, and Alfred Hersland was all through his early living living with poor people near him and in a way he was of them, he did things with them as I will now be telling and then he left home to go to Bridgepoint for his college training and before that he was at the stage of being very instructive and very desirous to be the head of his family and a good citizen and after he left he was a tender feeling in his mother's living and then he had some kinds of loving in him and then as I was saying he came to be married to Julia Dehning and later then his father was losing his great fortune and then too Martha was beginning having trouble in living and later then his brother David was influencing him and later then Alfred Hersland was having very much trouble in his married living and many people came then to be important to him and then there was

more and more living in him and this is now to be a complete history of him. I am now almost all through with waiting. I am now beginning to be free with the being of him inside me in my feeling. I am now completely certain that not any one is to himself inside him in his or her feeling any age inside them.

Now then, mostly every one is a good deal in pieces to my feeling, Alfred Hersland then now is such a one to my feeling, a good deal in pieces to my feeling. Always all his being is always repeating in all his living. He is a good deal in pieces to my feeling.

Of the kind of one that Alfred Hersland was in his being, the kind of them men and women having in them such kind of being range from very good ones through to pretty bad ones, have all kinds of mixtures in them, have every kind of way of living are many of them pretty successful in living, some very successful and some pretty miserably failing, some pretty steady with the being in them, some pretty intermittent and some meek and some very weak in being and all this is true of every kind there is of men and women.

Alfred Hersland, Alfy as every one then called him was as a young one of the living of poor people living in small houses in a part of Gossols where the Herslands were the only rich people living. Alfy was of the living of poor people in his daily living then as was his older sister Martha then and his brother who was then quite a little one. All three of the Hersland children were of this living for a good many years in their beginning. It was different in Alfred than it was in Martha, than it was in David Hersland, that I have already been saying. In Alfred it was his daily living then, it was nearly all the living then in him. It was half country half city living. Alfy knew very many poor people then in his young living. In a way then he was then completely of them, completely of their living then. He was different in his living with them in a way than Martha and David were. He was completely then as a young one of the living of poor people, a half city half country poor people living.

He was always then with these kind of men and women and children.

He was doing all his daily living with the children and the women and the men living in small houses in that part of Gossols where the Herslands were the only rich people living. The Herslands were rich people of rich american living as the natural way of living. In a way Alfred had never had any real experiencing of this kind of way of living, he really did not know very much of any one who was living this kind of living, sometimes some with their children came to see the Herslands and then the Hersland children had to play and talk with these then these children living the rich american living, and the Hersland children mostly were not interested in them, Alfred had not any liking for them, he liked to have all the fruit picked even before it was quite ripe before it was really ready for picking so that those children who were coming to visit them should not be using their trees to pick fruit and enjoy it. Alfred never liked it that these children should be at home in his orchard, picking fruit and eating it and taking it home with them, he liked very well picking fruit and climbing trees, his own trees with those children that were in his daily living, he never did like it that children coming with their parents on a Sunday visit well to do american families should come and pick fruit in his orchard and enjoy such things then when they came occasionally to visit the Herslands in a part of Gossols where not any other rich people excepting the Herslands were living. Once when some of them were coming, Alfred with David and Martha to help picked all the fruit although most of it was green then, it was mostly cherries just then, picked it all every bit of it and put it in the barn to ripen and he did this so that the children coming to visit them should not be climbing the trees and helping themselves as if it were in an orchard of their own. He made David and Martha have such a feeling too in them, it was a mixed feeling in Alfy then, he was then just beginning to feel in him responsibility for family living, he was just beginning then to feel in him that he was an american

citizen, he was just beginning to feel in him then his daily living and liking that realisation that he was then beginning to have in him. He was beginning then a little dimly to have a realisation of the fact that his mother never in her feeling had been really cut off from rich right american living. He was just then completely living with the people living near him, he was doing all his living with them, living was interesting to him then, he was more and more then beginning to be really living his living with their living. He had in him not any disliking for the rich american living but he did not want the children of that living to make themselves too much at home in his garden in his orchard with the flowers and the fruit that was part of his daily living then.

Alfred Hersland was with them in his daily living with the people living near him, with the boys around him in his daily living and he did then everything he did with them and he did then everything they did in their daily living and he had not in him then anything at all of family living. When he was a boy, when he was beginning his living he lived his daily life then doing everything he did then with the boys the women and men living near him. He did his roller skating, a little shooting, some camping, a good deal of fishing, some going about the country selling fruit he had been picking with them in the orchard in the ten acre place where the Herslands were living and any other fruit belonging to any of them that they could use for selling, he did everything in his daily living with them, he was with them when they were with girls then and he did with the girls everything a boy does when he is with them. He had then public school living. He did his daily living completely with them, he did everything they were doing then, this was the history of the living he had in him when he was a young one: he did everything then with these then living near him, he had then his being in him and his daily living and this is now then to be a description of the living then in him with the being in him.

There were then the Banks boys who lived near him, there

were three of them, it was the oldest one who was mostly with him, the second one George who had lost two fingers from a sickness he had that no one ever mentioned to him was the one with whom David Hersland later did his living. The oldest Banks brother Albert, who later in his living did shoemaking, George later was a clerk and pretty successful in living, the third brother then a very red faced freckled one who could crow very well and always was on fences doing this thing and his later living came when the Herslands did not any longer any of them any more know what happened to any one in that part of Gossols and so there is not to be any telling of his future living, Albert was a good deal in these days with Alfred Hersland and then he began shoemaking and he was not very good at learning at school and once he had a furious anger in him there and he scared every one in the school by drawing a pistol although it was an empty one and he was told not to come any more and he then began learning shoemaking but he was a good fellow to be with for any one and pleasant enough and he and Alfred did everything together then until the shoemaking began and then he went with men and Alfred was not so completely with him then. These Banks boys had in them all three of them half city half country living, Albert had in him completely half city half country living, when he began shoemaking city living came to be more strongly in him, Albert then went on with his half city half country living, he went on then living with those then near him who kept on in them being half city half country in their feeling. There were some of them who kept on having half city half country feeling some of those living near the Herslands then and after Albert Banks began learning shoemaking Alfred Hersland was mostly with them. The one who might have been interested in Martha if she had been more interesting to him was one of such of them. Alfred when he was not any longer a boy in his living was for a little while a good deal with this one. He did then, Alfred did then pretty nearly entirely everything that this one, that this crowd of them were doing then in their daily living. Alfred was be-

ginning to have a little in him beginning then the feeling of family being but it was not in him then yet as in any way determining and he was then completely entirely doing in his daily living what these having in them half country half city living were doing.

There were a number of little houses in this part of Gossols and Alfred knew a good many of the people living in them. In a good many of them the same people kept on living all the time the Herslands were living in a ten acre place there, in some of the houses there was much moving, people would be very often coming and going. Once there was a family that stayed one year there and there were two children an older boy and a very young one, the older one Louis Champion was very much with Alfred then, the little brother was a nuisance to them, Alfred did a good deal of roller skating, some camping out and more or less fishing with Louis Champion. Louis was a pleasant fellow and good-looking.

Alfy was often out in the evening, in the summer he was out a long time almost always every evening. Sometimes he went out with some of them living in small houses near him, sometimes some of them would be playing hide and go seek around the Hersland house with him. Albert Banks was often playing, going about with him of an evening. They were together very often in the evening. Alfy was very often out in the evening with some of them living near him. In the summer he was out a long time almost always every evening. Very often he would be going off somewhere to do something or he would be standing around with them or they would be all of them hanging around together in a vacant lot that was near to where all of them were living. Sometimes they would be chasing all around all of them, sometimes some of them would be hiding and running on the Hersland place as I was just saying. Albert Banks was often then with Alfy in the evening, less at first after he began learning shoemaking, earlier when he was still going to school he was almost always together with Alfy on a summer evening. All the year Alfy was very often out in the evening when he was a little

older boy and in the summer he was out a long time almost always every evening. Sometimes he was out with some of them he was doing everything with in his daily living, sometimes they would be together playing hide and seek in his orchard and in his garden. Albert Banks as I was saying would be then almost always with him in the evening, he would often be playing hide and seek in the Hersland orchard and garden with them, this was before he was thinking of beginning learning shoemaking. Frank and Will Roddy often were with them all in the evening. Frank and Will Roddy often were there in the evening at the Hersland place playing with Albert Banks and Alfred Hersland and David. They were often playing hide and go seek in the summer in the evening. Sometimes some girls would be with them, sometimes Martha Hersland would be with them. Every now and then there would be some girls playing along with them. Albert Banks and Frank and Will Roddy for some time were almost always together with Alfy in the evening. Albert Banks as I was saying later began learning shoe-making, he was then not so very much with Alfy and the Roddy boys who were still then a good deal together in the evening. Frank Roddy later in his living went into the country to earn his living. Will Roddy later went into a cigar stand, clerking, and then his father died and he had a little money and he came to be a partner and then he and the other one failed and they were not fair then they very much favored one creditor, they had some trouble, later very many years later some of the Herslands happened to hear from some one that Will Roddy was in jail because of something he had been doing. He was supposed not to have been very honest and afterwards he was in jail. He was a little fellow and very quick.

So then Alfy and Albert Banks and the Roddy boys were often playing hide and go seek in the summer in the evening. They were a good deal together mostly every evening as I was saying. They were very often together in a vacant lot playing or hanging around together somewhere and often enough they would be chasing around in the Hersland orchard and garden.

Sometimes there some girls would be with them. Sometimes then Martha Hersland would be with them. Alfred and David very often were playing hide and go seek with Albert Banks and the Roddy boys and sometimes some others, in the Hersland orchard and garden. Sometimes some girls would be with them, sometimes then Martha Hersland would be with them. Sometimes then they stayed a long time in the orchard, later then Alfred said to Martha he would tell her father, she had no business to be playing. Sometimes he would be angry and later he would threaten her if she would not do something he wanted her to be doing he would tell her father she was playing hide and go seek in the evening. Sometimes later there would be quarrelling and Alfy would be saying Martha should not be playing that evening. Sometimes Alfy would make Martha go in. He would say if she did not go in he would tell her father she was playing hide and go seek in the evening. Don't you know any better than to come along, he would say to her. He was then a little beginning to have in him the feeling that he was a good citizen, that he was the oldest son, he did not know then yet very specifically why she should go in, she did not know then very specifically why she should go in, they neither of them knew very specifically why she should not be playing hide and go seek in the evening but Alfy was beginning then to have such a feeling about himself in him that he should send her in and later then if she did not do something he wanted she should be doing he always said he would then tell his father she had been playing hide and go seek in the evening and then she always had a sullen fear inside her. Neither of them then as I was saying knew very specifically what they were meaning. Martha, Alfred and David Hersland all three were out a good deal in the evening. Alfred was often out in the evening, in the summer he was out a long time almost always every evening. He was then doing everything with the children and women and men living near him, he was then doing everything mostly that they were doing, he was doing everything he did with them. He was then mostly always out with them in the evening. He was then and

when he was older he was then with them, some of them sometimes with a good many of them in the evening. He was always then doing everything he was doing then with them. Alfred all his younger living was out very often in the evening, then and later in his Gossols living he was often out in the evening, in the summer he was out a long time almost always in the evening. Mostly he stayed entirely in that part of Gossols where he was living. Mostly he never went away from the crowd living near him. Mostly he in the evening when he was a young one when he was an older one stayed in that part of Gossols where the Herslands were living, was with them the people living in small houses near him.

There were some whom he knew who were living in another part of Gossols and he sometimes saw them, sometimes he saw them very often. This is now to be a description of them, of all of them. There were two families of them that the Hersland children came to know and each of them lived in a different part of Gossols. They had no connection with each other. The Fishers one of these families then were friends of the woman who lived near the Herslands and did dress-making sometimes for Mrs. Hersland. Sometimes Mary Fisher came to see the second daughter Cora who was not yet come to be a really pretty one. Sometimes Mary Fisher's brother Henry came with her and so the Herslands all of them came to know them and they each one in their way all excepting Mrs. Hersland came to know the Fishers very well. Mr. Hersland came to know them very well later, Martha and Alfred and David Hersland came to know them earlier. They were six of them of the Fisher family, four children and a father and mother. Mr. Fisher had something to do with horses, that was the way he made a living. The Hersland children never came to know him. They sometimes saw him and spoke to him. Henry the second son they came to know very well all of them. Henry went bicycling very often with David Hersland. Mary was the only daughter and all the Hersland family came to know her. Later Mrs. Hersland came to know her a good deal and Martha Hersland always liked her.

Mrs. Hersland liked her well enough but never came really to know her. Alfred used to stay in her kitchen talking to her. Jim was the oldest son and brother. The Herslands did not, any of them, ever come to know him. The Fishers were all proud of him, he was a commercial traveler and was apart from them. Slowly it came out about him that he was going to ruin from a taste for liquor. Later he took a cure and was better, none of the Herslands ever saw him, not any of them ever came to know him. Mrs. Fisher was a tall kindly faced kind of woman. She was always good and mostly always in the kitchen. All the Herslands came to know her, Mrs. Hersland never really came to know her. Henry Fisher was a very reliable person, he was very pleasant always to Martha Hersland, he and David Hersland did a great deal of bicycling together. Alfred Hersland was at the Fishers sometimes for an evening. They were not really ever very important in his living.

Another family with whom the Herslands Martha and Alfred and David, never Mr. and Mrs. Hersland, spent an evening were the Henrys and these were not really important to them. They came to know them quite by accident having sat next to them at a theatre one afternoon and then they went to see them. They went there quite often in the evening one or two or all three of the Herslands then. Mr. and Mrs. Hersland never came to know any of them of the Henry family. There were four children, James Henry a tall thin one who played the violin while the other ones danced in the evening. Henry a pleasant enough sensible enough fellow to be knowing, Rose Henry a little dark one and Carrie Henry who was just one of them. The Herslands would go there and eat dinner with them, Mrs. Henry browned potatoes, peeled, when she roasted her meat the way french people do them, the Herslands always ate very many of them, the forks and knives the Henrys used for eating were worn down very thin, later then James Henry played and all of them danced pretty solemnly in a quadrille. This happened quite often in the evening. The Henrys were really not important in the living of any of the Hersland children. Later then

they did not see any of them, Mr. Henry later killed himself and every one wondered if he had been crazy when he did this thing. They were not any of them ever important in the living of Martha, Alfred or David Hersland.

Alfred as I was saying was in Gossols when he was a very young one and when he was a little an older one. Sometimes then later he saw a little sometimes of Olga the sister of the first governess the Herslands had had in their Gossols living staying with them. Sometimes the Wyman family made up to him. This is the way he had all these in him this that I am now beginning describing. This is now beginning to be a history of him, a history of Alfred Hersland of all the being and all the living in him.

Alfred played the violin some, he played it very well. He had some musical feeling, he had quite a bit of musical understanding, later in his very early Bridgepoint living he was very much interested in playing and in understanding. He made for himself some reputation as an intelligent amateur musician. He came to know then in Bridgepoint in his early living in Bridgepoint a young man who was making music a profession and did some rather nice composing. Later this one gave it up and went into a clothing manufacturing business in which his brother and father needed him, but this is all later history of Alfred Hersland, this all was in his Bridgepoint living, this is now a history of him and a description of the being in him in his Gossols living. He had then in him in his younger living a good deal of musical feeling. All the three of them Martha, Alfred and David in their younger living took lessons to learn to play on something. Alfred was the only one of the three of them who had any really musical feeling. Martha took a little interest once in playing and she did a good deal of practicing just before she left Gossols for her college education. David was interested in understanding but he never did any practicing, he was interested again later and always everything was interesting to him sometime and later there will be a very long history of everything and of him written.

Alfred had really some musical feeling in him. Once in his later Gossols living he had a really interesting teacher. This was a man named Arragon. He was a very interesting man, he interested Alfred very much then when he was teaching him. Alfred never wanted to be a musician as a way of living never really at any time in him but music and understanding musical feeling was for a little while all the feeling in him, while Arragon was near him. Later there will be some little history written of this man, not very much but a little and that will come in the later Gossols living in Alfred Hersland.

This has been now a little description of the living in Alfred Hersland and now there will be more description of him, of the being in him and the living in him.

Alfred Hersland was neither popular nor very unpopular with those that knew him. He was not pleasant nor unpleasant to any one, he did everything he did with those he was knowing then, he really did with them mostly everything they were doing. He was not at any time left out by them. He always all his Gossols living did everything he was doing with those he was near then in living, and he always then did with them everything that they were doing. He was never then left out by them. To them his future living was not important in him to cut him off at all from them. He did everything he was doing then with them, he did mostly everything they were doing with them. He was himself inside him, later as I was saying he had some feeling in him that he never had been cut off from rich american living, later then this came to be in him, he still then did everything he did with those he was knowing in Gossols where he was living, not altogether though then, he was beginning knowing some other women and some men, he saw something then of Ida Heard the school teacher and so did his music teacher Arragon this is all to be written later.

Now there will be some description of the being in Alfred Hersland and then after that has been a little written there will be written more history of his Gossols living and more description of those with whom he was then in his daily living. There

will then be written a description of him in his Bridgepoint living and of his later marrying Julia Dehning and of every one whom he knew just then and then there will be more history written and there will be more and on and on then until somewhere nearly to the end of him. And then sometime later there will be written the ending of him and of his generation in the Hersland living.

To be using a new word in my writing is to me a very difficult thing. Every word I am ever using in writing has for me very existing being. Using a word I have not yet been using in my writing is to me very difficult and a peculiar feeling. Sometimes I am using a new one, sometimes I feel new meanings in an old one, sometimes I like one I am very fond of that one one that has many meanings many ways of being used to make different meanings to every one. Sometimes I like it, almost always I like it when I am feeling many ways of using one word in writing. Sometimes I like it that different ways of emphasising can make very different meanings in a phrase or sentence I have made and am rereading. Always in writing it, it is in me only one thing, a little I like it sometimes that there can be very different ways of reading the thing I have been writing with only one feeling of a meaning. This is a pleasant thing, sometimes I am very well pleased with this thing, very often then I am liking a word that can have many ways of feeling in it, it is really a very difficult thing to me to be using a word I have not yet been using in writing. I may know very well the meaning of a word and yet it has not for me completely weight and form and really existing being. There are only a few words and with these mostly always I am writing that have for me completely entirely existing being, in talking I use many more of them of words I am not living but talking is another thing, in talking one can be saying mostly anything, often then I am using many words I never could be using in writing. In writing a word must be for me really an existing thing, it has a place for me as living, this is the way I feel about me writing. I have been mentioning this thing for I am just now feeling a learning

in me for some words I have just been beginning using in my writing. Now I am going on with a description of being, of being in pieces and as whole ones to my feeling, of being in Alfred Hersland as I was saying.

Alfred Hersland was of a kind of men and women. This is now some description of that kind of them.

Some one seems to be talking in such a very different kind of way to mostly every one than I am ever hearing from that one and sometimes then I do not think of any one really telling me what that other one has been saying, at least it is a very difficult thing to realise that one can have such a free talking in him when always I have not heard it coming out of him. For many years I was slowly learning that very often some one is not talking in my hearing the way he is talking when some one else is listening. For very many it is a very difficult thing to be realising the effect they have on men and women. I have often been listening again and again to some one, have been very much with them and always then they have, that one a certain kind of way of talking that seems then to be the completely natural way of talking in them, I have seen such of them talking from suffering, from excited feeling, from happy feeling in them, from gayety and from being very serious inside them and then some one tells me about them about such a one that that one says such and such a thing in talking is always saying such and such a kind of thing always in talking and that is then to me astonishing, very astonishing, and then sometime I realise it of them slowly that such a one, that one, can be saying that thing, always having such a kind of talking coming out of them that it is a natural thing in them and slowly then always then I am always learning how each one is talking to every one and more and more then slowly then I am listening.

Some one has milk brought to the house by the milkman and it is wasted and yet always that one is continuing having that amount of milk brought in because that one is thinking that sometime that one will be a sick one and then if the milkman has not the habit of bringing milk every day to that one then

when that one is a sick one that one will not have milk brought every day by a milkman. It will be too late then to be beginning then when that one is so sick that one cannot go out to order anything. One having in that one a feeling that nothing should be wasted by any one living can have such a way of doing with a milkman bringing milk for that one. Such a one can have it that that one never throws away anything, never wastes anything in living and always there is more milk there than that one can be using in the daily living, in a kind of a way this is very common, not about milk left, but about a way of feeling in living and a way of acting. This is in a way common. Mostly then I have just now a feeling mostly such a one is part of a being. Mostly just now I have a good deal of such feeling that every one is not a whole one that each one is not ever a complete one. One quite young one was loving another one and that one was saying to the one that one was loving, I only love them like you with dark hair and brown eyes for I am a blond one and I could only be loving a dark one. Then this one saw a picture of another one, I could love that one said this one. But that one is a blond one, the one this one was thinking of loving told this one and you just said you could only love a dark one, yes that is true but I think I could love that one, and this is very common, and always there are very many having it always in them that they are a piece of being and always each one is a whole one in the sense that each one is being really in them is existing and sometimes then very often there is to me not any kind of a whole one really in any one and anything and now I am not really caring any more anyway about this thing, about being being a whole one in any one in any way.

I am altogether a discouraged one. I am just now altogether a discouraged one. I am going on describing men and women.

Some men and women are inquisitive about everything, they are always asking, if they see any one with anything they ask what is that thing, what is it you are carrying, what are you going to be doing with that thing, why have you that thing, where did you get that thing, how long will you have that thing,

there are very many men and women who want to know about anything about everything, I am such a one, I certainly am such a one. A very great many like to know a good many things, a great many are always asking questions of every one, a great many are to very many doing this with intention, a great many have intention in their asking, a great many just have their attention caught by anything and then they ask the question. Some when they are hearing any one talking are immediately listening, many would like to know what is in letters others are writing and receiving, a great many quite honest ones are always wanting to know everything, a great many men and women have a good deal suspicion in them about others and this has in them not any very precise meaning. A great many are liking to know things but do not do much asking, a great many have not any such a feeling. A great many have a very great deal of suspiciousness in them, a great many have almost not any of this being in them. This one that I am now describing was one who was always asking and mostly always every one was wondering what was this one meaning by the questions he was asking and often later this one would perhaps be using information he had had from asking questions but asking questions in him was not a thing in him that came from wanting to be using some time information he was gathering, very often asking questions in him was simply from a catching of his attention by something. Once this one asked some one he was visiting, just suddenly,—and this door here does that lead into the hall or directly out into the garden,—and that was all he said then about this thing and afterwards every one was thinking he would be using this against them but really then this one was wondering did the door lead to the hall or directly to a garden. If such a one, one having this kind of a way is of the resisting engulfing type and fairly successful in living and slow and sudden and quite suspicious of every one, almost certainly then every one will think it to be true of such a one that this one always is asking questions for purposes of winning, perhaps of cheating, certainly for some distant manoeuvering. This is very

common. There are very many having in them rather engulfing rather resisting being who are slow and sudden, who are a little absent when any one is asking them anything, who are suspicious and quite trusting, who are often asking questions for in their being being in slow action and always more or less moving they have it that their attention is always a little wandering waiting for something inside them to do something and so then these of them are very busy having their attention caught by anything and asking questions about everything and very often every one knowing such of them are very suspicious of them and mostly these then too have constant suspicion in them as constant as the questioning in them. This is very common then with this kind of being. I am not yet through with my description of this kind of resisting engulfing men and women.

When I have not been right there must be something wrong. Every one says to me I am always certain I am right about everything and I must be certain of that thing because otherwise there is something wrong and that is a wearying, wearing thing and then I must be beginning learning everything.

I have been very glad to have been wrong. It is sometimes a very hard thing to win myself to having been wrong about something. I do a great deal of suffering.

When I have not been right there must be something wrong. That is what I say to myself inside me. That is what some one sometimes says to me. This has been said to me. This I do say to myself inside me. When I have not been right there must be something wrong.

This is in a way the meaning of all living in me. This is the way I have suffering in me. When I have not been right there must be something wrong. I have been very glad to have been wrong. It is sometimes a very wearing thing to have been wrong about something.

I like thinking about kinds of them in men and women. I like feeling men and women each one as of one kind of them and that I can that sometime I will know others like them. It makes it to me a very pleasant world for living. It makes it simple to

be certain that each one every one has their own being in them that each one every one is of a kind in men and women and that always there are existing very many of each of these kinds of them. This is a pleasant thing for me to have as certain in me. I know then there can be a history of each one and of all kinds all the kinds in men and women. This is a pleasant feeling, this is comforting to me just now when I am thinking of every one always growing older and then dying, now when I am thinking about each one being sometime a sick one each one being sometime a dead one. This gives to me then a pleasant feeling knowing kinds in men and women now when I am thinking that sometime each one will be an old one and then each one will be a dead one. I can understand that knowing there are kinds in men and women would not be a comfort to every one. I can understand this thing. I have it in me as a very pleasant feeling that always there are kinds in men and women and always there are very many existing of each kind of them. I have it in me then as I am saying this thing as a very pleasant feeling as a pleasant complete feeling, as a completely contenting feeling and I am knowing sometime each one will be a dead one and I am knowing each one has their own being in them and I am knowing each one is one of a kind in men and women and as I am saying I am having a pleasant completely completed feeling and always then it is a comfortable and calming thing this being certain that each one is one of a kind of them in men and women and that there are always very many of each kind existing, that each one has their own being in them is then completely interesting, that each one sometime is to be a dead one is then not discouraging, and so then I am having a completely pleasant and completed feeling, I who am completely certain that each one is of a kind in men and women, I who am always almost always knowing several of each kind of them I come to know in living, I who am expecting sometime perhaps to be knowing all there ever can be, were or are or will be of kinds in men and women. I have then even with sombre certain feeling that each one is always an older one and sometime a

dead one I have then knowing each one is of one kind in men and women I have then a pleasant feeling, a contented a completed feeling as I have been saying. I have a quiet sombre feeling I have not so much an afraid feeling in being living now when I am certain, and I am knowing them, that there are a number of kinds in men and women, not such a great number of them, quite a number of them. Each one is themselves inside them, each one every one is of a kind in men and women. This is to me a completely satisfying thing. I am beginning again now to describe one kind of them, one of one kind in men and women.

This then is certain that not any one really was very important in the living of Alfred Hersland in his young living. As I was saying he knew a good many then, he was doing with them what he was doing then in his living, he knew a good many then and he was doing in his living with them what they were doing in their living then. I have described some of them. As I was saying the family of Madeleine Wyman were sometimes trying to be pleasant with him. The mother Mrs. Wyman could flatter him but she did not really flatter him and that was not an unpleasant thing to his feeling but he did not for that want to see her again. Sometimes he was quite a little with Madeleine Wyman's brother and her younger sister but not enough to be different really in him from knowing any other one in his living. The older Wyman daughter could be pleasant to him by taking an interest in him but that was only in him as making a little less flattering what her mother had left on him. Really there is not any use now remembering more about them for him. This was all young living in Alfred Hersland this I have been describing. There was more young living, of course there was a good deal more young living in him. There was young living in him, there was his being inside him, he lived the living of those he was then knowing and soon then he went to Bridge-point to begin his middle living. He went there and then he came to making a living and to marrying Julia Dehning and to knowing a fair number of men and women.

The Hissen relatives were glad to see him, it was very pleasant for them to see one of their sister's children, and to know really that the Gossols living was existing, really existing. They were pleasant cheerful quickly curious and always a little doubting and it was pleasant for them to see Alfred and to feel him and to ask him how his mother was and to hear him and to see that though he was a fairly tall one he looked a little like them and was very pleasant in liking them. The Hersland relatives too saw him and for a while he lived with his aunt and she was interested in him but it was not such a pleasant thing in her and at first he was very much with the Hissen men and women and he was a little tender with them. He liked being in Bridgepoint and he began studying and he played the violin a good deal then and he was with his relatives a good deal then and he began to know then some who knew them and others then and he was very nice then and he had a pleasant feeling of living in him then.

It was very pleasant being in this Bridgepoint living, it was very pleasant to him to be seeing, as it is to Gossols' children, many relatives who knew him and had seen him when he was a baby and were thinking then in seeing him of his father and his mother and he was in them the only one, and it was very pleasant for him as it is for Gossols' children to hear the thunder cracking and the lightning shooting and the leaves piling up and then snow coming looking white and then dirty when he was looking up to see it falling and then it was pleasant for him to see skating and then to see a green spring beginning, it was a pleasant thing like it is to some to hear a cuckoo sounding and to be slowly convinced by some one that it is not a clock but a live bird calling. It is a pleasant thing to come somewhere and be having such a thing happen a very pleasant thing. Alfred had a pleasant feeling and with the Hissen men and women quite a pleasant tender feeling in him in his living and to them all then he was a pleasant one quite a very pleasant one and to himself inside him then he was pleasantly being with every one. He had in him then the feeling Hissen people naturally

have in them and he was to them too then a tall one and coming from Gossols and being of them and it was pleasant and they were curious and they stayed around him and were touching him then to really feel him and he was of them and he was pleasant inside him and he was a little tall for them and he and they liked him and he was living with a Hersland aunt then and this was the beginning of Bridgepoint living in him.

This is a comforting thing in being a great author inside one that always even with much lonely feeling and much sighing in one and even with not pleasantness inside any one just then when it is a very sombre burden then that one is beginning having coming saying that pleasant living is a pleasant thing and to be explaining how some are liking pleasant living. Not every one is liking pleasant living. Alfred as I was saying when he first came to Bridgepoint living was liking it very much that he was then in pleasant living and then he was a little being in love and that was then almost still pleasant living even though the Hersland aunt with whom he was living was trying to be interfering and was just a little breaking into for him the pleasantness of pleasant living he was having then. The Hissens were a little interfering then, were sometimes having hurt or angry feeling, but that was for him then not a part of not pleasant living. Certainly for quite some time Bridgepoint living was for him pleasant living. He had some loving in him then, he had some tender feeling in him then, he was liking music very well then, he had pleasant living in him then, he had aspiring in him then but it was not yet then come to be in him as something that was to be an active thing in him to make living for him in him. It was quite sometime later then that he met Julia Dehning.

I see so many who I am very certain will not be at all interested in my being certain that each one is himself inside him, that each one is of a kind in men and women, that I can make a diagram now including a very considerable number of kinds in men and women and that sometime I will be able to explain the being in each one and make a scheme of relations in kinds

of being with each one having in them the way of eating, thinking, feeling, working, drinking, loving, beginning and ending, feeling things as being existing of their kind of being, with sensitivenesses and suddenesses and impatient and patient and dependent and independent being of their kind of them and succeeding and failing of their kind of them and I will be able to make groups of them and it will be such an interesting and such an important thing in my feeling, in my being, and I will be making groups of them of each kind of them with some of each kind of them succeeding some failing some in between succeeding and failing, some having more of something of their kind of them in them than other things of their kind of them and each one then I am ever knowing comes sometime then to be such a clear one to my feeling and I could want to have every one know every one so that each one could see the meaning of my explanation and always I am certain that so very many I am always knowing are not wanting to completely listen to me in my explaining and many are not understanding that they must be hearing me completely and they are not doing this thing and here I am and I am certain, at least I am mostly always certain and yet always I am of the dependent independent kind of them and always in me there is quite a good deal always of dependent despairing and always I am knowing and always I will be knowing always now I am certain that mostly those I am knowing do not want, cannot be completely listening and it is such a complete being in me and I am important that is certain and here I am full up now with knowing that mostly those to whom I am explaining are not completely hearing.

Alfred Hersland was in Bridgepoint doing in the beginning very pleasant living. He was not remembering then very much of his Gossols living, and then he was not remembering very much his pleasant tender feeling in the pleasant living he had in him with the Hissen men and women and young men and women and the young men and women that knew the young Hissen men and women. He always had a little remembering in him of wanting to be marrying the one he did not marry then

and always he remembered his aunt the aunt who had married a Hissen man, who had slowly shown him that this one whom he wanted then to be marrying was not one to have him. He remembered this very well, he did not remember much about the Hersland aunt who interfered with him. Alfred Hersland was a little not very good at remembering but he remembered more or less about wanting to have married one then although he never later wanted that he had married this one. He did want for quite some time very completely certainly to marry this one and this one certainly then wanted to be married to him but he did not marry this one.

When Alfred Hersland came first to know Julia Dehning he was not remembering any longer very much in him any of the early Bridgepoint living that he had had in him. He was remembering as I was saying sometimes then that he had really wanted to marry one and he remembered then that he had been living in Gossols when he had been a very young one. This was mostly all his remembering then. He was then not really knowing any he had been knowing when he was beginning Bridgepoint living. His Hersland aunt was then connected with him. She knew Mrs. Dehning. The Hissens were not then connected in him with him, not that he had ever had any quarrel with them but always in living in mostly every one there is a keeping going that keeps making different ones come to be connected in them with them and now then as I was saying Alfred Hersland was coming to know Julia Dehning. As I was saying there was not then in him really any family Gossols living, really not any Hissen Bridgepoint living. The loving that I said he had in him when he wanted to be marrying and earning a living in some business so he could be married without waiting that lasted about two years before it was completely ended in him and then there was about a year and a half in him and then he came to know Julia Dehning.

Some have very pleasant living when they are very young men and women, some have anything but pleasant living in

them then. Very many have quite pleasant living in them then and when they are writing it then in diaries and letters to themselves and others there is not very much pleasant living in them then. It is a pretty difficult thing to be remembering, in a way ever to be certain about whether one is having, has been having pleasant living. It is quite a difficult thing to know it in them to know it of them quite young men and quite young women whether they are whether they were having pleasant living. A very considerable number of very young men and women are not having very pleasant living in them. It is very difficult to know it inside in one in remembering or in living whether one is having then pleasant living. Pleasant living is a very difficult thing about which to be certain. A great many are thinking that mostly every one is having pleasant enough living, a great many are thinking that not any one is really having pleasant living, a great many are thinking that some are having pleasant living. A good many are thinking every one should have pleasant living in them. A certain number are thinking every one could have pleasant living in them, I find it quite puzzling to be certain about any one whether they are having pleasant living in them. As I was saying Alfred Hersland in his early Bridgepoint living had quite completely pleasant living. I am almost certain. Later then living was exciting and interesting and gay and varied and absorbing and perplexing and sometimes disconcerting and sometimes uneasy in him but it was never again I am thinking quite so pleasant in him. Perhaps it was pleasant in him in his later living, it is very hard to be certain about any one about pleasant living in them, a very difficult thing indeed to be certain about this in any one at any time in the living any one has in them. Certainly his early Bridgepoint living was pleasant in him. This is quite reasonably certain. Later he was not remembering this early pleasant Bridgepoint living. It was not important in him. Really nothing was important in him until his first loving. He had always had his own being in him, that in a way was important inside him, not anything was really important to him until he wanted to stop studying to be marry-

ing. It was his wanting to stop studying to be marrying and his then slowly not wanting that this one should have him that was important to him. He soon was forgetting his loving this one, he never was really forgetting having been wanting stopping studying and beginning working at anything so that he could be married then. He never really forgot stopping wanting to be married to this one. Not that that was really very exciting but it was important to him, more important than anything that he ever had had in his living. Later then he was older and was beginning to know Julia Dehning.

Every one is always knowing the reason why they themselves are failing in succeeding. Each one is knowing certainly each time why he is not succeeding in living. Each one is always knowing why she is succeeding in failing. Mostly not any one has much of such a feeling about other ones why they are failing to be succeeding. Always each one is repeating in telling each time the reason for not then succeeding. Mostly as one gets used to hearing it from any one they get a little tired of that one. Each one then has their own steady complete reason for each time of not succeeding. Very many as I was saying are not learning about themselves in living. They are not learning about themselves from themselves in their living. The reason for not succeeding comes out each time freshly from them; to very many then that one is always going on repeating; that one then is always making a bright finding a discovering of the reason that one is not that time succeeding, that one is always fresh in discovering what is to every other one then an inevitable repeating not having really any meaning. It is a thing a great many are not doing, learning about themselves from themselves in their living. It is very satisfying to very many who are living who were living who will be living that there are reasons always then explaining each failing in succeeding. As I was saying Mr. Hersland's children told it to him later when they were a little tired of the impatient being always in him and when they were then not any longer at all afraid of his doing anything to scare them. He did not then really hear them, he

was always fresh then as he always had been in discovering a reason for each failing of succeeding. Mostly of every one each one finds it of them that they are repeating discovering a reason for each failing. To themselves each one it is a specific thing each reason each time of failing to be succeeding, to mostly every other one sometime the reason each one is giving for each time of failing is repeating a completely feeble one. As I was saying there are quite a number always living, quite a majority in men and women who are not learning themselves in failing, from themselves in their living. I am now realising Alfred Hersland to himself inside him. Alfred Hersland in a way was not failing in his living in a way was not succeeding in his living. Alfred Hersland was not really learning anything from his being in his living but then really that was not an important matter in him, Alfred Hersland was not really a learning kind in living. He learned something that is certain, mostly he was aspiring in living, mostly he was not succeeding, mostly he was not failing in living. Repeating and repeating and repeating and beginning and ending and being a young one and then an older one and then an old one and then not any longer one one; I am sometimes inside and sometimes including this realising. The relation of content and reflection, the relation of being and living, the relation of learning and stupid being, this is in me in my feeling, certainly in me now and I will be now doing expecting.

Alfred Hersland married Julia Dehning. They were not successful together in their married living, this is to be now a complete history of them and of every one connected with either of them.

Alfred Hersland and Julia Dehning came to have some loving feeling and then they came to marrying. I am beginning again a history of them.

The Hersland family living was different from the Dehning family living. The Dehning family living was that of right very rich american being. It was the living of the Dehning family being and the living of the Dehning family living, very rich

american living. The Dehning family was different from the Hersland family. There was Mr. Henry Dehning and Mrs. Dehning and Julia Dehning and George Dehning and Hortense Dehning. They were each one themselves inside them, they made together then a family living, they were living then right very rich american living. Mr. Henry Dehning had his being in him, Mrs. Dehning had her being in her, Julia Dehning had her being in her, George Dehning had his being in him, Hortense Dehning had her being in her, this is to be now the history of all the living in each one of them, of the family living they had in living, of the living they had each one with each one of the others of them and with themselves inside them, this is to be the history of every one almost every one they ever came to know, any one of them in living, the history of every one who came to know of them to know of any one of them, of any one ever connected in any way with them, in any way with any one of them. There are a great many men and women always living. This is to be now some history of some of them.

Mr. Dehning was quite a good man, a good business man, a good enough citizen, a good husband to his wife and a good enough father to his children. He was quite a careful and generous and kindly man and always could be fairly made by his wife to do what she would have him, he was also fairly ready to listen to his children when they wanted anything in their living. He was as I am saying quite a good man, a quite good man in business living, a quite good man quite entirely a good man in his family, in his daily living. He came to be an old man and was then a little shrunk then from outside him. His wife was sick then, a good deal in taking care of him, keeping him from eating what was not good for him, keeping him then from smoking which was then bad for him, keeping him then from any excitement of business living which was then a thing the doctor had quite forbidden to him. Later then she was a sick one and while he was shrinking some away from the outside of him, she died from too much coming to be inside her for her living. She left him then wishing he had been the one to be the

dead one for the sake of the children. She knew he certainly would be needing something to fill him, something to warm him now he would be shrunk away a little from the outside of him. Not any man certainly not the man she had known all her living could not be managed to be married by a woman and then there would be trouble with money and her children and it would have been better that he had been the first one to be the dead one and then she would have been handing the money over very entirely to the children. She was the first one to be a dead one as I am saying and he did not as a matter of fact marry any one but it was it is surely certain a little struggle for his children with a sister-in-law and some one else to help him to keep him from marrying. All this will be told later in the history of George Dehning and Hortense Dehning and Julia Dehning.

As I was saying the Dehning family living was very different from the Hersland family living. Mr. and Mrs. Dehning and Julia and George and Hortense Dehning all were living all their family living completely and pretty nicely and quite pleasantly and fairly freely right very rich american living. They lived it very well then. It was quite a pleasant thing in them. It was not quite entirely a pleasant thing in them but it was quite a good deal a pleasant thing in them. There were five of them Mrs. Dehning and Mr. Dehning and Julia and George and Hortense Dehning, this is to be now some description of them again and some description again of family living in them and some description of some people knowing them. Then there will be more description of the marrying and married living of Julia Dehning and Alfred Hersland.

This then has been now a little description of Mrs. Dehning and Mr. Dehning, there will be now written a little more description of the Dehning family living, there will be then be written a description of Julia Dehning. The history of George Dehning and Hortense Dehning will be written in the long history to be written of David Hersland and that will be written after the complete writing of the loving and the marrying and the being and the living in Alfred Hersland and Julia Dehning

and every one they knew and who came to know them or to know about them. I am going on then now telling about Dehning family living, about Alfred Hersland and Julia Dehning loving and marrying and living.

The Dehnings then were then living, very pleasantly, quite entirely decently, not very aggressively, pretty freely, quite contentedly, fairly advancedly, thoroughly generously, quite gayly, pretty entirely cheerfully, right very rich american living.

Julia was then the oldest of the Dehning children, George was considerably younger and Hortense was a good deal younger than George Dehning, Julia was then the beginning of Dehning completely american living. This is a description of her being and of her living, of her loving and of her marrying, and of all of her living. Julia then was an american. Julia had her own being in her, she was of a kind in men and women. This is to be now a description of being in her and of living in her.

Each one is inside them being that one. Mostly every one has some way of feeling living in them. Each one has ways in them that are in other ones living with them.

Mostly every one has living having some kind of meaning to them. Very many like it that they are doing something, living, working, loving, dressing, dreaming, waking, cleaning something, being a kind of a one, looking like some one, going to be doing something, being a nice one, being a not nice one, helping something, helping some one, winning, conquering, losing, forgetting, being an influence in being a living one being a dead one, having courage to be going on living, having a troubled living, being a worried one, cleaning themselves all their living, learning something, beginning something, forgetting something, ending something, liking old things, leaving something, liking everything, liking pretty nearly nothing, being disgusted with everything, liking new things, leaving pretty nearly nothing, liking changing, liking being a quiet one, liking fighting, being one making a peace between all men and all women, and all women, and all men, fighting things out to finishing, being honest in living, being failing for a reason, being just failing, being

just succeeding, being lucky, being an unlucky one, being a really completely successful one, being one submitting to everything, being loved by every one, being one submitting to almost nothing, being one certain that one should be one submitting to being a good one, being hated by a good many who come to know them, being certain of spending money, of being saving, being one loving god, being one loving living, being one loved by god always in being living, being one loving god and living, being one needing religion, being one not needing anything for living, being one not needing any one, being one not needing any religion to support them, being one afraid in living, being one always shivering with living, being one not having any realisation of shivering in living, being one liking eating, being one liking thinking, being one liking waking, being one certainly not afraid to be dying, being one liking starving, being one liking to do anything, being one liking to be resting, being one liking working, being one certainly not afraid of doing anything, being one liking to be in pain for themselves or some one, being one liking cold days in out door living, being one liking rainy days around them, being one liking hot sunshine on them, being one certainly not afraid of anything, being one getting sick with cold or hot or raining weather on them, being one not liking any fresh air on them, being one not able to be breathing without much fresh air on them, being a funny one, being one not liking funny ones, one not liking queer ones in living, being one liking swimming, being one tired of ocean bathing before they have really been in more than twice in a season, being one excited with learning anything, being one needing everything because anything was food to living for that one, being one being excited at leaving anything, being one learning always a little something, being one not thinking very much about anything, of any one. There are all these ways then of having living having meaning and there are innumerable other ones, do not crowd so on me all the other ones, I know very well there are very many other ones, I know very well I am not knowing all the ways men and women are feeling living, I know very well I am not knowing all the

ways any one can have living have meaning. I know very well I do not know all these things. I know very well I could be very happy knowing everything. I know I am quite a happy one knowing something of being. Now I am always hearing of ways some have of feeling living and they come crowding and I am resisting so that I can be slowly realising and always I am knowing I can never really be knowing all the ways there are of feeling living, all the ways there are of having living having meaning. I am knowing something of kinds of being in men and women, I could know sometime, if I could know completely all I could be knowing, all the kinds there are of men and women. I am comforting now my feeling by saying this thing in my complete feeling again and again. I am beginning now a history of living, of feeling living, of living having meaning in Julia Dehning and Alfred Hersland. I have been telling something of the kind of being each one of them had in them. I will tell very much more about the being each one of them had in them.

Julia Dehning was all her life resisting any changing in attacking. She was always resisting not attacking and so she was an obstinate one not hearing what any one was saying. She was always listening to every one who had a way of doing anything, and had nervousness in doing it then, she was always all the time then resisting being any kind of an attacking one that she had not always been in all her living, she was harshly doing everything that she knew about from hearing any one who was doing anything and she was all her life resisting any changing in her attacking. She was then the daughter of Mrs. Dehning and Mr. Dehning as I am saying.

Some are knowing in living by their feeling that they are liking something. Some are not knowing by their feeling what thing they are liking. Some have so very much feeling that the feeling covers anything to liking, some have so much excitement in living that that thing covers everything. Some can need everything for anything can be food to them. Very many, quite a number are living and not telling by their feeling what they are liking. A good many are living and are telling by their feel-

ing what they are liking. As I was saying Julia Dehning came to the marrying of Alfred Hersland. This is the way they came to be loving, the way I have told once, the way I am now telling.

Family living is a thing a family in a way is realising. Sometimes a family is not at all realising that thing. Mostly a family is in a way knowing the kind of family living they have in them. Sometimes it is a queer thing to have them telling family living. Sometimes it is a very funny thing when some are explaining a family living, sometimes it is a foolish thing, sometimes an irritating thing, very often a quite tedious thing. Family living is a peculiar thing because not any one, mostly, is deciding family living and always each one is himself or herself inside her or him and family living is in a way a combination that in a way is not coming from any one. Sometimes it is coming from some one, sometimes it is a combination thing, sometimes it just happens to be existing. As I am saying the Dehnings had family living in them that was not really expressing Mr. Dehning or Mrs. Dehning or in a way the two together nor in a way the three children. Really one knowing each one of them would be thinking family living would have been a different thing in them from what it really was in them. Really I suppose certainly it was a combination of being in Mr. Dehning and Mrs. Dehning and the three children.

Family living is a pleasant thing when each one likes to be hearing some telling about what each one likes to be doing in living. Family living when not any one is liking to be listening to what another one is liking in living is not at all a pleasant thing. It is a very difficult thing, for very many, to keep on being one liking to be hearing about what another one in the family is liking in living. So then family living comes to be not any longer existing and sometimes then it is a very troublesome thing. In the Dehning family living they kept on all of them for a really very long time of living being ready to be listening to what each one liked in living, needed in living, had in living. Dehning family living as I was saying was quite completely a long time a quite pleasant thing. Julia was not really perhaps

Listening enough to Mrs. Dehning having living to make it later a completely pleasant living but Julia was listening to all the other ones and all the other ones could listen to all the other ones telling about living in them and so really Dehning family living was really pretty nearly a completely pleasant thing.

Julia began her living by attacking to be marrying Alfred Hersland attacking in family living. As I was saying Julia was one not really winning, she was really doing what she was feeling she was needing to be going on being one living. She was really then keeping on being in family living although she was attacking to be living in marrying Alfred Hersland. That is history of living in her, that will be always what I am telling of being in her being living.

It was a reasonably important living, the Dehning family living, each one of them were reasonably important each one of them in their living. As I am saying they were mostly all of them fairly excited with living, all of them certainly living in living, as I was just saying not really so very exciting in being. There is to be more description of them.

It is very hard for any one to tell in any other one how much that one is loving another one. It is very difficult to tell it about any one how much loving they can have they do have in them. It is difficult to know of any one what kind of loving they have in them, certainly it is difficult to know that in any one, it certainly is very difficult to tell it of any one at any time how much of their loving they have in them, they can have in them, how much loving there is in them of their kind of loving for any one.

Alfred Hersland and Julia Dehning came together, they certainly came to marrying. It was very difficult to tell in either of them how much of their kind of loving they had then in them for the other of the two of them.

It is very difficult in quarrelling to be certain in either one what the other one is remembering. It is very often astonishing to each one quarrelling to find out what the other one was remembering for quarrelling. Mostly in quarrelling not any one is

finding out what the other one is remembering for quarrelling, what the other one is remembering from quarrelling.

Julia and Alfred and Dehning family living and loving and learning and quarrelling.

Some know of themselves in their dressing, in their daily living in everything what they are and what they are wanting from every one, from any one. Some know what they are wanting but they do not have it in them in their daily living, in their dressing to show it to any one. Some can show it while they are with some who have the same being in them and then later when they are left alone cannot really be remembering what it is they wanted to be to show to any one, to every one. Some know what they want to be and can build it up by little pieces and do again and again. Some know what they are and see it as a complete thing and make that thing in daily living. Some know what they are and are always cutting and fitting and fitting and cutting and painting and sometime they come to be that thing in dressing and daily living and then they can lose that thing. Some cannot see the thing they are in daily living and in dressing nor what they want to be in daily living and in dressing. Some see what they want to be in daily living and in dressing and then they are a little less than that thing so that they will not be queer to any one. Some have really the feeling of inventing themselves in daily living and in dressing, some are really doing this thing, some are feeling themselves doing this thing. I will tell more about this thing. Julia Dehning as I was saying was all her living after she was herself to herself in living wanting to be creating living in learning everything in daily living, furnishing, dress-making, decoration, cleaning herself and everything, resting, reading, being a good one, being a useful one. She was doing this then and she came to loving Alfred Hersland. She was doing this thing, she was as I was saying one not having really any way of feeling in learning. She came to loving and marrying Alfred Hersland. She had loving being in her, she had Dehning family living in her feeling.

Julia Dehning came to be married to Alfred. They were not

very successful one with the other in married living. It is certain that each one in quarrelling is remembering a different thing for quarrelling. This is to be now more description of daily living in Julia Dehning.

They were married then and they did not succeed in their married living together then. They were each one of them not really succeeding not really failing in their living.

To some it is an encouraging thing a very encouraging thing that mostly every one has plenty of courage in them for daily living. To some it is a wonderful thing that not everything scares every one. It is so easy for some to be scared by mostly everything, by every little bit of daily living, it is a very fine thing, a fine fine thing for such of them to be really certain that not everybody is scared by everything. Very often some are living a long time in living believing that every one is really scared by everything. Some are not ever really believing that any one is scared by everything. As I was saying it is certainly an encouraging thing to some that some are certainly loving, some are certainly thinking, some are certainly feeling, some are certainly honest ones, some are certainly good ones. I have said that this is to be a description of being in Julia Dehning and Alfred Hersland, I am remembering this thing, that is certain.

Mr. Dehning soon came to thinking that Alfred Hersland was not an honest man. Julia Hersland soon came to be certain that Alfred Hersland was not an honest one. Mr. Dehning was an honest enough man in living. That is certain.

Alfred Hersland was then not really succeeding not really failing in living. Mr. Dehning as I said of him had it in him some then, he had it in him all his living, he had it in him more and more in his living to be listening to any one wanting to do anything. He was quite entirely one listening to any one wanting to do anything. Mostly in living he was a man quite certainly judging that some men would do and some men would not do something and always he had it in him to be listening to any one telling about doing anything. Alfred Hersland as I was saying was married to Julia Dehning. Alfred Hersland as I was

saying was not really then failing was not really then succeeding in living.

Mostly every one is certain that when they were young they did anything and then they were not tired or not feeling well from doing this thing. I am certain this is not what is really ever happening. I am certain many have not feeling well and very tired feeling when they are young ones and have been doing something. It is a very curious thing this being a very tired one, a very disturbed one, one not feeling well when one was a young one and then being this when one is an older one, really mostly every one is all their living when they are quite completely young when they are young when they are older when they are old ones repeating not feeling well, being a disturbed one, being a very tired one. Very many are not really knowing this thing in living. I am knowing this thing in living. Each one is repeating all their living being a tired one, being a disturbed one, being one not feeling well again and again.

Julia Hersland was of the attacking kind in men and women having emotion when having emotion poignantly like a sensation. She had very considerable excitement in being one going on with living, she had very much nervous being in being one needing to be learning everything, she had some dependent being in being one having right Dehning family living in her as being, she had stupidity in being one resisting really learning in living, she was one having some passion in needing having some loving relation, she was one having some worn out feeling in not having completed passionnal loving, she was one having much courage in being one being honest for winning all living, she was one being sweet to some by being needing that some one had been keeping her from having the last end of a bad thing happening, she was courageous to many in having it as being that she was really going to be going on living, she was a harsh thing to the feeling of some in being one not remembering having tired, disturbed, not well feeling, she was a hard thing to some from having it as being that she was not attacking for winning, that she was attacking to be going

on with being one living in the being that had been all her living from the beginning. This is then quite a full description of being in her.

They were married then. Married living was then beginning to be in them in each one of them Julia Hersland and Alfred Hersland and for them in Mr. Dehning and Mrs. Dehning and George and Hortense Dehning. Every one of them had then for them, every one of Dehning family living, feeling of married living in them. Julia was having then married living, married loving. Julia knew she certainly was learning then anything. Alfred Hersland came then to be of Dehning family living. Mr. Dehning could commence then to have some pride in him in the married living of Alfred and Julia Hersland, he could then have in him beginning to be listening when Alfred Hersland could begin to be talking about doing anything in his living. Mrs. Dehning had then come to have feeling for married living in Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hersland. She could then fondle him some, Alfred Hersland, and make of him a son-in-law in Dehning family living. She could be then in Dehning family living as she always had been and Julia having married living was a part of her but apart from her. Mrs. Dehning then was completely then feeling their married living nicely and with a good deal of active contented feeling which was just then just beginning to be a little commencing in Mr. Dehning. She was not at all then helping Mr. Dehning to this thing, each one then of the two of them had in them their own individual feeling in feeling married living in Julia and Alfred Hersland. Hortense Dehning then was always needing loving Julia in all of her living, she Hortense was then a really young girl in her feeling and this in her then could not be at all a thing to be ever then noticed in her by any one. George Dehning was then in Dehning family living, that was all that was in him then in feeling married living in Julia and Alfred Hersland then.

As I was saying once, Alfred Hersland was needing something to make him completely be then one being really living.

This is then to be some description of his coming not to be having, to be having this thing.

Mr. Dehning had all he could be needing to be successful in living. As I was saying more and more it was important being in him really to be listening to any one wanting to be doing anything.

I am beginning to like conversation, I am beginning to like reading some thing about some that I never before found at all interesting. I am beginning to like conversation, I used not to like conversing at all, and social living, and so going on and on I am needing always I am needing something to give to me completely successful diversion to give me enough stimulation to keep me completely going on being one going on living. That is a description of some being in me, this is then some history of me. So then I am beginning now to like conversation.

As I was saying Alfred Hersland was telling then after he was a married one with a reasonable steadiness in aspiration, with quite a really complete enthusiasm, with eagerness but not with insistence in telling, with quite sufficient pleasure in repeating, with quite a great deal of honesty in hoping, he was telling then what he was needing to be one really succeeding quite well in living. He was then in Dehning family living. He was then just married to Julia Dehning.

Alfred Hersland came then to be beginning succeeding in living. This is to be now some history of this thing.

Mr. Dehning had come then as I was saying to be doing differently than listening to Alfred Hersland. He gave him a good deal of money as a loan for Alfred to be really then beginning to be succeeding in living.

Now I am writing of being successful in living, of quarrelling in being living. Now I am writing of having loving feeling in them some men and some women of being ones succeeding in living some men and some women, of being doing some quarrelling some of these men and some of these women. This is to be now more history of each one of them.

Quarrelling is to me very interesting. Beginning and ending is to me very interesting.

Quarrelling is not letting those having attacking be winning by attacking, those having resisting being be winning by resisting, those having dependent being be winning by dependent being, those having engulfing being be winning by engulfing being. This is quarrelling in living, not letting each one by some one be winning by the being in them. This is certainly quarrelling in living. There is a great deal of quarrelling in living, that is reasonably certain and that is a very natural thing as certainly very many are not winning with the being in them.

Now any one can be understanding how Julia and Alfred Hersland, how Mr. Dehning and Alfred Hersland how Mrs. Dehning, how each one came to be quarrelling, how Mr. Dehning and Julia Hersland and Mrs. Dehning then came to be quarrelling with Alfred Hersland. Surely any one can now understand this thing. Surely now every one can now understand this thing.

Mr. Dehning was helping Alfred Hersland as Alfred Hersland had wanted Mr. Dehning to help him. I was saying that Mr. Dehning came to help Alfred Hersland in the way Alfred Hersland had been wanting Mr. Dehning to help him. I told something about this thing.

Julia and Alfred Hersland were still living a married living when Mr. Dehning was not going into any house where Alfred Hersland was staying and Mrs. Dehning was still going to see Julia where she was living. Alfred Hersland was then not beginning to be succeeding. He was really not altogether failing.

Mr. Dehning had come to be certain that he could be explaining to any one that Alfred Hersland was not honest enough for daily living, that he could really convince any one of this thing.

He certainly had good reason for convincing every one, he certainly could have convinced mostly every one. He could convince almost any one of this thing. He was quite certain and he had good reason for being quite certain that any one could convince any one of this thing.

Beginning anything, going on with anything, ending come to anything to any one ever living is to me an interesting thing. This is being now more description of everything ever existing in Mr. Dehning, Mrs. Dehning, Alfred Hersland, Julia Hersland, George Dehning and Hortense Dehning and any one coming to know any of them very well in their living.

It was a natural thing for Mr. Dehning to be certain that he could convince any one that Alfred Hersland was what he knew him then to be in daily living. It was a perfectly natural thing for Mr. Dehning to be certain of this thing, Mr. Dehning did not talk so very much about this thing. Really he told it again and again to Julia and Mrs. Dehning and George Dehning some in Dehning family living but this was a natural thing for Mr. Dehning to be doing then. Really he was naturally completely certain that he could certainly convince every one that he had been completely right in not any longer having Alfred Hersland in any family living where he Mr. Dehning was having family living. He was certain that this thing was a right thing. He never thought or said then that Julia should have come to be certain not to want to be married to Alfred. He certainly never did say this thing then, that is he never really certainly said this thing. He said quite often that Alfred Hersland was not honest enough for any daily living. He was quite certain of this thing. Any one certainly could be convinced of this thing if there could come any reason for convincing any one of this thing. Mr. Dehning said this thing when it was right for him to be saying this thing. Mr. Dehning had completely natural feeling in him about this whole thing. This then has been a description of Mr. Dehning and Alfred Hersland having been in Dehning family living. This is to be now more description of being in each one and in some together in living of these I have mentioned again and again.

I have given a description of Alfred Hersland and Julia Hersland not succeeding in married living, of Alfred Hersland not succeeding in being one beginning to be succeeding in living from being in Dehning family living. As I was saying later he

was not failing in living, he was fairly succeeding, later when he was working with some other men.

This is to be now more history of married living of Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and of Mr. Dehning living and Mrs. Dehning being living.

The Herslands Alfred and Julia were living married living. They had a baby and it was quite a strong well one but it did not live to be a very old one. It got sick and died of something. As I was saying Julia loved babies being little babies and her children. This first one was a little boy and Mrs. Dehning thought that he was one looking very much like the father of him. Mr. Dehning had seen him and saw him very often and he was glad that his daughter Julia had a baby and loved him.

They had later Julia and Alfred another child and this one was a girl and Mrs. Dehning was certain that this one would be in Dehning family living, this one was already looking like the mother of her. Mr. Dehning often saw her when the nurse was with her, the baby, and he liked it very much that Julia was happy in having a little girl who was like her. Then there was a little boy who was quite a weak little one and about this one it was not quite certain although Mrs. Dehning was pretty nearly certain that he was quite a good deal like the father of him. This one was quite a weak little one in commencing but he came to be quite a strong enough little one a little later in his living. He was certainly a good deal like the father of him, Mrs. Dehning often said this about him but he had it a little in him to be like his young uncle George Dehning. Mrs. Dehning did not say this very often Mr. and Mrs. Hersland then were living then married living as I am saying.

The Herslands Alfred and Julia Hersland did not go on being in married living. It was a natural thing as I was saying that they should not be succeeding in married living, the two of them.

As I was saying Alfred Hersland came later to loving another. Julia Hersland too came later to loving another. Each

one of them as I was saying was not succeeding was not failing really in living.

How can anything be different from what it is. I do not know any such a thing. Very many are knowing this. I am not knowing this thing.

Kinds in men and women. I am seeing kinds in men and in women so many kinds in them. Sometimes I am seeing a number of one kind of them, some other days I am seeing a number of other kinds of them. I wish I knew everything about them, I wish I knew everything about each one, I wish I had a complete record of each one, what each one did, what each one had as being in her in him, what each one could be doing, thinking, feeling, knowing. I certainly do wish that I knew everything about being and doing and feeling and knowing being in each one. I do not yet that is certain, I am almost not hoping that I will sometime know everything about every one, I only know that I wish that I did sometime know everything about every one all through the living being ever in each one.

Every one being a young one, having been a young one, being an older one, having been an older one, being an old one and having been and going on being an old one, having been and going on being a young one, having been one not an old one not a young one and going on being not a young one not an old one is to me very interesting. I cannot really get away from this thing as being everything there is in any one being one being living. I really cannot get myself away from this thing. This is any one being living.

Alfred Hersland was the one then Julia Dehning was marrying. She married him as one she was marrying. He was one being one she was marrying, she was one being one he was marrying and each one of them was the one the other one was marrying and loving then. Each one of them was marrying the other one needing that one then and loving that one then. Each one of them then married the other one needing that one then for loving and living and being then being the one they were needing to be being in living.

Julia was one as I was saying one needing to be one being going on being living. Julia was such a one all her living. All her living she was one needing to be going on being one being living. All her living she was one as I have been saying one needing to be one going to be going on being living.

So then Julia was married to Alfred Hersland. She married him and was loving him and was certain then and not by thinking about this thing that she was one going to be going on being living. This was being in her then. This was always being in her all her living.

Julia came then later to be really completely separated from him, she came then to be going on being living, she might have then come to be marrying some one, she did not then come to be marrying any one, that was in a way an accidental thing, she might have come then to be marrying one, she did not then marry that one, she went on certainly being one going on being living, she was succeeding well enough then in going on being in living, she had children as I have been saying and as I said of them I am not finding it to me at all an interesting thing to be telling just now about living coming to be more and more in them.

So then there has been written some history of Julia and Alfred Hersland, there will be written now a little more detailed description of living being in each one of them with the people knowing each one of them.

Patrick Moore was one in a way succeeding very well in living. There was another one who was knowing Alfred Hersland some then. Mackinly Young was knowing him then but that was because Young was knowing Moore a little and was going to be a musician. Then there was James Flint who knew Alfred Hersland quite well and then knew Julia Hersland and then knew David Hersland very well and he knew Minnie Mason very well and Alfred Hersland met her then. James Flint always more or less all his living knew Moore and he knew David Hersland as long as David was living, not seeing him very often but always knowing him. I will begin now continuing the his-

tory of Alfred Hersland and Julia Hersland and of some who came to know them. I am beginning coming to the beginning of the ending of my description of Alfred and Julia Hersland. To begin then.

This is to be now a description of successful living of not successful living being in Pat Moore and Alfred Hersland and Mackinly Young and James Flint and Minnie Mason and David Hersland. I tell about successful living about failing in these now because I want to be telling about it in every one and I cannot just now do that thing because I do not just now completely know that thing.

James Flint liked Patrick Moore very well. He admired him. James Flint began his beginning living as a musician, he ended his beginning middle living as a manufacturer of clothing. He was a man certainly succeeding in living and yet not one succeeding well enough to be at all startling. He was one succeeding in living. He was one certainly being living in being in living, certainly very solidly this thing and always then he had a quick way of doing things in music and manufacturing that were a little quicker than solid succeeding in him and this then kept him from being one really quite startlingly being one succeeding in living. He was one as I was saying completely succeeding in living, being certainly one solidly attacking in successful winning and always then as I was saying he was lightly attacking and successfully lightly attacking quicker then he was solidly attacking and this was in him in being a musician and this was in him in being one manufacturing clothing and this was in him and he was one not being at all in his living an astonishingly successful one. As I was saying he admired Pat Moore and liked him very well indeed and Moore was one certainly successful quite well in living and being entirely alive inside him and very lively inside him with this live being in him. Not any one was close to Pat Moore in Moore's being alive in being living and Moore was succeeding well enough in living and not any one was wanting him to be succeeding any more than he was succeeding and he was sometimes worrying a good deal

about going to be a very poor man but he never worried any one with this thing and yet Flint was not quite entirely satisfied with Moore being in his own living. James Flint certainly was satisfied with being alive in Moore and very lively in him and Moore being one succeeding in living. Flint did not need to have Moore succeed any more than Moore would be succeeding in living but somehow to Flint it was as if Moore should have been a little more poignantly succeeding, that is to say he should not be more poignant in being, in living, in succeeding but somehow being succeeding as he Moore was succeeding should have been a more poignant thing to some one, to any one, not to Moore, not to Flint, not to any woman, not to any other man, but somehow some way to some one. Flint then in a way was not completely satisfied with Pat Moore. As I was saying Flint and Moore knew each other and Flint had come to know Minnie Mason, Flint was a man a good many came to know in living and Minnie Mason came to know Moore and Young, and Hersland came to know her and some years later a number of years later Alfred Hersland was married to her. They all came to know David Hersland as was a natural thing. Now I will give a very short description of Minnie Mason and Minnie with each one of them and Minnie Mason marrying and married to Alfred Hersland.

Some have in them completely the emotion of knowing something is something without feeling in them that any thing is anything. This certainly can be in men and women. There are many ways of having sense for living, sense of being living in them in men and in women. Some have completely the emotion of something being what they are needing for being one going on being living and some of such of them have not at all in them any feeling of any one thing having it as being the thing they are needing to be having it be to have them be ones going on being in living, being in living, being living. Some have some of such feeling and not any such thing, not any such feeling has any value for them.

Minnie Mason married Alfred Hersland when he was loving

again in his living and they were succeeding well enough in being in married living. They went on being in married living. It interested them enough, it interested some others in the beginning, mostly it was not so very interesting their being in married living, their succeeding well enough in married living, Alfred Hersland succeeding well enough in living, mostly every one they were knowing succeeding well enough in living. I am interested in this thing.

Minnie Mason certainly did love very much and very often. She certainly did very much of this thing. She came to loving one and being loved by that one and to marrying that one and marrying then was almost then a successful thing for the two of them. It was not then a successful thing. She had had come then to almost marrying another one instead of the one she married then and that would have been almost a successful thing in having married living. She came later as I was saying to marrying Alfred Hersland, that was quite a successful thing in having married living. As I was saying she was one certainly loving very often, she was one as I was saying certainly loving very much and as I was saying she certainly did this thing very often. In a way she went on knowing the one she had been married to, in a way she went on knowing every one. She knew James Flint and he knew Patrick Moore and Patrick Moore knew Alfred Hersland and Minnie Mason married Alfred Hersland. She was as I was saying in a way knowing every one, she, as I was saying, in a way went on knowing each one she ever had been knowing. In a way she went on knowing the one she had been married to, the one she almost had been marrying, she was then successfully marrying and being in married living with Alfred Hersland. She was then going on knowing James Flint and Moore and even Young then as I was saying.

Pat Moore thought it certainly a very good thing that Alfred Hersland married Minnie Mason. He said to every one he thought it a very good thing. He did think it to be a very good thing that Minnie Mason married Alfred Hersland. He knew Minnie and he knew Alfred and he always went on knowing

them and he very often took dinner with them. Flint did not see any of them very often, he sometimes saw them. He saw Moore, and he saw Hersland and Minnie Hersland when he came to see them, Young did not see any of them often. He did sometimes see them, he did sometimes see Mr. and Mrs. Hersland and he did once in a while see Moore and once in a while he saw James Flint. They all thought it was a very good thing that Hersland and Minnie were married and living contentedly in married living and were then succeeding quite well in living. Moore was quite certain that it was a good thing that Hersland and Minnie were marrying.

Julia knew Mr. and Mrs. James Miriam Cranach and she knew Theodore Summers and she knew William Beckling and she knew very many other men and women, this is certain. All of these were in some way certain that each one in living should in a way be doing something so that everything would be a good thing for some one. So then to give a little description of Theodore Summers and Miriam Cranach and James Cranach and William Beckling. And then to give some description of Julia Hersland knowing each one of them. Theodore Summers was one certainly quarrelling so as to make some kinds of men do something so that some should be certain that they were having for living what they were needing. Theodore Summers certainly was hotly quarrelling sometimes for this thing.

In a way Julia liked very much understanding Summers being one quarrelling to win something, in a way she wanted to follow after him, in a way she certainly did not follow after him. Later she did not at all follow him.

Julia Hersland might later have come to marry William Beckling but William came then to be quite a sick man and he had then certainly to take care of himself in living and he would not then marry any woman. I will tell more about him. He was in a way one in a way acting as if he were almost certain that some one should be a good one for living. This is all now for just beginning a description of living in him.

Mostly all of these whom Julia knew then met the others she

knew then but very many did not like some of the others they met then. Some did like very much some of those they met then. Some did not come to know any of the others they met then. Some did come to know some of the others they met then. As I was saying Julia had in a way not come to have any friends in her personal living in her younger living. This is quite common. This is quite astonishing to those who have had friends personal to them to their living but it is certainly very common, quite extraordinarily common that young women and younger ones and young men and younger ones had not had any one who was personally a companion to them. As I am saying this is really extraordinarily common. It is also very uncommon as I am saying and very many are knowing.

Julia Dehning then had in a way in her younger living not had really any one personally a companion to her then, she was herself inside her and giving a stamp then decidedly to herself to every one of herself on Dehning living as being in her being living. She was then being in Dehning family living, that is now certain.

She came to know the Cranachs after she was a married one. They had a little known William Beckling, they did not care about him, they had known David Hersland, they liked knowing him. Julia afterwards to the end of her living knew them really for her daily living. There will be a history written a short one of her and each one of them. Helen Cooke knew Julia after she was Mrs. Hersland. Helen knew Mrs. Cranach, she knew William Beckling, she knew David Hersland, she really did not interest herself really to know any of them then. She later came to know David Hersland as a thing interesting to her for the living being in her, she always all her living knew Julia Hersland, she did not find that at all interesting. Rachel Sherman married Adolph Herman, Adolph Herman knew William Beckling, Rachel Sherman knew Helen Cooke very well then and she met William Beckling and Mrs. Alfred Hersland and then Adolph Herman and then she married him. I will tell about that thing. The Hermans in a way always went on know-

ing and later learning anything with Mrs. Hersland. That was interesting. I will tell about this thing. Charles Kohler was one in a way in Dehning family living, later they were not certain that in a way he had been in Dehning family living, for some time then not anybody in Dehning family living saw him, Julia sometimes saw him then, she never was certain whether he had been in his feeling ever in Dehning family living. He was not in any way to any one in Dehning family living or to any one knowing Julia Hersland an important one. Linder Herne was a man certainly teaching something. Julia had heard of him, she liked it that all the rest of his living she could know him.

Arthur Keller as I said she came to know as he came to be perhaps going to be a brother-in-law. I will tell about him later in the history of David Hersland. Then there was Hilda who married Ernest Brakes and she might have married George Dehning. I will tell a little about her now and more about her later, she never completely wanted to know Julia Hersland and yet she liked it very well that she did know Julia Hersland. She married Ernest Brakes and she sometimes met the Dehnings later when she went out somewhere. Then there were other ones as I said in telling about those Julia was knowing, I will begin again telling about every one Julia Hersland was knowing.

She came to know a good many men and women in living and a good many men and women came to know her and they, mostly all of them, were succeeding in living and in a way she was one having been succeeding in being in living. She was of Dehning family living as I was saying. She was not of Dehning family living. She went on living being in living as I was saying. She came sometime to be a dead one. Many others had come by then to be dead ones. Some had not yet then come to be dead ones. There are very many always living that is certain. There are very many always living. There were then once very many living. Julia Hersland was one being going on in living. She came sometime to be a dead one. Julia knew some then when she was being living and they were then being living, and they knew her then some.

One cousin is dead, another is quite a sick one. That is not so strange as they are then in the middle of their middle living, it is not strange and yet it is certainly something one is not wishing to have happening just then. It is natural that when there are very many of a family living and very many cousins and some aunts and uncles living that sometimes some of them should be sick ones, even that once in a while one of them should come to be a dead one. In a way it is a strange thing because very often for many years not any one in the family connection is a seriously sick one, not any one is ever thinking of any one they are then knowing as any where near to any dying. Sometimes it happens that one cousin is quite a sick one, sometimes it happens that all the uncles are dead by then and only two aunts are still living. Sometimes it happens in a family living that all the aunts and some of the uncles are still living. Sometimes it happens that the aunts and uncles that are sisters and brothers of the mother of some one are all living and the mother the sister of these uncles and aunts is the only one of that family who is not then any longer living. Sometimes it happens that pretty nearly every one of the brothers of a father of some one are not any longer living and the father then after some more years of being living is not any longer living. There is then sometimes in family living when there is not any one who is then a seriously sick one, that there has not been any one during many years coming to be not any longer a living one. Some have some feeling in them that sometime some one who is a cousin will be a seriously sick one and some one who is a cousin will come to be not any longer living. Some are feeling that sometime quite a number who are cousins to them will not be any longer living. Julia Hersland was in the ending of her middle living. Mrs. Dehning had been for sometime not any longer living. Mr. Dehning was not any longer living. Julia Hersland went on being one being living until well to the end of her older living. She had a brother George and a sister Hortense. These were both a good deal younger. She had children who were living. She was not really ever married again although of

course it would have been quite a natural thing for her to marry again and to marry William Beckling. He came as I said to be a sick one but he really did not come to be a dead one until the beginning of his old living. You never can tell anything certainly about such a thing.

I will tell now a very little more how Julia Hersland and some others did something, did everything.

Each one is coming gradually to be knowing in their living what way being is inside in men and women when they are quite young ones, completely little ones, older ones, middle aged ones, old ones, then each one comes gradually to be knowing how being is in men, in women when men when women are about sixty, about fifty, about fifty-five, about forty, about forty-five, about thirty, about twenty-eight, about twenty-six, about twenty-two, about eighteen and fourteen and eleven, and seven and five and three and two and under one to being only just beginning being in living. Each one gradually in living is realising how being is in men, how being is in women at different ages in them, each one comes in living to know more differences than just very young living, young living, middle living and old living. Again and again it is a startling thing to some one to be learning pieces of this thing of the way being is at different ages in men and in women. I am just now a little realising how old men and how old women mostly are when they are sixty-one. I have learnt a good deal about how being is in men between twenty-three and forty-two. I know a good deal about twenty-seven, twenty-five, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-seven, forty and forty-two and then I know a little about fifty-seven and now I am learning something about being in women and in men when they are sixty and sixty-one. I know a good deal about them when they are very little ones, two and three years old in living, something about them when they are eleven, a very little when they are seventeen almost nothing when they are eighteen and fifteen. I know a very little about them when they are twenty-one. I know that being is very differently in them at different ages in different kinds in men and

women. I know that some when they are sixty are healthy ones and some then when they are sixty are not at all then healthy ones. I know some when they are sixty are pretty well worn then and some are dead before they come to be that age in living and some are quite young men and quite young women in eating, sleeping, moving, talking and enjoying, and always then each one is learning in living how being is in each one ever living at different ages in their being living and I, I am just now being quite an astonished one, finding it quite astonishing to be really realising being sixty years old and being in living in men and in women.

Alfred Hersland came to be older than sixty in living, Julia came to be a little older in living, Minnie who married Alfred later did not come in living to be sixty before she came to an ending, Mr. Dehning came to be sixty and he was pretty well beginning then to be quite an old man, Mr. Hersland came to be older a good deal older than sixty before he was not any longer one being living, he was when he was sixty in a way then a completely old one, he was then in a way then not at all a completely old one. I will tell about being old ones later in the description of Dehning and Hersland family living being completely then for that generation ended and ending.

Minnie Mason as I said was married to Alfred Hersland. She would never have it that she would not be married to him when they were beginning to be needing being one in living. She certainly saw to it that they could then be married and quite reasonably happily married then. She knew David Hersland then. She told him she liked him and she would be a nice sister-in-law to him. She was quite a nice sister-in-law to him. She had not really much interest in Alfred having been married to Julia Dehning excepting only that it would be certain that Julia should be freed from him so that she herself should marry Alfred Hersland when they came to need to be together for living. So then Alfred Hersland went on living as I am saying. Julia Hersland went on living as I have been saying. I will tell now a little more about these things, about being in living.

When I was a young one I was needing some one to teach me something I was needing just then. I was then at the ending of my beginning being in living. Some one then began teaching me that thing I was needing just then, that one was then teaching me that thing I was needing just then. I was paying that one for teaching me that thing, the thing I was needing just then. Once I was saying to this one I will not be paying you to-day, I will pay you in three weeks, you will wait till then, I said to this one. This one said yes I will wait until then, but I am now asking you to tell me what you are meaning when you are saying to me and to yourself then that you have not money to pay me to-day for this thing. Do you mean that you cannot get the money to pay me to-day, is that what you are meaning, that you cannot get it to-day if you need it to-day is that your meaning. I said no that is not my meaning, I mean that I have not the money to-day and that I will have it in three weeks that is what I am meaning by what I am saying. You mean you will not get it to-day because you are feeling you are not really needing to have it to-day that is your meaning, said that one. No I said that is not the way to understand this thing, I have not got the money to-day and I will have it in three weeks from to-day, my brother sends me my money every month that is what I mean by what I am saying. That is what I am meaning said that one, you are needing the money to-day to your feeling, I am needing the money to-day we will say to my feeling but you do not need the money to-day to your feeling, that is what you are meaning, money is a thing like working you are giving it when you are feeling that you are needing the money to be giving it, I am giving work because I am needing money to be receiving it, said this one. I had a confused feeling then. Money was something I was owning yes, but not owning because it was like being in myself that I needed to be living, having money was as natural to me then as being in living and I could not be spending it irregularly, I must spend it as an income. I had it yes but not to give except when regularly I had some. It was confusing that I was so certain I had not the money then and yet certainly I could get

the money then but it was not possible to get the money then for I could not feel I could be needing really to be spending the money I could get then when it was not the time to get this money as money to be spending. Some have such a feeling in living, some have not such a feeling in living. Some cannot really believe it that any one is spending money when they are not certain that the family have money that gives that money to them. Some really can never believe this thing of any one. Some are certain that every one who is not living by daily pay for working can ever be without having enough for some kind of living. I am feeling always more and more in living how certainly some are certain of something. In a way it is a personal thing for them, in a way it is a family affair in them, in a way it is a way of living in a national way for them, in a way it is a way of living of the local way in them, in a way it is a way of living their kind in men and women have in being in living. It is certainly quite completely a difficult thing for any one to be remembering how any one else is doing their daily living, in a way it is quite a difficult thing for some, for quite a number of men for quite a number of women to be remembering how they were getting along from time to time to be in living. It is very often astonishing to be realising complete being in living in men and in women. It is certainly astonishing to know it of each one what that one has done in being in living in himself inside him, to himself inside him, with other ones, with some other one, to any other one, to some one. I am saying this thing because I am in living and because very many men and very many women are living. I am saying this thing because I certainly am going on being in living because very many men and very many women are certainly going on being in living.

As I am saying there has been being there is being in some of these I have been mentioning, in Alfred Hersland and Martha Hersland and Julia Dehning and David Hersland and George Dehning and Hortense Dehning and William Beckling, and Minnie Mason, and Charles Kohler and Pat Moore and Florence Arden and James Flint and Robert Housman and

Adolph Herman and Mackinly Young and Selma Dehning and Hilda Breslau and Arthur Keller and every other one they were any of them ever knowing and every other one living when any of them were going on being living and every other one being living when they were not any longer going on being living any of them or any other one, before any one of them were being in living being then being living, every one then of all these certainly sometime in a way was going on being in living, was certainly being some way in being living. This is enough to say just now about each one of them. This is what I am saying just now about each one of them. I will certainly say this about each one of them again and again. This is the ending of just this way of going on telling about being in some men and in some women. This is the ending of this way of telling about being having been and being in Alfred Hersland and Julia Dehning.

DAVID HERSLAND

TDO ask some, I would ask every one, I do not ask some because I am quite certain that they would not like me to ask it, I do ask some if they would mind it if they found out that they did have the name they had then and had been having been born not in the family living they are then living in, if they had been born illegitimate. I ask some and I would ask every one only I am quite certain very many would not like to have me ask it if they would like it, if they would very much dislike it, if they would make a tragedy of it, if they would make a joke of it, if they found they had in them blood of some kind of a being that was a low kind to them. I would like to know how every one can be feeling about such a thing, if they have any feeling about any such thing. David Hersland was the younger son of Mr. David Hersland and Mrs. Hersland. In his younger living he never thought about any such things as that about which I have just been telling. In his later living he liked thinking about feeling such things, thinking such things being in men and women. Some when they are quite young ones are thinking then about such things. He was never at all when he was a young one thinking about any such thing. This is to be now a history of him.

Some one gives to another one a stubborn feeling when that one could be convincing that other one if that other one would then continue listening. Some are certain that sometimes they can be convinced by some one. Some are certain they are sometimes convinced by some one. Some are certain that they could be conceived sometimes by some one but that they will not be letting themselves ever have any such a thing happen to them. Some like being convinced of some things by some, by some one.

David Hersland was a dead one before he was a middle aged

one. He was then never in his living an old one. He was dead before he came to the middle of his middle living.

I am coming to know some whom I have known as middle aged ones, as young ones. This is a pleasing thing.

I have come to know some as being young whom I have been knowing as middle aged ones as coming to be old ones, I know now what ones being young ones will come to be middle aged ones like some I have been knowing as middle aged ones. This seems an easy thing. It is a very difficult thing.

It is hard to be certain to one's feeling that some one one has been knowing is a dead one, will not be a growing older one. Some one was saying that his grandfather had been a dead one before his grandfather was finished being a young one. That is a queer thing that a grandfather was never in his own middle living.

I am coming to know now more and more of a group of them in men and women what kind they are when they are young ones, when they are middle aged ones, when they are old ones. To-night I came to be certain about one group of them what kind they are when they are young men when they are young women. I am not yet certain about some groups of them what they are when they are old ones, I am not certain about some groups of them what they are when they are middle aged ones, I am not certain about some groups of them what they are when they are young men when they are young women, I am not certain about some groups of them what they are when they are young ones younger than young women and young men. I am certain I am not yet knowing all the kinds there are in men and women.

I know now how quite a number of groups that there are of men and women are ones existing when they are young ones, that is young women and young men, that is just ending their beginning living, just beginning their middle living. I am beginning to know of some groups in men and women, what they have as hands and faces and ears and bodies to them and being in them, and ways of acting in them when they are young men and young women, older young men and young women, middle

aged men and women, old men and women. I do not know yet very much about what any group of them are when they are young children. I am slowly spreading very slowly spreading to them, I have not yet spread to them, not at all reached to them yet in spreading out in knowing being in groups of men and women.

No one will listen while I am talking. Some have very much such a trouble in being one being living. Some have not at all any of such trouble in them. Some will listen when I am talking. Some will not listen when I am talking. Some will listen while they are fat ones, they do not listen when after dieting they have become thin ones. These then listen to other ones and some of these other ones could not get any listening from them before the dieting that made these come to be thin ones from having been fat ones. Some are listening to me now and before they were always listening every evening to another one. They are listening to me now, I like them to be listening. Some who are young men and young women are listening to me now very often. Some who are now young men are listening to me now very often, they listen to me and I am talking very much now quite often to them. Some are very faithful in being ones listening and these are not listening very often. I know very well one such a one. Some quite older ones are listening but then really I am not talking very much when they are listening. Some have it to be certain that not any one ever is listening when they are talking. Some of these are mistaken, some of these are not mistaken. Some of these come to know it in them that they are not listening being so certain in them that there can not ever be conversation in any living for them. This will be soon a description of being in David Hersland and how men and how women listened to him, how some listened to him, how others listened to him, how some heard him doing talking but never listened to him, how some did not ever hear him doing any talking, how some forgot about him, how some remembered him, how some talked to him, how some said they would prefer not having ever to talk to him, how some had to talk to him, how some stopped

talking with him, how some being with him liked what they were then doing, how some being with him sometimes did not at all like that thing, how some told him everything that they could think of telling and how some were sorry they had told him and how some were not sorry they had told him and how some wanted to go on telling him more and how some forgot they had told him anything. This is then to be a description of David Hersland of being and listening and talking and being liked and disliked and remembered and forgotten and going on being living and dying and being a dead one.

Some are listening to me and I tell them then the being they have in them. I tell them what they have what they have not in them, how it comes together, how it does not come together in them, how the being they have in them is important to them, how it is not important to them, how it can be active in them, how it can be not active in them, why they like having their being in them, why they do not like having their being in them. Mostly every one has listened some when I have been telling them about being in them. Some have listened and I have thought that they were believing what I was telling them and then many years after they have been telling that they were certain then that I was telling them then what I had not any reason to believe was true of them. And sometimes then later when they tell me such a thing they find it that I am not certain that I was not then doing this thing. Some make of themselves a new one by my telling them about the being in them and to very many then they are quite a new one and to some then they are not at all a new one, they are quite an old one. Some like listening and later then they have a frightened feeling that I will influence them to be another one, they do not like very well some of them what they are in living, they do like some of them what they are in living, they are quite certain they do not want me to be influencing them. Some are listening and I am talking and I am talking and then they ask a question and then I say to myself that words can have a meaning to some one and a meaning to some other one and that I was talking and that that

one was intelligently listening and that that one has then asked this question. I have told so many so much about the being in them. I will tell I am quite certain some more about the being in them. This will be now much history of talking and listening. I talk one way and listen one way and talk other ways and listen other ways and so probably does every one. This is to be now very much description of talking and listening, of a number of young men and young women talking and of a number of older men and older women talking and of each one of them the young men and young women and the older men and the older women listening.

Each one is mostly all his living all her living, a young one, an older one, one in middle living, an old one to themselves, to any one, to some one. That is to say not any one is all his living all her living to any one, that is to say not any one hardly is feeling another one being a young one and then an older one and then an old one. It is a very strange thing this thing and an interesting thing that almost not any one is to any one is to themselves inside them one having been in all parts of being living. That is to say it is very striking one man is writing about some one and that one about whom that one is writing is to that one say an old man. That one writing tells about that man being a young one, tells about that man being a middle aged one and always it is a description of the old man who was once a young man, a child, a middle aged man, it is not a description of a young man a middle aged man or a child. It is the same thing if some one is a child to some one feeling that one, telling about that one, that one may be described as an older one, a middle aged one an old one but it is always then a description of a child having become a middle aged one, an older one, an old one. So then this is certain that each one is to some one for all of the living ever in that one a child, to some one, a baby, to some one, an older one, to some one, a middle aged one, to some one, an old one, to some one. I am not saying that not any one can be feeling more than one stage of being in themselves, in any other one, but I am really almost saying this thing. It is an interest-

ing thing that each one in a way is feeling the world being existing in this kind of way too in them. Those feeling the world an old thing are only feeling this thing, those feeling the world a new thing are only feeling this thing, those feeling the world to be having had a past living are only feeling it as a thing having description and so on and so on and it is extraordinary how not any one can be convincing in telling about one being a young man if they are feeling the living being in that one being that of an old one. Mostly every one is in some place in being living to every one knowing that one and that is the complete realisation that each one is having of that one. Always then this comes to be to me more an extraordinary thing that not any one can really be telling the whole history, can really be realising the whole going on of being in them, that not any one can be telling the whole history of any one, that not any one can be realising the whole time of being going on being of being in any one. I do certainly think this to be an extraordinary thing. Mostly then as I am saying not any one is feeling any other one really having been in living a young one an older one a middle aged one, an old one. Really then mostly every one all the living of some one is feeling that one to have been a young one or an older one, or a middle aged one or an old one.

David Hersland was interested in dying, in loving, in talking, in listening, in ways of eating, in ways of being going on being in living. He came to be a dead one when he was coming to the beginning of the middle of his middle living; this will be now a complete description of the being being in him and the living he was having in being one being living.

I will now be telling about David Hersland being one of Hersland family living, having Hersland family living as living for him, having Gossols half country half city living as a way of having living in him. I will now be telling about living being in David Hersland when he was quite a little one when he was a bigger one, when he was as big one as he ever was in being one being living. I will now be telling about being being in him and I will tell of course a good deal about the being being in him.

Naturally I will tell a great deal about living and being being in David Hersland. He was living in Gossols in a part of Gossols where not any rich people were living. He was living the Hersland's half-country, half-city living. He was living the half country half city living of the men and women and children living in that part of Gossols where the Herslands were living. He was living the living he was naturally living from the being he had as being in him. This is to be now some description of him. This is to be now of course very much history of him. This will be naturally a description, some description, many descriptions of very many men and very many women. This will be then very much description of David Hersland, of being, of living, of dying, of listening, of talking, of going on being living, of going on being in living, of ways of eating.

David was one being then being one almost completely interested in being living from the beginning of his being one being living. As I have been saying this is to be now a description of his being one being living. I am beginning now this description of him, a description of all living being in him of all the being in him.

He began living and this is to be now a little description of that beginning. He went on being living and this is to be then a description of that thing. He still went on living and this is then to be a description of that thing. He came to be a dead one and this will be then a description of that thing. He began being living and this is to be now some description of this thing.

David Hersland knew very many being living while he was one being living. He knew some when he was a little one, an older one, one beginning being in middle living. He certainly did know quite a number who were being living while he was being living.

He knew some of them longer than he did other ones, he talked more to some than he did to other ones, he forgot some more than he did other ones, he listened to some more than he did to other ones, he liked some better than he did other ones, he loved some more than he did other ones, he was liked more

by some than he was by other ones, he was remembered more by some than he was by other ones. He knew then a good many who were living when he was living. There were a very great many who were living when he was living. He knew some who were living when he was living. There were some whom he knew all his living, there were some whom he knew a very short time in his living. I certainly will be trying to tell about each one ever having been, going to be, being living, I certainly will now tell about each one David Hersland was knowing and about each one who knew him.

Certainly then each one is himself each one is herself, certainly.

In beginning his living David Hersland was of course a very little one and he was then quite interesting to some. In beginning his living he was of course not remembering anything and there were some who later remembered about him then. In beginning his living he was of course completely a very small one, he was beginning living and he was then going on in being living and he then went on being in living and he was then not such a very little one. He was then in being one beginning being in living a very little one. Then he was going on being in living and always more and more then he was coming to be not such a very little one. He was in beginning being living a completely small one. As I was saying he was a younger one, he came to be living after Martha and after Alfred Hersland had each of them been sometime living. Mr. Hersland had always intended to have three children and as I was saying there had been two and these two had not gone on being living and so David Hersland came to be living and sometime later in some way he heard this thing when he was still quite a young one and he had it in him then to be certain that being living is a very queer thing, he being one being living and yet it was only because two others had not been ones going on being living. It was to him then that he was certain then that being living was a queer thing. As I said of him in a way he was needing it that every moment he was one being one being living by realising then that he was one

needing then being one being living. He was in a way then as I was saying needing to be certain that he realised in him every minute in being living needing being being living. He certainly was one for sometime going on being living. He went on for sometime being one going on being living. As I was saying he could have it in him to be feeling that it was a very queer thing to be one being living. He was one that could be realising very much and very often that he was needing being one being living. He was one needing to be understanding every minute in being living what meaning there was to him in his needing to be to him one being being living. He certainly then could have it in him to be going on being living. He certainly could have it in him to feel it to be a queer thing to be one being living. He was one then as I was saying who was a very little one in beginning living as mostly every one must be in being one beginning being living, he was then one beginning being living, he was then a very small one, he was the youngest of the three Hersland children, he was quite pleasant to the Hersland family then, all his living he was not unpleasant to any one of them the Hersland family, this is to be now quite a complete history of him.

So then each one has a kind of way of feeling everything being existing and this is to be now a complete history of David Hersland knowing everything he knew in being one being living and of everything any one he came to know knowing anything came to know in being living. Certainly now I will begin again.

Two knowing each other all their living might tell each other sometime what each one of them thought the other one had been, thought the other one would be doing in being living. Two having known each other very well in their living might tell each other what each one thought really about the other. Two knowing each other very well in living might be doing this thing. Two knowing each other very well in living might know each one what that one thought of the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living might be thinking that they were knowing what the other one knew about each other one. Two knowing each other very well in living might be knowing what each

one thought about each other one. Two knowing each other very well in living might be thinking they are knowing what each one is thinking about being and about living in the other one. Two knowing each other very well in being living might be thinking they are not knowing what the other one is thinking about the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living might be telling each one of them to some one what they are thinking of the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living might not be telling any one what they are each one of them thinking about the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living one of them might be telling the other one sometime what that one was thinking of the other one. Two knowing each other in living one might be telling some one sometimes what that one thought of the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living one of them might be sometime telling some one what that one had often been thinking about being, about living in the other one. Two knowing each other very well in living one of them might sometime tell some one what that one had come to think about the being and the living in the other one. So then very often there are two living knowing each other very well in living. Some of such of them then are certain that they are knowing what the other one thinks of that one. Some are not certain that they are knowing what the other one thinks of that one. Some are knowing what the other one thinks of that one. Some are not knowing what the other one thinks of being and living in that one. Some are often wondering what the other one is thinking of being and living in that one. Some are never at all wondering about what the other one is thinking about that one. To some it would be a pleasant thing to know certainly what the other one is thinking about that one. To some it would not be at all a pleasant thing to know certainly what the other one is thinking about being and about living in that one. Some sometime talk to some one about what the other one is thinking about being and living being in that one. Some sometimes talk to the other one about what the other one is thinking about being and living being in

either of them, in one of them. Some are talking to every one they are knowing about what the other one is thinking about being and living being in that one. Some are for a very long time having a feeling of being one knowing about thinking about being and living in both of them in both of them. Two of two of them sometimes for a very long time have a quite certain feeling about knowing about thinking about being and living in both of them in the two of them. Certainly there are very often in living being two of them knowing each other certainly very well in being living. Certainly very often one of them has a feeling of knowing or not knowing what the other one is thinking about the being and living in that one.

There were very many living there in that part of Gossols where the Herslands were living and some knew them and some knew some of them and some knew of some one of them how that one had angry feeling in that one and some of the Hersland family knew of some of those who lived near them how they had angry feeling in them. Some of these who knew the Hersland family then, knew some of the Hersland family then did not know how those of the Hersland family they knew then had angry feeling in them. Each one of the Hersland family knew some of those living near them without knowing of them how they had angry feeling in them.

Each one of the Hersland family could have some angry feeling sometimes in them. Each one of the Hersland family did have sometimes some angry feeling in them. David Hersland knew something about angry feeling in him and in each one of the Hersland family who could have angry feeling, that is to say he knew something about angry feeling being in each one of the family of the then Hersland family. Mostly each one of the Hersland family knew something about the way each one, each other one, all of them could have angry feeling in them. As I was saying some of them changed in their living about angry feeling being inside them, inside any other one, inside all of them and some as I was saying some of them did not change

very much in their feeling about angry feeling being in any one of them, in all of them, in them.

David Hersland was one certainly giving advice some from well in the beginning of the ending of young living. It meant something in the being in him. He was one who certainly could have angry feeling in him in being one giving advice to some one, mostly he was one not having angry feeling in giving advice to any one. He was one who certainly did come to be certain about some one about some who had been one talking to him who had been ones talking to him, giving advice to him when he was asking for advice to be given, he was one certainly coming to think of some one, of some of such of them that they were ones that that one was one not important in thinking not important in feeling and mostly then Hersland did not have then any angry feeling in him about that one, about them, he could have sometime in coming to be certain angry feeling about some one of such of them. Mostly he did not have angry feeling inside him in being certain about any one.

Some certainly are liking to be working with sharp knives or sharp scissors, some are not liking to be working with sharp knives or sharp scissors, some have angry feeling when some one has been sharpening the knives or scissors they have been using, some have angry feeling in them when some one has sharpened a knife or a scissor for them, some have very angry feeling when some one will not let the knife or scissors they are using be sharpened so that they will be sharp ones, some are very angry when some one is wanting to be using knives and scissors which are not sharp ones and is preferring them to be not sharp ones. Some are asking always that some one sharpen the knives or the scissors they are using, some are angry when they find that some one will not sharpen a knife or a pair of scissors for them.

As I was saying Martha Hersland was the oldest of the three Hersland children. Certainly she could have angry feeling, certainly she could ask advice sometimes from some one, she did ask advice sometimes that is certain, she certainly did ask ad-

vice sometimes from David Hersland. David Hersland did quite often enough give advice to Martha and she quite often enough took the advice he gave her. Certainly she very often listened very much to him. He certainly listened some. As I was saying he was one who certainly gave advice quite often while he was one being one being living. He certainly listened some to advice that might have been given to him. Some are thinking that he was one not at all ever listening, he certainly did listen some.

Certainly some in one way of being ones being living, some in other ways of being ones being living come to be certain, some gradually, some all of a sudden, some sometime, some sometimes, some quite often, some very often, come to be certain that they are understanding every one being one being living. Some as I am saying are having when they are having this thing angry feeling, some when they are having this thing are not having it to be having any angry feeling. Some about such of them have angry feeling, some have not any angry feeling about any one of such of them. As I am saying there are very many ways of coming to be certain of being one understanding living being in men and in women. As I am saying there are very many ways of being impressed of not being impressed by any one of such of them, by some of such of them, by many of such of them, by every one of such of them.

Some are working hard to be ones telling some one something. Some are working and are telling some one something. Some are not working hard to tell some one something. Some are not working hard and they are then telling some one something.

Some certainly and certainly they were not expecting to be doing that thing come sometime to be explaining what they were certain certainly was not existing. This is quite common. Some certainly come to be quite certain that something is existing that they were completely certain was not ever existing. David Hersland was in a way not at all such a one.

Surely some one is meaning something by what that one is saying. It would be a nuisance for some not to be certain of this thing. Some one is meaning something when that one is

saying something. Certainly in each one there is a connection between what that one is saying and that one is meaning, certainly in some way there must be some connection. Each one has their own way inside them of meaning something, each one has their own way of having connection between what that one is meaning and what that one is thinking, between what that one is meaning and what that one is saying, about what that one is meaning and what that one is feeling, about what that one is meaning and what that one is certain is conviction in that one.

It would be a nuisance for some not to be certain of this thing that each one has some connection in them between what they are meaning what they are saying what they are feeling, what they are thinking, what they are certain about in being one being living.

Some are quite certain that there is enough connection to make it completely interesting between what every one is meaning and what every one is thinking and what every one is feeling and of what every one is certain. David Hersland was certainly one of such of them.

Mostly every one is needing some one to be one listening to that one being one being one boasting. David Hersland in a way was not one needing one to be one listening to him being one being one boasting. There certainly were some who were listening then to him. He was one in a way not really needing this thing and that was because he was one so clearly telling what he was so clearly feeling. He needed some to be listening while he was thinking, he did have very many to listen while he was thinking, he almost was not needing this thing. Some who are thinking are very much needing some one to be one boastingly listening, some who are thinking are needing some one to be listening to them and saying something and not really saying that thing. Some are needing to be having some one saying something and they are not seriously considering the serious thing they are needing that some one is saying while they are thinking. David Hersland could in a way be one of such of them. Very many are completely ones of such of them.

Feeling and thinking about ones, about that one being going on living, thinking, boasting, listening, remembering, forgetting, feeling, and meaning, and telling about being one, about being ones going on being living is in some going on being living.

David Hersland was of a kind in men and women having it in them to have feeling clearly in them, to be telling clearly the feeling they have in them, to have very much feeling in them and to have it in them, some of them, very often. David Hersland was one who was thinking very much and very often and he was certainly thinking very clearly when he was thinking and he certainly was thinking very much in being one being living. He was one in a way needing to be thinking out a thing to be a complete thing. He was one feeling clearly, telling clearly what he was clearly feeling, he was one feeling very much and very often. He was one wanting to be needing to be feeling having every woman being in some ways a beautiful one. He was one feeling very much and very often, he was one feeling clearly and completely what he was feeling. He was one telling clearly what he was feeling. He was one thinking clearly very much and very often. He was one in a way needing to be one thinking things to be completed things, he was one then making anything a transparent thing and then it was a little a confused thing for certainly he was wanting to be needing to be feeling that any woman was in some ways a really beautiful one. He was one clearly thinking clearly feeling and doing both very much and very often and that together made it that he was one needing in a way to be thinking everything to be a completed thing and in a way then he was not succeeding in being in living for then he came to be one making everything a pretty transparent thing, a thing so clear that it was a sparkling thing, a thing so clear that it did not have beginning or middle or ending and as I was saying it was not a completely clear thing as certainly he was pretty completely wanting to be needing to be feeling that any woman that could ever be existing was in some way a really beautiful thing.

David Hersland was not any longer living and some one had

a trunk that he had had and always liked to use it when that one was travelling. Some one was very indignant that he had come to be a dead one and almost went out to where he was not any longer living to complain to some one about this thing. Some one knew only some time later after David Hersland was not any longer living that he was not any longer living and that one felt it to be a completely strange thing that David Hersland was not any longer living and after that it was not a strange thing and after that it was not a real thing as certainly he could not have been one being living, and after that there was another one very much like David Hersland and that one was already not any longer living the one like David Hersland before the one who had known David Hersland knew about this one. There was another one who had certainly been one going to be very sorry if anything happened to David Hersland and that one was sorry when David Hersland came to be a dead one. There was one who was excited about David Hersland having come to be a dead one because David Hersland certainly might have been going on being living if he had not come to be a dead one. This one was excited again and again about this thing. There was one who was tenderly completely a sad one and then always was about this thing about David Hersland being a dead one a tenderly complete sad one. David Hersland then in a way was one having been living in being living. David Hersland was of a kind in men and women. There are many kinds in men and women. Each kind has a way of thinking, of feeling, of experiencing anything.

David Hersland was certainly one needing to be saying something about babies and men and babies and women. Babies and men and babies and women were not to him completely interesting. He certainly sometimes was talking and certainly sometimes was listening to talking about babies and women, about babies and men. Babies and men, and babies and women were not to him almost completely interesting. He certainly sometimes and sometimes quite often talked very much about babies and men, and babies and women. Certainly many are talking

sometimes and sometimes very often about something and that thing is not to them completely interesting and that thing is not to them almost completely interesting and they are liking very well the talking they are doing about this thing and they are liking very well the listening they are doing to any one talking about this thing. Certainly then babies, having them, not having them was not completely an interesting thing to David Hersland was not almost completely an interesting thing to him.

When one is a young one one is a young one. Certainly when one is a young one one is then a young one. In a way one is knowing then that one is not then a young one, in a way one is knowing it then that one is then a young one. When one is a middle aged one one is then a middle aged one. In a way one is knowing then that one is then a middle aged one, in a way one is knowing then that one is not then a middle aged one. When one is an old one one is then an old one. In a way one is knowing then that one is then an old one, in a way one is knowing then that one is not then an old one.

One is a young one and one is knowing in some way that one is a young one. One is a young one and one is knowing in some way that one is not a young one.

David Hersland was a young one, he was knowing he was then a young one, he was knowing that he was then not a young one. He knew some who were young ones then. Some of them were knowing then that they were young ones then and knowing then that they were not young ones then.

Some do not do things very much with others who are being young ones in living when they are being young ones in being. Some do very much do things with others who are being young ones in living when they are being young ones in being living. David Hersland did things a good deal with some who were being young ones in being living when he was a young one in being living, he did not do some things with any one who were being young ones in being living when he was a young one in being living.

David Hersland was one all his living learning to be believ-

ing that what frightened some one did frighten that one, that what did not frighten some one did not frighten that one. David Hersland certainly was one all his living trying to be learning to be one believing this thing believing that what frightened some one did frighten that one, that what did not frighten some one did not frighten that one. He was sometimes being one, in trying to be learning this thing, one who was certain that not any one is being existing. He was sometimes one certain that what was frightening that one was not frightening that one, that what was not frightening that one was frightening that one. He was explaining very often that he was not believing that what was frightening some one was frightening that one, that what was not frightening that one was not frightening that one. Certainly he was one trying to be one learning to be believing that what was frightening any one was frightening that one, that what was not frightening some one was not frightening that one.

He was in his living sometimes knowing very many who were living. Sometimes in his living very many who were being living knew him. He knew quite a number who were being living when he was a young one then when he was a young one.

David Hersland was such a one. David Hersland was needing being at different ages in being living to be realising the different ways any one can be thinking, feeling, doing at different times in being living, in being a young one, an older one, a middle aged one, an older one, an old one, a very old one.

Understanding being in some one makes the one understanding the being in some one come very nearly to telling that one the one whose being is being understood by the one understanding the being of some one makes that one come sometimes very near to telling the one whose being that one is understanding that that one will certainly never be doing the thing that that one is needing to be one going on being living. Some one is understanding the being in some one. That one might be telling

that one the one whose being that one is understanding that that one will never be doing the thing that one is needing to be doing to be one really going on being living. Some one is understanding the being in that one. Certainly that one whose being is being understood then is one not going to be doing the thing that one is needing to be doing to be one going on being really living. The one understanding the being in the other one might be telling that one this thing. The one understanding the being in the other one is very nearly telling that one this thing. The one understanding the being in the other one is certainly not telling the other one this thing. The one understanding the being in the other one is knowing that that one will never be telling the other one anything about this thing.

David Hersland was understanding the being in some one and was telling that one then about this thing about understanding the being in that one. Some one was understanding the being in David Hersland and was not telling him about this thing was not telling about understanding the being in him. David Hersland was understanding the being in some one and was certainly never telling that one very much about that thing about understanding the being in that one. Some one was understanding the being in David Hersland and was telling him something about this thing something about understanding the being in him.

Some one was not understanding the being in David Hersland and was telling some other one about this thing about not understanding the being in Hersland. Some one was understanding something of the being in David Hersland and was telling some other one about that understanding of his being.

Some one was not understanding the being in David Hersland and was asking David Hersland about this thing about not understanding the being in him and David Hersland was explaining about this thing about that one not understanding the being in him. Some one was understanding something of the being in David Hersland and was asking some one who was not understanding the being in Hersland to explain that thing, the not un-

derstanding in the one not understanding, the understanding in the one understanding something.

He was living the living each one in the Hersland family was living when the Hersland family was living their family living. He was living a living not any other one in the Hersland family living was living when the Hersland family was living the Hersland family living.

Surely he said some things and did some things that some said he said and did. David did some things alone when he was a young one, some things he did not do alone when he was a young one.

Certainly some were certain that any one understanding the meaning in his being existing would be liking that thing. Some were certain and then later were certain that this was not what every one understanding the meaning of his being one being existing would be feeling. Some were certain that any one understanding the being in him would be liking his being one being existing. Some of such of them were learning in being ones going on being living that some could be understanding the being in him and would then be ones not liking that thing not liking his being one being existing.

Some are liking some one and are telling about that thing. Some other ones are liking that one and are telling about that thing. Very many are then liking that one and are telling about that thing.

Certainly very many sometimes were telling about liking about not liking David Hersland while he was one being living and later then when he was not any longer being living. Very many were telling about liking about not liking David Hersland then when he was being a young one. Certainly some were sometimes telling about the feeling they had about him, about the feeling some others had about him, about liking about not liking him. Certainly some were certain about the meaning there was in any one being one liking, in any one being one not liking him. Certainly some were not certain about the meaning there was in any one being one liking, in any one being one not liking

him. Some were certain about the meaning there was in liking, in not liking him and then they were not so certain about this thing about the meaning there was in liking in not liking him. Some were certain that they were completely understanding the meaning in being one liking, in being one not liking him. Some were always all their living certain in understanding this thing. Some were not certain all their living in understanding this thing. Some were ones sometime certain that there were different ways of liking of disliking him. Some were certain that there were not different ways of liking of disliking him. Some were certainly liking him, some certainly were not liking him. Some of them were telling about this thing. Some of them were telling about this thing again and again.

David Hersland when he was a boy was gentle enough and active enough and happy enough and earnest enough and quick enough and eager enough and strong enough and angry enough and glad enough and serious enough and lively enough and willing enough and quarrelsome enough and obstinate enough and quiet enough and enthusiastic enough and energetic enough and generous enough and selfish enough and talkative enough and hearing enough and remembering enough and forgetting enough and light enough and slow enough and foolish enough and silly enough and daring enough and weak enough and bashful enough and forward enough and careless enough and careful enough and easy enough and respectful enough and doing enough to be one being living then. He certainly was one being living then. He was sometimes then almost completely wanting to be needing being living then. Certainly some did what he was doing then. Certainly some heard what he was saying then, certainly some were wanting some others to be doing what he was doing then. Some did what he was doing then. He did what some were doing then. He listened to what some were saying then, he talked a good deal and quite often then, he listened some quite often then, he did what some were doing then, he wanted some to be doing what some others were doing then, he sometimes quite completely wanted some to be doing what some others were

doing then. He did some things quite suddenly then. He did some things some others were doing and he did them quite suddenly then. He was sometimes talking very much and very often. He was sometimes listening some quite often. He was doing some things some others were doing. He was wanting some others to be doing things some others were doing. Some certainly were doing some things he was doing then. Some certainly did want some others to do what he was doing then. Certainly some of such of them did not do what he was doing then. Certainly sometimes some of them did do what he was doing. He was one being living and almost completely then sometimes wanting to be one being living then. He certainly was one being living. He certainly was doing then what some others were doing. Some were certainly then doing what he was doing. Some were certainly then wanting some others to be doing what he was doing then. He certainly wanted some to be doing what some others were doing then. He was doing what some others were doing, sometimes then. He certainly was sometimes wanting some others to be doing what some others were doing then.

Some one sometimes ran after him. Some one sometimes ran after David Hersland when he was walking and that one ran quite breathless then and then said to him, how are you, and then that one did not really have anything to say to him. Sometimes that one ran after him to say how do you do to him and then had not any other thing to say to him just then. Sometimes he was wondering why that one ran after him when that one had not anything to say to him and was out of breath then from having been running and would then just ask him how he was and had not then just then any other thing to say to him. David Hersland had been a quite young one and then he was not a very young one he was coming then to the ending of the beginning being living. He was then knowing a good many men and women, some were then ones at the end of their beginning being living, some were then a little older, some of them were then a little younger, some were then a good deal older than he was then.

Little by little they are not so young those being young. Little by little they are not so young and they are then so young, they are then quite young. They are then young those who are young. Little by little they are not so young those being young.

One was a young one and this one had been one being a young enough one so that some one could toss that one, toss up that one and one did toss up that one, did regularly toss up that one and then this one was one that that one could not toss up any longer and this one then the one that had been a tossed one had then to toss himself to earn a living and this one was then a quite young one and this one was then to the one that had tossed that one a completely not a young one, a young one was one that could be tossed by that one and this one could not be tossed by this one and this one did not toss himself enough to be another kind of a young one, a young one who tossed himself and he was not a young one because he could not toss himself again and again and certainly this one was to that one to himself inside him completely a young one, completely not a young one.

A young one is one tossing himself and not with a rhythm, not with a regular rhythm, one who is not a young one is one tossing himself with a rhythm, some rhythm, is tossing himself with a regularity that has meaning as a repeated thing and this is certainly the way one not being a young one is tossing himself and the way one being a young one is not tossing himself.

Little by little they are not so young those being young. It is certainly steadily changing and certainly in each one they are each one a little and a little a different one that is one being an older one, one being not such a young one.

One is thinking and he is thinking quite the same thing he has been thinking since he commenced thinking and always and always it is a little older, a little different and a little different and it is a very pleasant thing to some to see in any one, to see in themselves little growing difference in them and then it is like a map of anything, one is finding that the real thing is like the description. That is very exciting and very depressing and

very contenting and very disconcerting and very expected and very astonishing and some then are certain that it is not existing in every one and some are certain that it is existing in every one. And some in some part of their being living are seeing changing in men and women and in other parts of their living are not seeing changes happening.

When he was a boy a young one if he had been a little different then he might have been troubled by being troubled by anybody being troubled, by everybody being troubled. He was one who was troubled then, he knew some were troubled then, he felt quite clearly about such a thing then about being troubled then, he was certain then that sometime he would be completely interested in this thing. He was sometime and for quite sometime troubled by this thing, he was not completely interested in this thing in any one being a troubled one.

When he was a young one when he was beginning in being living he was a very little one, that is a natural thing, he was then quite completely a little one, he was then a very little one, that is a natural thing. When he was beginning being living he was a very little one. He was living then and then he was a little a bigger one and he was living then and he was still a little bigger then.

He was then a little a bigger one then and he remembered some things from then and he was not ever really very much interested in any of them, in remembering any of them. In a way he was not completely uninterested in having been living then but really he was not completely interested in having been living then, he went on being living then. He was interested in having been going on being living then. He always was interested in having been going on being living then. He went on living then. He remembered something of that thing. He was a little interested in remembering a little something of that thing.

Some smell something. Some smell a good many things. Some have a very strong feeling when they are smelling something. Some smell themselves when they are smelling something. Some are certain that smelling something is something they are al-

ways doing. Some smell something more when they are young ones than when they are older ones. Some smell themselves when they smell something more when they are young ones than when they are older ones, some more when they are older ones than when they are young ones, some all of their living, all of their living are smelling something, are smelling themselves when they are smelling something. David Hersland was in a way not such a one. Certainly he did sometimes smell something, certainly he did sometimes smell himself when he smelted something, certainly some others he was knowing were very often smelling something, some of them were quite completely interested in this thing in smelling something, some were quite completely interested in smelling themselves when they were smelling something, some were not at all interested in smelling themselves when they were smelling something. David Hersland was sometimes smelling something, he was sometimes interested in smelling something, he was sometimes smelling himself when he was smelling something, he was not ever completely interested in smelling himself when he was smelling something.

He was one being living and some whom he knew then were certain that they had not ever seen him and they had seen him but they had not remembered that he was that one the one they had seen. He was one being living and he knew some who were living then and he certainly did know then that some of them knew he was being living then. He was being living, then when he was quite a young one and some knew that he was being living then. He was being living then and some knew that some were being living there then and so they knew he was being living then. He was being living then and some knew that he was being living then and some of them knew some were being living then and certainly he was one of them one of those who were being living then.

She says go, go and I go, she says come, come and I come. She says come, come, and I come, she says go, go, and I go. David Hersland was almost wanting to be needing to be such a one, one coming and one going. When he was not any longer a

completely young one he was one wanting to be needing to be such a one. He was not really wanting to be such a one, he was really not wanting, he was almost completely wanting to be such a one, one needing to be going and coming, one needing to be coming and going. He was one almost completely clearly thinking, he was one quite clearly feeling, he was not wanting to be such a one, one going and coming, one coming and going. He was almost completely wanting to be needing being such a one. In a way he was not ever coming and going, going and coming, in a way he was almost doing this thing, coming and going, going and coming. He was one clearly feeling in being living. He was one almost completely clearly thinking. He was one almost completely wanting to be needing being one coming and going, going and coming. He was one almost completely waiting to be needing this thing. He was one not needing this thing, he was almost completely wanting to be needing this thing. He was one clearly feeling in being living, he was one almost completely clearly thinking. He was not completely liking being living. He was clearly feeling in being living. He was quite completely clearly thinking in being one being living.

When he was not at all a very young one sometimes he was with one. Sometimes he was with more than one. Sometimes he was with two sometimes he was with more than two. Sometimes he was with three. Sometimes he was with more than three. Sometimes he was with four. Sometimes he was with more than four. Sometimes he was with five. Sometimes he was with more than five.

When he was in between not being any longer a quite a young one and being one not being an older one, when he was at the ending of the beginning of being living he was sometimes with three. He was sometimes then with one. He was sometimes then with another one. He was often then with one. He was often then with three. He was often then with two. He was often then with one. He was often then with another one. He was often then with six. He was often then with ten. He was often then with one. He was

often then with another one. He was often then with another one. He was often then with another one. He was often then with three. He was often then with two.

He was older then and he was often then not with any one. He was sometimes then with one. He was often then with more than one. He was often then with a good many more than one. He was sometimes then with one. He was sometimes then with another one. He was sometimes then with another one.

Naturally some knew David Hersland had a brother and a sister and a father and a mother. Naturally some were certain that he was in Hersland family living. He was like them, of course he was like them, why should he be unlike them when he had been living with them and had come out of them and had heard them and had seen them. He did some things in the way they did things. He did some things in the way some of them did some things. Some do not like to do things in the way they do things that is in the way some other ones do things. Some are very earnest in this thing, some are very eager in this thing, some are often telling about this thing about not doing some things in the way some of the ones related to them by blood connection are doing such things. David Hersland was not one of such of them. He mostly was not thinking himself being one doing a thing in the way some other one was doing a thing. And sometimes it was a pleasant thing to him to be connected with every other one by such a thing by doing things in a way he was noticing other ones had been doing. Sometimes it was a pleasant thing to him to know then that everything means something, that he was a part of every one who was a part of him and sometimes he had very much family feeling in him, sometimes he had quite enough family feeling in him, very often he had not very much family feeling in him, very often he was naturally not having any family feeling.

Some were understanding family living and were understanding that he was not in any family living. Some were understanding family living and were understanding that he was in a family living. Some were understanding the Hersland fam-

ily living and were understanding that he was not living in the Hersland family living. Some were understanding the Hersland family living and were understanding that he was living in Hersland family living.

When he was beginning being living he was knowing this thing, knowing every day that he was being living. All his living he was knowing this thing, knowing every day that he was being living. In a way he was knowing this thing every day. He was, every day, knowing he was being living. He was being living every day. He was knowing it every day. He was knowing it all his living every day. He was knowing it when he was beginning being living, he was knowing it then in a way, every day.

He was being living every day. He knew it every day. All of his living he knew it every day.

He was dead when he was at the ending of the beginning of being in middle living. He was dead by then. He was dead and buried by then. He was not being living beyond the ending of the beginning of being in the middle of being living. He was dead by then. He was not any longer living then.

In a way he was quite certain that not any one not coming to be loving him could be coming to be completely listening to him. In a way he was quite certain that not any one was coming to be loving him. In a way he was not certain of this thing. In a way some one was coming to be loving him and certainly then was listening to him and certainly then he was knowing this thing knowing that this one was listening to him and in a way then he was certain that this one in a way was coming to loving him and certainly then this one was not ever completely that thing and in a way he was certain of this thing certain that this one was not coming to be completely that thing one loving him. Certainly some were quite completely listening to him and certainly he was knowing this thing knowing they were quite completely listening to him and he knew too that some one coming to be loving him would be coming completely to listen to him and certainly in a way he was certain that not any

one had been completely coming to be loving him and certainly some were almost completely doing this thing, loving him, and certainly some were quite completely listening to him certainly quite completely listening to him. In a way some one came to be loving him and certainly was listening to him and he certainly did know that if any one was coming completely to love him such a one would come to completely listen to him and in a way he was certain that not any one was doing any such thing coming to completely love him and he was not certain that some one would not come to be doing this thing coming to be completely loving him and certainly some one coming to be completely loving him would be completely listening to him, to all of him.

He was being living from the beginning of being living to the ending of the beginning of middle living. Certainly some were quite completely listening to him. Certainly some were quite completely listening to him.

He was not often telling this thing telling that he was knowing he was one. He was sometimes telling this thing telling that he was knowing that he was one. He was quite certain of this thing, that he was one. He was sometimes telling this thing telling that he was one.

He was quite a young one and then he was knowing this thing knowing that he was one. He was always knowing this thing knowing that he was one. He was at the ending of his being living knowing this thing knowing that he was one. He was then sometimes wanting to be needing another one. He was then not needing another one.

Each one is one, he was, all his living, pretty nearly completely remembering this thing. He was certain of this thing that each one is one. He was, all his living completely certain of this thing that each one is one. He was, all his living, almost completely remembering this thing, remembering that each one is one. He was, very often completely remembering this thing, that each one is one.

He was loving one then at the ending of beginning being living and he was then almost completely remembering that each

one is one. He was then always almost completely remembering this thing. Any one could be almost certain that he was almost completely remembering that each one is one, that he was always then almost completely remembering that each one is one.

David Hersland was almost knowing which one of those with whom he was then being one being living, which ones were feeling that he was being one then who was one of them. He was then almost knowing that thing, he was then almost completely not certain that any of them of those he was knowing then were ones who would be knowing that he was almost knowing which ones were ones who were feeling that he was one of them then. When Hersland was at the ending of beginning being living he was then being with some who were ones being living then, almost completely being living then in being ones being living then, being some being living then. He was then almost knowing that some of them could come to be ones being certain that he was one of them. He was then one coming to be certain that some of them would come to be completely certain that he was one of them. He came then to be completely certain that one of them, that two of them were completely certain that he was one of them. He was knowing this thing then, he was not completely feeling this thing then, he was quite certain of this thing, he was wanting to be completely needing this thing then that one of them, that two of them were certain that he was one of them.

They were, all of them, being ones at the ending of beginning living then. There were some then who were other ones and they were then knowing David Hersland and David Hersland was knowing them and they were each of them they and he, they were each of them being ones quite being living then.

He was almost completely feeling being one being living. He was almost completely clearly feeling being one being living.

Some being living when David Hersland was being living were expecting that sometime he could be certain that something would be happening and that then that thing would be happening. Some who were living when David Hersland was

living were not certain that when he came to be certain that something would be happening that it would not be happening.

He could be certain that not any one would be thinking more completely about something than he was thinking about something. He could be certain that not any one could be thinking more completely clearly about something than he was thinking about something. He could be completely certain of this thing.

He was interested in any one thinking as completely, more completely about something than he was thinking about something. He was not completely interested in that thing. He could be certain that not any one was thinking more completely about something than he was thinking about something.

In a way very many are being living and are being then not interested in that thing not quite interested in that thing, and they are not mentioning that thing, they are not mentioning being not quite interested in being one being living.

Some one can be certain that they have remembered something. Some one can come to be certain that they have remembered something and they are sure that they are not remembering what was really happening. Some can come to be certain of this thing can come to be certain that they are remembering something and that that thing was not the thing that happened the thing they are remembering. Some can come then to be not at all interested in that thing, they go on remembering and they go on being certain that the thing they are remembering is not a thing that happened and they are not at all interested in that thing and they certainly are going on being one being living.

David Hersland in being living was one living until the ending of the beginning of middle living. He was not interested in this thing in being one not living longer than the ending of the beginning of middle living. He was not really interested in this thing in being living only to the end of the beginning of middle living. He was not really interested in that thing.

There was one who was quite certain that he was not at all such a one one quietly doing this thing, quietly being one being living. This one knew him, knew David Hersland then and was

quite certain that David Hersland never was and never could have been one quietly doing that thing quietly being one being living, and this one was always remembering this thing and he never forgot this thing and any one knowing David Hersland was completely liking this liking that this one never forgot that thing that David Hersland never was that David Hersland never could have been one quietly doing such a thing, quietly being one being living.

He came to know every one Alfred Hersland was knowing. Alfred Hersland was married then. David came to know all of them all of those who were knowing Alfred then, almost all those who were knowing Alfred then. He had been knowing others, he was still knowing some of them. He was not then knowing some of them. He had been knowing very many whom Alfred would naturally not have been knowing. He was knowing some whom Mrs. Alfred Hersland came to be knowing. He was knowing George Dehning then. George Dehning was knowing him then. David Hersland had been knowing some whom George Dehning was not knowing. He was knowing some whom George Dehning was knowing. He was knowing very many whom George Dehning was knowing. He had been knowing some whom George Dehning had not been knowing.

He had known some whom George Dehning had not been knowing. He was still knowing some of them, he was not knowing all of them. He was knowing then very many that Alfred Hersland was knowing.

He went on then knowing some whom Alfred Hersland was not knowing, whom George Dehning was not knowing. He was not knowing then every one he had been knowing. He was knowing some of them then. Julia Hersland was knowing then very many he was knowing. He was knowing then every one she was knowing. He was knowing very many then. He had been knowing very many.

He did not ever completely forget that his sister and his father were living. He always remembered that they were living. In a way he was always remembering this thing. He did not

forget that his brother Alfred was living. He did not really forget this thing. He remembered that his sister and his father were living. In a way he was always remembering this thing. In a way he did not at all forget this thing, that they were being living.

He had been knowing some and all of them had been knowing him. He had been knowing some who were all of them knowing each other then. He was knowing some who were not knowing any one who was knowing him. He was knowing some who were telling some other ones about knowing him. He was knowing some who were telling him about the thing, about knowing him.

He came to know almost any one who knew Julia Hersland. He came to know very many who were knowing Alfred Hersland. He came to know every one whom George Dehning was knowing. He was knowing quite a number then. He had been knowing quite a number and he was going on knowing some of them. Some of them were not going on knowing him. Some were and were not going on knowing him. Some were telling about knowing him, some who were not going on knowing him. Some were not telling about him, some who were not going on knowing him.

George Dehning was living enough in David Hersland being one being living. He was living just enough in this thing. He was listening enough to this thing, to any one knowing that David Hersland was being living, was being one who was being living.

Alfred Hersland was not living in David Hersland being one being living. He was liking that David Hersland was being one being living, he was quite pleasantly liking this thing, almost completely pleasantly liking that David Hersland was being one being living.

David Hersland was knowing then every one that George Dehning was knowing then. He was knowing then mostly every one Julia Hersland was knowing then. There were a number then who knew Julia Hersland whom David Hersland was not

remembering then. David Hersland knew some whom Alfred Hersland was knowing then.

David Hersland was convincing then Julia Hersland and he was coming to be completely doing this thing and she was being living then almost completely being living then being one understanding this thing understanding having David Hersland being completely convincing. He was one who could be completely convincing and he could be completely explaining this thing explaining that he was completely convincing, explaining that Julia Hersland was completely needing this thing, explaining this clearly, completely clearly to Julia Hersland then. He was completely then completely understanding needing to be completely convincing to Julia Hersland. He was completely understanding being completely convincing to Julia Hersland then. He and she were coming to be completely understanding this thing. He went on with the thing, he went on being completely convincing to her and it was a thing that they were almost pleasantly doing and he was one completely clearly understanding being completely convincing.

He was needing to be sometimes deciding that he would not be eating everything. And this was a natural thing. He was needing to be one being living. He was needing to be understanding that thing that he was one being living. He was being convincing in being one needing to be deciding not to be eating everything as he was one needing to be being living and understanding that thing. He was almost completely convincing Julia Hersland. George Dehning was one being living then with him and knowing every one who was knowing David Hersland then and whom David Hersland was knowing then.

He was convincing to any one in being one understanding something, he was convincing to almost any one in being one understanding any one's understanding that thing. He was understanding something, he was understanding any one's understanding that thing.

He was completely clearly thinking, he was almost completely clearly feeling. He was feeling and he was thinking. He was

completely clearly thinking, he was almost completely clearly feeling.

He was, to some, one clearly telling something and not telling it again and again. He was, to some, one not completely clearly telling something, and one going to be telling it again and again. He was, to some, one clearly telling something and one in some way going to be completely clearly telling it again and again. He was completely clearly telling something and then he was needing to be completely certain that living is being existing. He was needing, to be one being living to himself inside him, he was one needing being one eating, completely eating some one thing. He was then completely clearly telling something. He was then needing being one completely not eating some one thing. He was then completely clearly telling something and he was then not telling it again and again. He was needing then to be certain that being living is existing, that there is being existing, that there is existing being living. He was completely clearly telling something and not telling it again. He was then almost completing wanting to be needing succeeding in living. He was wanting to be one who was one needing to be succeeding in living. He was one who was clearly convincing. He was clearly telling something, he was not telling it again and again. He was convincing and he was with some and they were not then completely beginning anything. He was then clearly telling something. He was then needing being certain that he was completely eating one thing.

He was often almost quite alone with being one being living, and working, clearly working to be completely understanding this thing. He was often almost quite alone and he was not suffering, not at all suffering. He was clearly working, he was working and clearly working and he was clearly thinking and he was almost clearly feeling. He was almost completely clearly expressing that he was clearly working. He was clearly expressing that he was clearly thinking.

He was being living. He was using this thing then when he was beginning the beginning of middle living, he was using then

being one being living. He was then almost completely using that thing then, he was not completely using that thing then not completely using then being one being living.

David Hersland was one not really needing something. Julia Hersland was one not really needing something. George Dehnning was one not really needing something, Alfred Hersland was one not really needing something. Each one of them was one not really needing something. Each one of them was a very different one in being such a one in being one not really needing something.

David Hersland was one not really needing something. He was not needing being one succeeding in living. He was not needing being one needing another one. He was not needing being certain that being living is existing. He was not needing being one going on being living. He was not needing something.

He was not needing giving Julia Hersland anything. He was giving Julia Hersland something. He was giving it to her to be understanding that he was being one who was understanding every day being one being living. He was not needing to be giving her this thing. She was not needing to be having this thing. He was giving her advice strongly enough about her being one being living. He was not needing to be one doing this thing giving her advice strongly enough about her being one being living. She was using the advice he was giving strongly enough, she was not needing this thing not needing to be using the advice he was giving to her strongly enough. She was not really needing this thing not needing to be using the advice he was giving to her strongly enough. She was not really needing this thing needing the advice he was giving to her strongly enough. She was using this thing, she was using, could be using the advice he was giving to her strongly enough. He was not needing being one giving her advice strongly enough about being one being living. He was not needing being one bringing her to be understanding that he was understanding every day that he was being living.

He was not one really needing something. He was one not

really needing something. Julia Hersland was one not really needing something. They were quite different the two of them in being such a one, one not really needing something.

George Dehning was one not really needing something. He was one succeeding in living. He was one completely admiring David Hersland. He was one being one completely in Dehning living. He was not one needing being such a one being one being completely in Dehning living, being one succeeding in living, being one entirely admiring David Hersland. David Hersland was telling him many things and David Hersland was not needing that thing was not needing being one telling him many things.

Alfred Hersland was not one needing something. Alfred Hersland was one not succeeding in living, Alfred Hersland was one not going on loving Julia Hersland, Alfred Hersland was one coming to know very many who came to know him and he was then almost succeeding in living. Alfred Hersland was one being proud enough in being one having David Hersland liking well enough being a brother to him. Alfred Hersland was not needing something. He was not needing being not going on loving Julia Hersland. He was not needing coming to know very many who came to know him. He was not needing not succeeding in living. He was not needing almost succeeding in living. He was not needing marrying again. He was not needing something. He was not needing having David Hersland being a brother to him. David Hersland was not needing something. He was not needing being a brother liking well enough having Alfred Hersland as a brother.

David Hersland was not being one needing something. He was one knowing completely well then and more and more then Julia Hersland and George Dehning and some who knew them and who came to know him.

He was not succeeding in living in being one not being living after the ending of the beginning of middle living. He was being interesting. He was completely clearly thinking. He was completely not eating something. He was completely giving ad-

vice strongly enough. He was beginning being one keeping a mind open. He was clearly expressing something. He was completely clearly understanding any one expressing that thing.

Each one of the Dehning family came to know David Hersland and each one of them were sometimes telling him something of this thing, were telling him something of knowing him. Each one of the Dehning family came to tell him something of that one knowing him. Mr. Dehning and Mrs. Dehning and Julia Hersland and George Dehning and Hortense Dehning each one of the Dehning family came to know David Hersland and told him something of this thing, told him something of their knowing him, of each one of them knowing him.

They were, each one of them, knowing Alfred Hersland then. They were each one of them mentioning that thing, mentioning knowing him then. They were going then, each one of them was going on then mentioning that thing, mentioning knowing Alfred Hersland then. Each one of them was knowing Alfred Hersland then. David Hersland was telling Julia all of that thing all of his knowing Alfred Hersland. Julia Hersland was telling was completely telling David Hersland all of her knowing Alfred Hersland then. They were each one of them telling this thing, telling knowing Alfred Hersland. David Hersland was understanding this thing understanding knowing Alfred Hersland. Julia Hersland was understanding this thing, understanding knowing Alfred Hersland. David Hersland was knowing Julia Hersland and she was telling him enough about this thing.

David Hersland did go on being living until the ending of the beginning of middle living. He was then not really knowing Dehning family living. He was then knowing something of living being existing in George Dehning.

George Dehning was knowing David Hersland. He had been knowing him before David Hersland was knowing Dehning family living. David Hersland had been knowing George Dehning and George Dehning had been telling David Hersland something about this thing about his knowing him. George Dehning

was going on being living, he was not completely doing this thing going on being living. He came later to be doing other things and he was succeeding then quite well then succeeding in being living. He was knowing then that David Hersland was not being living and he did not then quite completely forget that thing, forget that David Hersland was not then being living.

David Hersland was being living and he was knowing the Dehning family living and each one of the Dehning family were knowing him then and each one of them were mentioning that thing to him mentioning knowing him.

Hortense Dehning mentioned to him this thing, mentioned to him knowing him then. She was quite needing then doing this thing, mentioning something to him then and perhaps then he would have been giving advice strongly enough to her and she was then mentioning to him again that she was knowing him then, that he was knowing her then.

Later she quite went on being living and very often then she gave advice quite strongly enough to some one and she did not then think anything of that thing that he, that David Hersland had come then to be a dead one. She was quite enough going on being living then. She was quite enough needing then being one going on living enough then.

He did not need to be one being a dead one. He was not at all needing such a thing, needing being a dead one. He could be remembering that he could come to be a dead one. He was almost not needing that thing needing remembering that he could come to be a dead one. He was almost eating only one thing. He could be needing being such a one being one eating almost only one thing.

He was not completely forgetting knowing something of such a thing of being one being completely different from any other one. He was being living. He was one understanding being one being living. He was not living after the ending of the beginning of middle living. He came to be a dead one. He was completely forgetting something of being one knowing that he was a different one from any other one.

He had come to be a dead one and he was then at the ending of beginning living. He had come to be a dead one and some then were knowing that thing knowing then that he was not any longer being living. Some were then knowing that he was a dead one.

He came to be a dead one and not any one had been needing that thing had been at all needing that thing, had been wanting to be needing that he was a dead one. Not any one had been wanting to be needing that thing that he had come to be a dead one. Some did not know he had come to be a dead one before he had come to be buried there to be a buried one there where he had been a dead one.

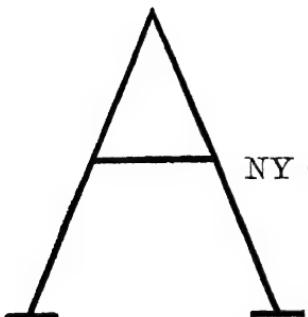
Some knew he was a dead one after he had been buried there where he had come to be a dead one. Some knew it then and were earnest then in being certain that he could not have come to be a dead one and some of such of them were saying it again and again. Some knew it then knew that he was a dead one after he had been buried there where he had come to be a dead one and they regretted that he had come to be a dead one, they regretted that thing. Some of such of them were interested in any one's regretting that thing. Some of such of them could come to be wondering if he might have been one coming to be beginning succeeding in living. Some who regretted that he had come to be a dead one were wondering if any one would come to know anything about his being a dead one, some of such of them were interested in that thing in some one coming to know something about him as being a dead one.

He was not living after the ending of the beginning of middle living. He came to be a dead one and was buried there where he had come to be a dead one. This was a surprising thing to some that he had come to be buried there where he had come to be a dead one. Not any one was needing this thing that he should have come to be a dead one and to be buried there where he had come to be a dead one.

Not any one needed to be one expecting that he should come to be a dead one and be buried there where he had come to be

a dead one. Not any one needed this thing, he had not needed this thing, it was not a needed thing. He had come to be a dead one and had come to be buried there where he had come to be a dead one. Some were indignant about this thing that he had come to be a dead one. Some were wondering about this thing that he had come to be a dead one. Some were remembering this thing, that he had come to be a dead one. Some were regretting this thing, that he had come to be a dead one. Some were hoping that there was not this thing, his having come to be a dead one. Some were vague about this thing about his having come to be a dead one and having been buried there where he had come to be a dead one. Some were interested in this thing, in his having come to be a dead one and some of such of them were wondering about coming to be knowing something about him as being then a dead one. Some were not remembering that he had come to be a dead one. Some were not certain that he would have been one coming to be beginning succeeding in living. Some were certain that he might then not have come to be a dead one. Some were quite certain about this thing. Some were not certain that there was any difference in anything in his being then a dead one. Some were certain that he was then a dead one and were certain that it was an important thing. Some were certain that he was then a dead one and were not certain that it was an important thing that he was then one not being a living one. Any one could be one not very constantly remembering his being a dead one, his having been a living one. Any one could remember this thing, his having been a dead one, his having been a living one.

HISTORY OF A FAMILY'S PROGRESS



NY ONE has come to be a dead one. Any one has not come to be such a one to be a dead one. Many who are living have not come yet to be a dead one. Many who were living have come to be a dead one. Any one has come not to be a dead one. Any one has come to be a dead one.

Any one has not come to be a dead one. Very many who have been living have not yet come to be dead ones. Very many are being living.

Some are not believing that any other one can really be only doing the thing that other one is doing. Some are not believing that some one can be coming to be doing every other thing than anything some other one would naturally be doing then. Some then come to be old ones. Some then come to be almost old ones. Any one then comes to be one who is going to be almost any old one. Any one is one not being a dead one. Any one is one coming to be an old one. Any one is one being a dead one. Any one is one being such a one. Any one is one coming to be almost an old one.

Any one might be one coming to be almost an old one. Any one might be one coming to be an old one. Any one might be one coming to be a dead one.

Some one is one whom some one is certain is one going to be doing some one thing. It is certain that all some one knows of some one is that that one will be doing some one thing when something has been happening. It is certain that what some one does when something is happening is the thing some one is certain that one will be doing when something is happening. All that some one knows about some one is what is true of that one as being one doing what that one is doing when something is happening. It is certain that some one is not believing that

some one is going to be doing the thing that one is going to be doing when something is happening. It is certain that some one is not certain that some one could not be understanding something and be then doing something if that one was one being any one being living. Some one is certain that in a way some one is one understanding that any one could be doing something that that one has not been doing if any one is one being any one being living. Some one is certain that some one could not be doing something that that one has not been doing even if every one is one being any one being living. Some are certain that any one is one understanding something, could be one doing something if any one is one being living. Some are certain that not any one is one understanding something, is one doing something, some are certain that any one is one being living.

Some are certain that any one is one being living. Some are knowing only this thing about everything, that any one is one being living. Some are knowing that not any one is one being living. Some are knowing that any one who is one being living is one knowing something of this thing. Some are ones not understanding anything of any such thing, of any one knowing something of this thing that any one is being one being living. Some are knowing that any one could be understanding something of this thing, that any one is knowing something of any one being one being living. Some have been old ones and then are not any longer living. Some have been almost old ones and then have not been any longer living. Some are ones knowing what some are not coming to be understanding. Some are ones knowing what some are coming to be understanding. Some are saying something about any one understanding something. Some are saying something about any one not understanding something. Some are saying something about some not understanding anything. Some are saying something about some understanding everything. Some are not saying anything about any one being almost an old one. Some are saying something about any one being almost an old one. Some are saying something about any one being an old one. Some are not saying anything

about any one being an old one. Some are certain about understanding something being a thing that is coming to be interesting in being something any one being one being living will be coming to be thinking about doing. Some are certain about understanding something, are certain that it is not coming to be interesting. Some are certainly knowing what some one who is doing something is doing when that one comes to be doing a thing when something has been happening. Some are not coming to be believing much of any such thing, of any one knowing any such thing. Some are coming to be believing such a thing of some one that that one is one knowing such a thing. Some are coming to be ones being dead ones. Any one is such a one. Any one can come to be a dead one. Any one is such a one. Any one can come to be almost an old one if they have not come to be dead by then. Any one can come to be an old one if they have not already come to be a dead one. Any one can come to be such a one one being a dead one, one being almost an old one, one being an old one, one not being almost an old one, one not being an old one. Some are knowing something about what some are going to be doing. Some are not believing that any one is knowing any such thing. Some are knowing something of some knowing such a thing, knowing that some are knowing something of what some are coming to be doing. Some are believing that some will be ones not believing any such thing. Some are ones not believing that some will be believing any such thing. Any one is one being living, some are knowing all of this thing, some are not knowing all of this thing. Some are almost old ones, some are old ones, some are not old ones. Some are ones coming to be almost old ones. Some are ones coming to be old ones.

It is certain that it can be interesting to some that any one can come to be almost an old one if that one has not come to be a dead one before that one has come to be almost an old one. It is certain that it can be interesting to some that any one can come to be an old one if that one has not come before that one has come to be an old one to be a dead one. It is certain that it can be interesting to some that there are kinds in men. It is

certain that it can be interesting to some that each kind in men and women is different from the other kinds of them.

There are kinds in men and women. There are kinds of them. There can be lists of the kinds of them. There will be many lists of the kinds of them.

There are kinds of men and women. Many of each kind of them have been living. Many of each kind of them are living. Very many of each kind of them have come to be dead ones. Many of each kind of them are living. There will be lists of kinds of men and women. There will be many lists of them.

There is coming to be a list of kinds in men and women. There will be a list of them. There has been some description of a piece of a list of them. There will be a list of them.

Each one of them, each kind of them is one that can have a description. Each one of each kind of them can have a description. There can be very many descriptions being existing of each kind of them. Each kind of them, each kind of men and women can have a description. There are many kinds of them, each kind of them can have a description.

Some of each kind of them are being living. Some of each kind of them were being ones who were being living. Many of each kind of them have come to be dead ones. Some of each kind of them have come to be almost old ones. Some of each kind of them have come to be old ones. There can be a description of each kind there is in men and women and there can be a description of their being young ones very young ones and older ones still young ones and older ones and almost completely older ones and older ones and almost old ones and old ones. There can be descriptions of the kinds there are of men and women. There can be descriptions of each one of each kind there is in men and women.

Certainly some are forgetting that some have come to be dead and have then not come to be almost an old one. Certainly some have come to be almost an old one and are not telling enough of this thing, are certainly not telling enough about this thing. Certainly some have begun again coming to be almost

an old one. Any one might be one coming to be almost an old one. In a way it is not a completely satisfying thing having come to be almost an old one. In a way it is a thing that is a finished thing having come to be almost an old one. Some one is coming to do that thing again and again coming to be almost an old one. Some one is almost completely doing this thing coming to be almost an old one. Some one could be one coming to be almost an old one and certainly then there is such a thing, there is being almost an old one. Certainly there is such a thing, there is being almost an old one. Some can know that there is such a thing, that there is being almost an old one, some can know that there is just enough of this thing, of there being that any one is almost an old one. Some one will be one going on enough to be such a one to be one being almost an old one. Some one is going on enough in being that one in being one being almost an old one. There can be enough of that thing of being almost an old one.

There were families of them families of men and women and children. They went on being ones being living, some of them went on being ones being living. All of them were ones being living. Some of them are ones being ones being living. These were families of them and there are some of them who are ones being living and are marrying some other one and there are families then of men and women and some children.

There were families and some of them are ones who are almost all of them being ones being living and some of them have died since then and are not being living and some of them are being living and these are marrying some one and are being living. There are some who have had some children and some of these children are being living and some of these children are going on being ones being living until they are ones marrying some other one and some of them then are ones having some children and some of them are ones who are dead by then.

There are some families and the children are living and the mother is living and the father is dead and the children have married some one and they have had some children and the

children are telling about any one being one marrying some one and having some children, and are telling about not marrying, and are telling about not having any children, and are going on doing then something.

There are some families and any one in them who has come to be almost an old one is then almost that thing, is then almost an old one. There are some families and any one in them who has come to be an old one is almost that thing is almost an old one. There are some families and any one in them who is not almost an old one is almost that thing is almost not an old one. There are some families and any one in them who is a young one is almost that thing is almost a young one.

There are some families and this has been some description of some of them. There are some families and there has been a crowd then when all of them have been ones knowing that thing knowing that there are some families of them.

There are some families and some of them are ones going on being something of such a thing being a family of them.

There are families and some of them have some children and some of them are dead then and some of them are not dead then and the father is dead then and the mother is almost dead then and the mother is living quite a long time longer then. There are families and the mother is dead and the father could be living then and any one in the family could be dead then and any one in the family could be living then.

There are some families and some of them are being living and some of them have been dead then and some of them are remembering this thing are remembering that some are dead then and that time has been passing very quickly all the time any one has been a dead one.

There are some families and any one can be married in them and some in them are not married and some in them are married and any one of them almost any one of them can have some children and some of them have some children and some of them do not have children and some of them do something, do anything again.

There are some families and some of them do again and again do such a thing do being such a one, do being such a family of them. There are some families and some in such of them are ones having been doing such a thing being such a family of them again and then not again.

There are some families and any one of them can almost remember having been doing being such a family again. There are families and some in such of them are completely doing having been a daughter and a son in such a family of them. There are families and some of them are being such a one and some in them can be being such ones and some in them do it again do again and again being such ones.

Any one might be one to do something, that is, what any family living is needing. No, not every one is doing something that any family living is needing. Very many are doing something that any family living is needing. Any family living is needing that some are doing something and doing it very often. Any family living is needing that some one is remembering that any family living is needing that some do something very often. There is family living. Some are remembering that there is family living. Any one can be one remembering something of this thing, that there is family living. Any one can be one knowing that some one in that family living is remembering that family living is needing that some are doing something often.

Some are remembering that some one is completely remembering that family living is needing that some are doing something often. Any one can be remembering that some one is completely remembering that family living is needing that some are doing something often.

Some are completely remembering something of the thing that some are completely remembering that family living has been needing that some are doing something often. Some are completely remembering and completely mentioning something of the thing that family living is going on needing some doing something often. Any one in family living can do something often. Some in family living do something very often. Some

one in a family living does something often and does it again and again.

Some in family living are needing to be ones doing something often and doing it again and again. Some are remembering that some in family living are doing something often and doing it again and again and that that one is certain that some of any one in that family living can be one doing something often and doing it again and again. Any one can mention that some one in family living is being one going on doing something often and doing it again and again. Some can mention that some one in family living is being one going on being such a one a one family living is needing, being one going on doing something often and doing it again.

They all do so well what they are doing. Any one does so well what any one is doing. Any one does so well being one being living. Any one does so well doing what any one is doing. They all do so well what they are doing, any one being living. Any one does so well what any one is doing.

Every one does so well what any one is doing. Every one is being living. Every one does so well doing that thing doing being living. Every one is being in family living. Any one is being in family living. Any one is doing that thing so well, being living. Any one is living in family living. Any one is living in any family living. Any one will be doing what any one is doing that is living in any family living.

Any one can go on not doing something. Any one can go on not doing being one living in any family living. Any one can go on not doing this thing not living in any family living.

Any one can begin again doing anything, any one can begin again not doing something. Any one can go on not doing something. Any one can begin not doing something. Any one can have heard everything. Any one can hear everything. Any one can not like anything. Any one can know anything. Any one can go on hearing everything. Any one can go on having been hearing everything. Any one can hear anything. Any one can hear everything. Every one is hearing anything. Every one is

hearing everything and every one has been hearing everything.

Being one saying something is what any one is doing in being one being living in any family living. Being one saying something is what every one is doing in being one being living in being in family living.

Being one saying something is being one being that one is being one being the one saying something saying that thing. Being one saying something is what any one can be doing in being one being in any family living.

Saying anything again, saying something then, saying something again and then not saying anything is what some are doing, is what some are doing again and they are then not doing anything in being one having been in any family living.

Any one is one being one being living and any one is saying something and any one is saying anything again and any one is one having been in family living and any one is one not beginning anything of being in any family living and any one is one being one being in family living and being one then not beginning anything again and being one then saying anything again and having been saying something and being then not saying anything and being then again not saying something and being then again saying anything.

Any one being one being in any family living is being one having been saying something. Any one being one being living is one having been saying something. Any one being in any family living is one having been saying something again. Any one being living is one having been saying something again. Any one being in any family living is one saying something again. Any one being in any family living is one saying anything and saying anything again. Any one being living is one saying something again. Any one being living is one saying anything and saying anything again.

It is time and any one in any family living is one knowing something of some such thing, it is time that some in any family living are ones not forgetting that they are ones having been doing something, having been saying something. Any one in

any family living is knowing something of its being time that some in any family living have not been saying something. Some in any family living are knowing that it is time that any one in any family living is doing something, is saying something. It is time and some in any family living are completely mentioning such a thing it is time and some in any family living are coming to be certain, it is time that any one in any family living is doing something again and doing it again and regularly doing it again. It is time that any one in any family living is doing something regularly again, any one in any family living can come to be quite certain of such a thing. Every one in any family living can come to be quite certain that every one could come to doing something regularly and to go on regularly doing some such thing.

Any one in any family living can come to be one not completely mentioning something. Every one in any family living can come to be one not completely mentioning everything. Every one in any family living can come to be one not completely hearing every one mentioning anything. Every one in any family living can be one completely remembering that any family living is existing. Any one in any family living can be one beginning not remembering that any family living is existing. Any one in any family living can be one being one having been remembering that any family living is existing.

There is no time to begin being in any family living for some being in family living. There is being in family living for some being in family living. There is no time for beginning being in any family living for some being in any family living. There is no time of beginning doing anything again for some being living in a family living. There is no time for being in any family living for some being in any family living. There is no time for not being in any family living for some being in any family living.

Any one in any family living is certainly not one liking everything. Any one in any family living is one not liking anything. Any one liking that something is being something and is then

liking anything being anything and is then not liking everything being everything is one being in a family living and being one liking and not liking being in a family living.

When some one has done something, that one might then do that thing again. When some one has done something and some other one has done something and both of them have not then been doing some other thing, both of them might do something and one of them might do that thing and tell the other one and the other one might then be one going on doing the same thing. When some one has done something that one might then do that thing again. When some one has done something and has then not done something that one might then do that thing again might then do something and then not do something. When some one has done something and some other one has then done something and it is a similar thing and they both then have not been doing something, they have similarly not been doing something then, they might be doing something and not doing something together. They might and some one may think that they will and they may and then they may not, they may and then they may not, and they may not at all do something and not do something together.

Certainly they may be in family living, they may be in any family living. Certainly they may not be in any family living. They may be in the family living they are then having. They may not be in the family living they are then having. One of the two of them may be in the family living that one is then having. One of the two of them may not be in the family living that one is then having. Any way they may be ones doing something together and one be one then telling the other. They may then not be ones doing something together, they may be ones then not telling anything either one to the other.

There may be family living and any one may be expecting something to be happening and something is happening. There may be happening what some one is expecting. There may not be happening what some one is expecting. There may be something happening and any one then knowing anything of any

such thing will be expecting, will not be expecting something that is then going on happening. Any family living is existing and any one in any family living is one knowing something of family living being existing.

Any one doing anything is expecting to be one doing or not doing anything. Any one in any family living is one doing or not doing something and is one then expecting to be one then doing or not doing something.

Some one has been standing up and is then doing something. Some one is doing something standing. Any one will do something standing. Some one has been standing in doing something. Certainly any one is standing in doing something.

Some one was standing and doing something. He was doing that thing. He was standing and doing something. He was doing something and he was standing. He was one some one was seeing. Some were seeing him doing something and standing.

Some are doing something. Any one is doing something. Some one is doing something and standing. Some are doing something and standing. Any one is doing something and standing. Some one was doing something and standing.

Any one doing something and standing is one doing something and standing. Some one was doing something and was standing.

Any one doing something and standing is one doing something and standing. Any one doing something and standing is one who is standing and doing something. Some one was doing something and was standing. That one was doing something standing.

Any one doing something standing is doing something standing. Some one is doing something standing. Any one doing something standing is one doing something standing. Any one doing something and standing is one doing something and standing.

Some one was standing and doing something. That one was one standing and doing something. That one was doing something and was standing and doing that thing. That one was one

doing something, that one was one doing something, standing. That one was one standing and doing something, that one was one doing something and standing.

Every one doing something and standing is one doing something and standing. Any one doing that thing is one doing such a thing. Any one doing such a thing is one doing something and standing.

Every one doing something and standing is one doing such a thing. Every one doing something and standing are all of them doing that thing. Any one of them do that thing if they do that thing, any one of them, any of them standing and doing something are standing and are doing something.

Any one standing and doing something is one standing and doing something. All of them, all standing and doing something are standing and doing something. All of them all who are ones standing and doing something are all of them are all doing something and standing. Any one of them any one of them doing something and standing is one doing something standing. There are many of them, that is a natural thing as every one is one doing something standing. There are many of them, that is a natural thing.

There are many being living. There are many family livings being existing. There are many being one being living. There are many being one being in family living. Any one of them will do and there are many of them, any one of them will do for being one being existing, for being one being in a family living. Any one of them will do as every one of them is existing, as any one of them is in a family living.

Every one being in family living when they are no longer living have come to be a dead one. Any one having come to be a dead one is not then being living. Very many have come to be dead ones and are then not any longer living. Any one having come to be a dead one is not then any longer living.

Every one in any family living when they have come to be dead ones are then not any longer living. There are very many being living. There are very many living in family living.

Any one in any family living has been one who has been one being living. Any one in any family living who has come to be not any longer living has come to be a dead one.

There are very many who have been living. There are very many who have come to be dead ones, to be ones not any longer being living.

Any one in any family living coming to be a dead one is then later a dead one. Any one in any family living is sometime a dead one. There are very many who have come to be dead ones. There are very many who have been in family living who have come to be dead ones. There are very many living in family living.

Some are living in family living, any one is living in family living and family living is existing and every one is living who is not come to be a dead one.

Very many are living in family living. Very many have been living in family living. Very many are living. Very many who were living are not living.

Some living in family living are doing something and are coming again and again to be one doing that thing. Some living in family living have been doing something and have been coming again and again to do that thing.

How it is done the thing some one is doing in family living is a thing that every one in that family living is knowing. How it is done and how it is done again and again the thing that is done again and again, done by some one in some family living is a thing that every one in that family living is knowing. Some one in a family living does a thing and not any other one in that family living is doing enough of that thing to make it that thing the thing one in that family living is doing. Some one in a family living is doing something, and is doing it and every one in the family living is knowing that that one is the one who is doing that thing.

Some are doing something and in a way they are doing that thing to every one and there are very many of such of them, of ones doing that thing and each one doing that thing is one

doing that thing and every one knows that thing knows that that one is doing the thing that one is doing. Every one can know that that one is doing that thing, that the one doing the thing is doing the thing because the one doing that thing is doing that thing. Any one can know this thing that the one doing the thing is doing the thing. Every one in the family living of the one doing the thing are knowing that that one is doing the thing and they know this thing they know that that one is doing that thing because that one is doing that thing and any one can go on knowing that that one is doing that thing because that one is doing that thing and all in the family living of that one are going on knowing that that one is doing that thing because that one is doing that thing.

Family living is being existing. There are very many knowing this thing, there are some completely knowing this thing.

Everywhere something is done. Everywhere where that thing is done it is done by some one. Everywhere where the thing that is done by some one comes to be done it is done and done by some one. Certainly every where where something is done it is done and done by some one. Certainly some are doing something and it is done and done by each one of them.

Certainly in a family living where something is done by some one it is done and done by that one. Certainly where it is done and done by some one, the thing that is done and done by that one is done by that one in some family living. Every one doing that thing and there are many doing that thing, there are almost quite enough doing that thing, every one doing that thing, any one doing that thing is doing that thing in the way that one, the one doing that thing is naturally doing that thing. It is not always being completely done by that one, the thing that is done and done by that one, it is not completely done by that one in the way it is natural for that one to do that thing. Some doing the thing that is done and done by them in a family living are completely doing that thing in the way it is natural for them to do that thing. Some doing the thing that is done and done by them are not completely doing the thing in the way it is natural

for them to do that thing. Some of such of them are completely doing the thing that is done and done by them in a family living, they are not completely doing the thing in the way it is natural for them to do that thing.

Some are doing the thing they are doing in a family living. It is done and done by them. There are enough of them doing some such thing, certainly not too many, certainly very many, certainly some and each one of them is some one by whom something is done and done. There are enough kinds of them. There are very many kinds of them doing something in a family living that is done and done and done by them.

Every one in any family living who does not come to be a dead one before coming to be almost an old one, comes to be almost an old one and any one coming to be almost an old one has it then to be as something existing that they are ones going on being living. Any one in any family living who does not come to be a dead one before coming to be an old one comes to be an old one and is then being one having it being as something being existing that they are ones going on being living. Certainly any one coming to be almost an old one is then having it being as something being existing that that one is then going on being living. Certainly any one coming to be an old one is one being one then having it as being something existing that that one is being then one going on being living. Almost any one coming to be almost an old one coming to be an old one is one having it then as being something existing being one going on being living. Almost every one coming to be almost an old one, coming to be an old one is one having it then as being something existing being one going on being living. Almost every one being one coming to be almost an old one is one having been being in some family living. Almost every one coming to be an old one is one having been being in some family living. Almost every one coming to being an old one is one having been being in some family living. Almost every one coming to be almost an old one is being in some family living. Almost every one coming to be an old one is being in some family living.

Some when they are being quite young ones are being ones doing something that is being done again and again by some one in a family living. Some when they are older ones are being ones doing something that is done and done and done again by some one in a family living. Some when they are almost old ones are being ones doing something that is something that is done and done in a family living. Some when they are being old ones are doing then something that is being something that is being done and done in a family living. Some all their living are doing what is being done and done in a family living.

When one has come to be one not going on being a living one, mostly every one has been one being in a family living. When any one has come to be one not going on being living, mostly any one is then being one being in a family living. When any one has come to be one not going on being living, any family living can be then being existing.

Any one can come to be one coming not to be going on being living. Any family living can be then being existing. Any one can come to be one coming not to be going on being living, in a family living, any family living can then have been something being existing. Any one can come to be one not going to be one going on being living. Any family can be one being existing. Any family living can be one having been existing.

Any family can be one having been existing. Any family living can be one being existing. Any one can come to be one not going on being living.

Any family living can have been being existing. Any family living can be existing. There are very many family livings being existing. There have been very many family livings being existing.

Some in any family living are older ones than any other one. Some in any family living are younger ones than any other one. Some in any family living are not so old and not so young as any other one in the family living.

Any one in a family living is younger than some other one in the family living, has been younger than some other one in

the family living. Any one in a family living is older than some other one in the family living. Some in the family living have been older than any other one in the family living.

Some in the family living have come to be doing something again and again, something that is done and done in that family living. Some of such of them are older than very many then in the family living. Some of such of them are younger than some in the family living. Some in the family living who have come to be doing what is being done again and again in the family living are older than most of them in the family living. Some who have come to be doing what is being done and done in the family living are younger than most of them in that family living. Some who have come to be doing what is being done and done in the family living are older than some and younger than some of them living in that family living.

The way of doing what is done and done in a family living is a way that a family living is needing being one in a way existing. Sometimes then that family is going on in that way of existing. Sometimes that family living is going on into another way of being existing. Sometimes some one who has done and done what is done by some one in the family living of that one is coming to be an older one and is then going on doing what that one is doing and then it is a very different thing the thing that one is doing in the family living of that one.

Some in family living are doing what is done and done in family living in family living being existing.

Any one in a family living is one knowing any other one in the family living. Any one in a family living is one any other one in the family living is knowing. Any one in a family living is not knowing that another one in the family living is doing something and doing it again and again. Any one in a family living is doing something and doing it again and not any other one in the family living is knowing that thing is knowing that that one is doing something and is doing it again and again and again. Any one in a family living is knowing that any one

in the family living is doing something and doing it again and again and again and again.

Any one in a family living is certain that some in the family living are not doing something. Any one in a family living is certain that any one in the family living has been doing something. Any one in a family living is certain that any one in the family living has been doing something.

Some one in a family living is needing that every one in the family living is certain that that one will go on being one being in the family living. Some in a family living are needing that any one is certain that they will go on being in the family living.

Some one in a family living is one needing that every one in the family living is not doing something. Some one in a family living is needing that any one in the family living is certain that that one is one needing that every one in the family living are not doing something.

Some one in a family living is needing that every one in the family living is doing something. Some one in a family living is needing that any one in the family living is certain that that one is needing that every one in the family living is doing something.

Any one in the family living is doing something. Any one in the family living is not doing something. Every one in the family living is knowing that any one in the family living is not doing something. Every one in the family living is knowing that any one in the family living is doing something.

Some one in a family living is needing to be certain that every one in the family living is not going to be doing something. Some one in a family living is needing to be certain that every one in the family living is going to be doing something.

Old ones come to be dead. Any one coming to be an old enough one comes to be a dead one. Old ones come to be dead ones. Any one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old one comes to be an old one and comes then to be a dead one as any old one comes to be a dead one.

Any one coming to be an old enough one comes then to be a

dead one. Every one coming to be an old enough one comes then to be a dead one. Certainly old ones come to be dead ones. Certainly any one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old enough one comes to be an old enough one to come to be a dead one. Old ones come to be dead. Any old one can come then to be a dead one. Old ones and how they come to be dead, they come to be old enough ones to come to be dead.

Any one coming to be an old one is coming then to be a dead one. Every one not coming to be a dead one before coming to be an old one, is coming to be an old one and is then coming to be a dead one.

Old ones come to be dead. There are old ones in family living in some family livings and these when they come to be old enough ones come to be dead. Any one coming to be an old enough one comes then to be a dead one.

Doing something is done by some in family living. Some family living is existing. Some are doing something in family living. Some one in a family living is doing something and family living is existing and family living is going on being existing and that one is doing something in family living. That one has been doing something in family living, that one is doing something in family living, that one is going to be doing something in family living. That one has been doing something in family living and that one is doing that thing and any one in the family living is being one being in the family living and that one the one doing something in the family living is completely remembering that every one being in the family living is in the family living. That one is remembering something of this thing about every one being in the family living, is remembering something about each one being in the family living, is completely remembering something about each one being in the family living and any one in the family living can come to be remembering that that one the one completely remembering something about each one being in the family living is remembering something about each one in the family living being in the family living.

The one remembering completely remembering something about each one being in the family living has been completely remembering everything about any one being in the family living, is remembering completely remembering everything about some being in the family living, is completely remembering something about every one being in the family living, will be completely remembering everything about some being in the family living will completely remember something about every one being in the family living. Family living can be existing. Very many are remembering that family living can be existing.

Very many can go on living remembering that family living is existing. Very many are living and are remembering that family living can go on existing. Very many can go on living remembering that family living can go on existing.

Family living can go on existing. Very many are remembering this thing are remembering that family living living can go on existing. Very many are quite certain that family living can go on existing. Very many are remembering that they are quite certain that family living can go on existing.

Any family living going on existing is going on and every one can come to be a dead one and there are then not any more living in that family living and that family is not then existing if there are not then any more having come to be living. Any family living is existing if there are some more being living when very many have come to be dead ones. Family living can be existing if not every one in the family living has come to be a dead one. Family living can be existing if there have come to be some existing who have not come to be dead ones. Family living can be existing and there can be some who are not completely remembering any such thing. Family living can be existing and there can be some who have been completely remembering such a thing. Family living can be existing and there can be some remembering something of such a thing. Family living can be existing and some can come to be old ones and then dead ones and some can have been then quite expecting some such thing. Family living can be existing and some can

come to be old ones and not yet dead ones and some can be remembering something of some such thing. Family living can be existing and some one can come to be an old one and some can come to be a pretty old one and some can come to be completely expecting such a thing and completely remembering expecting such a thing. Family living can be existing and every one can come to be a dead one and not any one then is remembering any such thing. Family living can be existing and every one can come to be a dead one and some are remembering some such thing. Family living can be existing and any one can come to be a dead one and every one is then a dead one and there are then not any more being living. Any old one can come to be a dead one. Every old one can come to be a dead one. Any family being existing is one having some being then not having come to be a dead one. Any family living can be existing when not every one has come to be a dead one. Every one in a family living having come to be dead ones some are remembering something of some such thing. Some being living not having come to be dead ones can be ones being in a family living. Some being living and having come to be old ones can come then to be dead ones. Some being living and being in a family living and coming then to be old ones can come then to be dead ones. Any one can be certain that some can remember such a thing. Any family living can be one being existing and some can remember something of some such thing.

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